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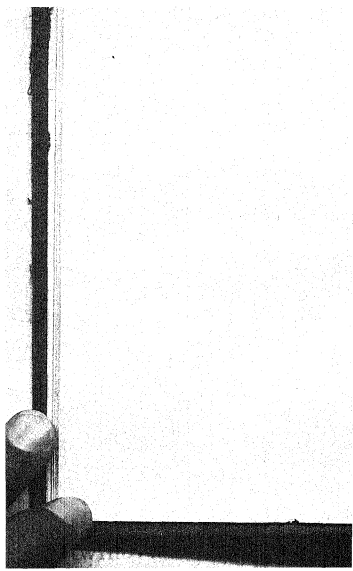
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JOHN MILTON

1608 -1674

REASON OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT

LASTLY, I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand. And though I shall be foolish in saying more to this purpose, yet, since it will be such a folly, as wisest men going about to commit, have only confessed and so committed, I may trust with more reason, because with more folly, to have courteous pardon. For although a poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after I had from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, whom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was

favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for ; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps ; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other ; that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had, than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution, which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue ; not to make verbal curiosities the end (that were a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a

Christian, might do for mine: not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief, model: or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgement, is no transgression, but an enriching of art: and lastly, what king or knight, before the conquest, might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral

drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of Saint John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies: and this my opinion the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing the victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion

or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit this would be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body, without some recreating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth, if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care, not only the deciding of our contentious law-cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes; that they might be, not such as were authorized a while since, the provocations of drunkenness and

lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies by martial exercises to all warlike skill and performance; and may civilize, adorn, and make discreet our minds by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may not be, not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and fore-dated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery, no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some

few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine ; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite ; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases : to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs ; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings, who, when they have, like good sumpters, laid ye down their horse-loads of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here and there, ye may take off their pack

saddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension, that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries. But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his secretary conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back; for me especially, now when all men offer their aid to help, ease, and lighten the difficult labours of the Church, to whose service, by the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions: till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either straight perjure, or split his faith; I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howsoever, thus church-outed by the prelates, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters, as before the necessity and constraint appeared.—*The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty* (1641).

ON EDUCATION

I SHALL detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of

Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hope-fullest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law, or physic, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lilly to commencing, as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many edifices may be converted to this use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility everywhere. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot company,

or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly: their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies: first they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefulest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education would be read to them, whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian, and some select pieces elsewhere.

But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such lectures and explanations, upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises, which he who hath the art

and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men.—*On Education* (1644).

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

(I)

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil; that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but

slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather : that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure ; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness ; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason ? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read. But of the harm that may result hence three kinds are usually reckoned. First, is feared the infection that may spread ; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea the Bible itself ; for that oft-times relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against providence through all the arguments of Epicurus : in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to

the common reader ; and ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv. For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest Fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and that Eusebian book of Evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a board of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion ? Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able, and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights and criticisms of sin. As perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his arbiter, the master of his revels ; and that notorious ribald of Arezzo, dreaded, and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake, whom Harry the Eighth named in merriment his vicar of hell. By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse, will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either by the north of Cataio eastward, or of Canada westward, while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely. But on the other side that infection which is from

books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant ; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy : and indeed all such tractates whether false or true are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch, not to be *understood without a guide*. But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonnists, and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people, our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delf, which at first he took in hand to confute. Seeing therefore that those books, and those in great abundance which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning, and of all ability in disputation, and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed, and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing, and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold, how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed, could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who

thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books, and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility, and uncorruptedness? And again if it be true, that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool, that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should in the judgement of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon, and of our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books; as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture. 'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations, nor vanities; but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the

licensing that Sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive ; which is what I promised to deliver next, That this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed ; and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, To show that no nation, or well instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing ; and it might be answered, that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered. To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course ; which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgement, that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it. Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his Commonwealth, in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgo-masters, which they who otherwise admire him, wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night sitting. By which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning, but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law-keepers had seen it, and allowed it ; but that Plato meant this law

peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates; both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus, and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place: and so neither he himself, nor any magistrate or city, ever imitated that course, which taken apart from those other collateral injunctions must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour they knew would be but a fond labour; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they

do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also and the balconies must be thought on, there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads even to the ballatry, and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Monte Mayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both

ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate ; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions, as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute ; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a commonwealth, but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good, or evil in man at ripe years, were to be under pittance, and prescription, and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent ?—*Areopagitica.*

(II)

TRUTH indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on : but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever

shall do, till her Master's second coming ; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred Saint. We boast our light ; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs brings them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning ? The light which we have gained, was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the Presbyterian shoulders that will make us a happy nation ; no, if other things as great in the Church, and in the rule of life both economical and political be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zwinglius and Calvin hath beaconed up to us, that we are stark blind. There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dis-severed pieces which are yet wanting to the body

of Truth. To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneous, and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a Church; not the forced and outward union of cold, and neutral, and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest Sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity, and ablest judgement have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Caesar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of heaven we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe?

And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wiclif, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Hus and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there

to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligencies to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth; could we but forgo this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come amongst us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage: If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a Church or Kingdom happy. Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while

the Temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great Prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will beware, until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that

we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps though over timorous, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls, and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity, and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness, and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest, and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the

soldest and sublimest points of controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.—*Areopagitica*.

THOMAS URQUHART

1611-1680

THE DISCOURSE OF THE DRINKERS

THEN did they fall upon the chat of victuals and some belly furniture to be snatched at in the very same place, which purpose was no sooner mentioned, but forthwith began flagons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, great bowls to ting, glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water, so my friend, so, whip me off this glass neatly, bring me hither some claret, a full weeping glass till it run over, a cessation and truce with thirst. Ha, thou false Fever, wilt thou not begone?

by my figgins, godmother, I cannot as yet enter in the humour of being merry, nor drink so currently as I would. You have caught a cold, gammer; yea forsooth, sir; by the belly of Saint Beef, let us talk of our drink, I never drink but at my hours, like the Pope's mule, and I never drink but in my breviary, like a fair father Gardien. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst, for who in the time of innocence would have drunk without being athirst? nay, sir, it was drinking; for *privatio prae-supponit habitum*. I am learned, you see: *Taccundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* we poor innocents drink but too much without thirst: not I truly, who am a sinner, for I never drink without thirst, either present or future, to prevent it, as you know, I drink for the thirst to come; I drink eternally, this is to me an eternity of drinking, and drinking of eternity; let us sing, let us drink, and tune up our roundelays; where is my funnel? What, it seems I do not drink but by an attorney? do you wet yourselves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? pish, I understand not the rhetoric (theoric, I should say) but I help myself somewhat by the practice. Baste, enough, I sup, I wet, I humect, I moisten my gullet, I drink, and all for fear of dying; drink always and you shall never die: if I drink not, I am a ground dry, gravelled, and spent, I am stark dead without drink, and my soul ready to fly into some marish amongst frogs; the soul never dwells in a dry place, drought kills it. O you butlers, creators of new forms, make me of no drinker a drinker, a perennity and everlastingness of sprinkling, and bedewing me through these my parched and sinewy bowels; he drinks in vain that feels not the pleasure of it; this entereth into

my veins. I would willingly wash the tripes of the calf which I apparelled this morning. I have pretty well now ballasted my stomach and stuffed my paunch : if the papers of my bonds and bills could drink as well as I do, my creditors would not want for wine when they come to see me, or when they are to make any formal exhibition of their rights to what of me they can demand ; this hand of yours spoils your nose, O how many other such will enter here before this go out, what, drink so shallow, it is enough to break both girds and pettrel, this is called a cup of dissimulation or flagonal hypocrisy.

What difference is there between a bottle and a flagon ? Great difference, for the bottle is stopped and shut up with a stoppel, but the flagon with a vice, bravely and well played upon the words. Our fathers drank lustily, and emptied their cans ; well cack'd, well sung ; come, let us drink : will you send nothing to the river, here is one going to wash the tripes : I drink no more than a sponge, I drink like a Templar Knight : and I, *tanquam sponsus*, and I, *sicut terra sine aqua*, give me a synonymon for a gammon of bacon ? it is the compulsory of drinkers : it is a pulley ; by a pulley-rope wine is let down into a cellar, and by a gammon into the stomach, hey ! now, boys, hither, some drink, some drink, there is no trouble in it, *respice personam, pone pro duos, bus non est in usu*. If I could get up as well as I can swallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the air.

Thus became Tom Toss-pot rich, thus went in the tailor's stitch : thus did Bacchus conquer the Inde, thus Philosophy Melinde : a little rain allays a great deal of wind : long tippling breaks the thunder . . . Here, page, fill ; I prithee, forget

me not when it comes to my turn, and I will enter the election I have made of thee into the very register of my heart; sup, Guillot, and spare not, there is yet somewhat in the pot. I appeal from thirst, and disclaim its jurisdiction. Page, sue out my appeal in form, this remnant in the bottom of the glass must follow its leader. I was wont heretofore to drink out all, but now I leave nothing. Let us not make too much haste, it is requisite we carry all along with us; hey day, here are tripes fit for our sport, and in earnest excellent Godebillios of the dun ox, you know, with the black streak. O for God's sake let us lash them soundly, yet thriftily. Drink, or I will. No, no, drink, I beseech you; sparrows will not eat unless you bob them on the tail, nor can I drink if I be not fairly spoke to. The concavities of my body are like another hell for their capacity. Lagonaedatera, there is not a corner, nor cunnibarow in all my body where this wine doth not ferret out my thirst. Ho, this will bang it soundly, but this shall banish it utterly. Let us wind our horns by the sound of flagons and bottles, and cry aloud, that whoever hath lost his thirst, come not hither to seek it. Long clysters of drinking are to be voided without doors: the great God made the planets, and we make the platters neat. I have the word of the Gospel in my mouth, Sitio. The stone called Asbestos is not more unquenchable than the thirst of my paternity. Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston, but the thirst goes away with drinking. I have a remedy against thirst, quite contrary to that which is good against the biting of a mad dog. Keep running after a dog and he will never bite you, drink always before the

thirst, and it will never come upon you. There I catch you, I awake you. Argus had a hundred eyes for his sight, a butler should have, like Briareus, a hundred hands wherewith to fill us wine indefatigably. Hey now, lads, let us moisten ourselves, it will be time to dry hereafter. White wine here, wine, boys, pour out all in the name of Lucifer, fill here, you, fill and fill (pescods on you) till it be full. My tongue peels. Lanstrinque, to thee, countryman, I drink to thee, good fellow, camarade, to thee, lusty, lively. Ha, la, la, that was drunk to some purpose, and bravely gulped over. *O lachryma Christi*, it is of the best grape; i' faith, pure Greek, Greek, O the fine white wine, upon my conscience it is a kind of taffetas wine, hin, hin, it is of one ear, well wrought, and of good wool; courage, comrade, up thy heart billy, we will not be bested at this bout, for I have got one trick, *ex hoc in hoc*, there is no enchantment nor charm there, every one of you hath seen it, my prenticeship is out, I am a free man at this trade. I am prester mast (Prish)-Brum I should say master past. O the drinkers, those that are a dry, O poor thirsty souls, good page my friend, fill me here some, and crown the wine, I pray thee, like a cardinal. *Natura abhorret vacuum*. Would you say that a fly could drink in this, this is after the fashion of Switzerland, clear off, neat, supernaculum; come therefore, blades, to this divine liquor and celestial juice, swill it over heartily and spare not, it is a decoction of nectar and ambrosia.

Rabelais: Lives, heroic deeds, and sayings of Gargantua and his son Pantagruel, translated.

ROBERT LEIGHTON

1611-1684

THE BELIEVER A HERO

THE heart of man is not sufficient for self-support ; therefore naturally it seeks out some other thing to lean and rest itself on. The unhappiness is that, for the most part, it seeks to things below itself, but these, being both so mean and so uncertain, cannot be a firm and certain stay to it. These things are not fixed themselves : how can they then fix the heart ? Can a man have firm footing on a quagmire or moving sands ? Therefore men are forced in these things still to shift their seat, and seek about from one to another, still rolling and unsettled. The believer only hath this advantage—he hath a rest high enough and sure enough, out of the reach of all hazards. ‘His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.’

The basis of this happiness is, he trusteth in the Lord. So the heart is fixed ; and, so fixed, it fears no ill tidings.

This trust is grounded on the Word of God revealing the power and all-sufficiency of God, and withal His goodness, His offer of Himself to be the stay of souls, His commanding us to rest on Him. People wait on I know not what persuasions and assurances, but I know no other to build faith on than the word of promise ; the truth and faithfulness of God opened up ; His wisdom and power and goodness as the stay of all those who, renouncing all other props, will venture on it and lay all upon Him. ‘He that believes sets to his seal that God is true,’ and so he is sealed for God, his portion

and interest are secured. If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.

This is the way to have peace and assurance, which many look for first. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, *because he trusteth in Thee.*' So here the heart is fixed by trusting.

Seek, then, clearer apprehensions of the faithfulness and goodness of God, hearts more enlarged in the notion of free grace and the absolute trust due to it; thus shall they be more established and fixed in all the rollings and changes of the world.

His heart is fixed, or prepared, ready, pressed, and in arms for all services, resolved not to give back, able to meet all adventures, and stand its ground. God is unchangeable, and therefore faith is invincible. That sets the heart on Him, fastens it there on the Rock of Eternity; then let winds blow and storms arise, it cares not. This firm and close cleaving unto God hath in it of the affection which is inseparable from this trust, love joined with faith, and so a hatred of all ways and thoughts that alienate and estrange from God, that remove and unsettle the heart. The holiest, wariest heart is surely the most believing and fixed heart. If a believer will adventure on any one way of sin, he shall find that it will unfix him and shake his confidence, more than ten thousand hazards and assaults from without. These are so far from moving that they settle and fix the heart commonly more, causing it to cleave the closer and nearer unto God; but sinful liberty breeds disquiet, and disturbs all. Where sin is, there will be a storm: the wind within the bowels of the earth makes the earthquake.

Would you be quiet and have peace *within* in troublous times, keep near unto God, beware of anything that may interpose between you and your confidence. 'It is good for me,' says the Psalmist, 'to be near God'; not only to draw near, but to keep near, to cleave to Him, and dwell in Him : so the word imports. Oh, the sweet calm of such a soul amidst all storms ! Thus, once trusting and fixed, then no more fear ; he is not afraid of evil tidings, nor of any ill-bearing. Whatsoever sound is terrible in the ears of men, the noise of war, news of death, or even the sound of the trumpet in the last Judgement, he hears all this undisquieted. Nothing is unexpected. Being once fixed on God, then the heart may put cases to itself, and suppose all things imaginable, the most terrible, and look for them ; not troubled before trouble comes, with dark and dismal apprehensions, but satisfied in a quiet unmoved expectation of the hardest things. Whatsoever it be, though particularly not thought on before, yet the heart is not afraid of the news of it, because it is fixed, trusting in the Lord. Nothing can shake that foundation nor dissolve that union ; therefore, no fear. Yea, this assurance stays the heart in all things ; how strange and unforeseen soever to it. All are foreseen to my God in whom I trust, yea, are fore-contrived and ordered by him. This is the impregnable fortress of a soul. All is at the disposal of my God ; my Father rules all ; what need I fear ?

Every one trusts to somewhat. As for honour and esteem and popularity, they are airy, vain things ; but riches seem a more solid work and fence, yet they are but a tower in conceit, not really : 'The rich man's wealth is his strong city,

and as a high wall in his own conceit; but the name of the Lord is a strong tower indeed.' This is the thing that all seek, some fence and fixing; and here it is. We call you not to vexation and turmoil, but *from* it, and, as St. Paul said, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' Ye blindly and fruitlessly seek after the show and shadow instead of the substance. The true aiming at this fixedness of mind will secure that, though they that aim fall short, yet by the way they will light on very pretty things that have some virtue in them, as they that seek the philosopher's stone. But the believer hath the thing, the secret itself of tranquillity and joy, and this turns all into gold, even iron chains into a crown of gold. 'While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.'

This is the blessed and safe estate of believers. Who can think they have a sad, heavy life? Oh! it is the only lightsome, sweet, cheerful condition in the world! The rest of men are poor, rolling, unstayed things, every report shaking them 'as the leaves of trees are shaken with the wind'; yea, lighter than these, they are as the 'chaff that the wind drives to and fro' at its pleasure. Would men but reflect and look in upon their own hearts, it is a wonder what vain childish things the most would find there, glad and sorry at things as light as the toys of children, at which they laugh and cry in a breath. How easily is the heart puffed up with a thing or word that pleaseth us, bladder-like, swelled with a little air, and it shrinks in again in discouragement and fear upon the touch of a needle point, which gives that air some vent.

What is the life of the greatest part but a continual tossing betwixt vain hopes and fears? All their days are spent in these. Oh! how vain a thing is man even in his best estate, while he is nothing but himself, his heart not united and fixed on God, disquieted in vain! And how small a thing will do it; he needs no other but his own heart, it may prove disquietment enough to itself; his thoughts are his tormentors.

I know some men are, by a stronger understanding and by moral principles, somewhat raised above the vulgar, and speak big of a certain constancy of mind; but these are but flourishes—an acted bravery. Somewhat there may be that will hold out in some trials, but it will fall far short of this fixedness of faith. Troubles may so multiply as to drive them at length from their posture, and may come on so thick with such violent blows as will smite them out of their artificial guard, disorder all their Seneca and Epictetus, and all their own calm thoughts and high resolves. The approach of death, though they make a good mien and set the best face on it, or if not death, yet some kind of terror may seize on their spirits which they are not able to shift off. But the soul trusting in God is prepared for all, not only for the calamities of war, pestilence, famine, poverty, or death, but in the saddest apprehensions of soul, beyond hope believes in hope, even in the darkest night casts anchor in God, reposes on Him when it sees no light. 'Yea, though He slay me,' says Job, 'yet will I trust in Him,'—not merely though I die, but though *He* slay me; when I see His hand lifted up to destroy me, yet from that same hand will I look for salvation.

My brethren, my desire is to stir up in your hearts an ambition after this blessed estate of the godly who fear the Lord, and trust in Him, and so fear no other thing. The common revolutions and changes of the world, and those which in these late times we ourselves have seen, and the likelihood of more and greater coming on, seem dreadful to weak minds. But let these persuade us the more to prize and seek this fixed, unaffrighted station; there is no fixing but here, where we make a virtue of a necessity.

Oh! that you would be persuaded to break off from the vile ways of sin, which debase the soul and fill it full of terrors, and to disengage yourselves from the vanities of this world, to take up your rest in God, to live in Him wholly, to cleave to and depend on Him, to esteem nothing beside Him! Excellent was the answer of that holy man to the Emperor, on his first essaying him with large proffers of honour and riches to draw him from Christ: 'Offer these things,' says he, 'to children, I regard them not.' Then after he had tried to terrify him with threatening: 'Threaten', says he, 'your effeminate courtiers, I fear none of these things.'

Seek to have your hearts established on Him by the faith of eternal life, and then you will be ashamed to distrust Him in any other thing. Yea, truly, you will not much regard nor be careful for other things how they be. It will then be all one, the better and the worse of this moment; the things of it, even the greatest, being both in themselves so little and worthless, and of so short continuance.

Well, choose as you will; but, all reckoned and

examined, I had rather be the poorest believer than the greatest king on earth. How small a commotion, small in its beginning, may prove the overturning of the greatest kingdom ! But the believer is heir to 'a kingdom that cannot be shaken'. The mightiest and most victorious prince, who hath not only lost nothing, but hath been gaining new conquests all his days, is stopped by a small distemper in the middle of his course ; 'he returns to his dust', and then his vast designs fall to nothing, 'in that very day his thoughts perish.' But the believer, in that very day, is sent to the possession of his crown : that is his coronation day ; then all his thoughts are accomplished.

How can you affright him ? Bring him word that his estate is ruined. *Yet my inheritance is safe*, says he. 'Your wife, or child, or dear friend is dead.' *Yet my Father lives*. 'You yourself must die.' Well, then, *I go home to my Father and to my inheritance*.

As for the public troubles of the Church, doubtless, it is both a most pious and generous temper to be more deeply affected for these than for all our private ones ; and to resent the common calamities of any people, but especially of God's own people, hath been the character of men near unto Him. Observe the pathetic strains of the Prophets bewailing, when they foretell the desolation even of foreign kingdoms, much more when foretelling that of the Lord's chosen people ; they are still mindful of Sion, and mournful for her distresses. See Jeremiah ix. 1, and the whole book of Lamentations ; so the Psalmist : 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' &c. Pious spirits are always public spirited, as even brave heathens were for

their commonwealth; like that good patriot described in Lucan: — 'Little regarding himself, but much solicitous for the public'. Yet even in this, with much compassion, there is a calm in a believer's mind. How these agree none can tell but he who feels it. He finds, amidst all hard news, yet still a fixed heart, trusting in the Lord, satisfied in this, that 'deliverance shall come in due time'; and that in those judgements that are inflicted man shall be humbled and God exalted, and that in all tumults and changes and subversions of states, still His throne is fixed, and with that the believer's heart likewise. Psalm xciii: So Psalm xxix. 10. 'The Lord sitteth upon the flood: yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever.' Or, as it may be rendered, 'The Lord sat in the flood,' possibly referring to the general deluge, yet even then God sat quiet, and still sitteth King for ever. He steered the Ark, and still guides His Church through all. So Psalm xlv, throughout that whole psalm. In all commotions the Kingdom of Christ shall be spreading and growing, and the close of all shall be full victory on His side, and that is sufficient for the believer.

Of this a singular example is in Job, who was not daunted with so many ill-hearings, but stood as an unmoved rock amidst the winds and waves: *Ille velut pelagi rupes immota resistit.*

In this condition there is so much sweetness, that, if known, a man might suspect himself to be rather selfishly taken with it than to be purely loving God. There is such joy in believing, or at least such peace, such a serene calmness, as is in no other thing in this world. Nothing either without or within a man is to be named with this trusting in His goodness

who is God, and in His faithfulness who, giving His promise for thy warrant, commands thee to 'roll thyself on Him'. The holy soul still trusts under the darkest apprehensions. If it is suggested, that thou art a reprobate; yet will the soul say, 'I will see the utmost and hang by the hold I have, till I feel myself really cast off, and will not willingly fall off. If I must be separated from Him, He shall do it Himself; He shall shake me off while I would cleave to Him. Yea, to the utmost I will look for mercy, and will hope better; though I found Him shaking me off, yet would I think He will not do it.' It is good to seek after all possible assurance, but not to fret at the want of it; for even without these assurances, which some Christians hang too much upon, there is in simple trust and reliance on God, and in a desire to walk in His ways, such a fortress of peace as all the assaults in the world are not able to make a breach in. And to this add that unspeakable delight in walking in His fear, joined with this trust. The noble ambition of pleasing Him makes one careless of pleasing or displeasing all the world. Besides, the delight in His Commandments—in so pure, so just a law, holiness, victory over lusts, and temperance—hath a sweetness in it that presently pays itself, because it is agreeable to His will.

It is the godly man alone who, by this fixed consideration in God, looks the grim visage of death in the face with an unappalled mind. Death damps all the joys and defeats all the hopes of the most prosperous, proudest, and wisest worldlings. As Archimedes said, when shot, '*Avocasti ab optima demonstratione*;' so it spoils all their figures and fine devices. 'But the righteous hath hope in his

death'. He goes through it without fear, without Adrian's sad question to his departing soul: '*Quo vadis?*' Whither art thou going? Though riches, honours, and all the glories of this world are with a man, yet he fears, yea, he fears the more for these, because here they must end. But the good man looks death out of countenance; he can say in the words of David: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'—*Sermons.*

JEREMY TAYLOR

1613-1667

CARE OF OUR TIME

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions; lest the first engage him in vanity and loss, and the latter, by being criminal, be a throwing his time and himself away, and a going back in the accounts of eternity.

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends: but so, that for every hour of our life (after we are persons capable of laws, and know good from evil), we must give account to the great Judge of men and angels. And this is it which our blessed Saviour told us, that we must account for 'every idle word': not meaning that every word which is not designed to edification, or is less prudent, shall be reckoned for a sin; but that the time which we spend in our idle talking and

unprofitable discourses, that time which might and ought to have been employed to spiritual and useful purposes, that is to be accounted for.

For we must remember that we have a great work to do, many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much danger to run through, many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to serve, and much good to do, many children to provide for, or many friends to support, or many poor to relieve, or many diseases to cure, besides the needs of nature and of relation, our private and our public cares, and duties of the world, which necessity and the providence of God hath adopted into the family of religion.

And that we need not fear this instrument to be a snare to us, or that the duty must end in scruple, vexation, and eternal fears, we must remember that the life of every man may be so ordered (and indeed must), that it may be a perpetual serving of God : the greatest trouble, and most busy trade, and worldly encumbrances, when they are necessary, or charitable, or profitable, in order to any of those ends which we are bound to serve, whether public or private, being a doing of God's work. For God provides the good things of the world to serve the needs of nature, by the labours of the ploughman, the skill and pains of the artisan, and the dangers and traffic of the merchant : these men are in their callings the ministers of the Divine Providence, and the stewards of the creation, and servants of a great family of God, the world, in the employment of procuring necessities for food and clothing, ornament and physic. In their proportions also, a king, and a priest, and a prophet, a judge, and an advocate, doing the works of their

employment according to their proper rules, are doing the work of God, because they serve those necessities which God hath made, and yet made no provisions for them but by their ministry. So that no man can complain that his calling takes him off from religion: his calling itself and his very worldly employment in honest trades and offices is a serving of God, and if it be moderately pursued, and according to the rules of Christian prudence, will leave void spaces enough for prayers and retirements of a more spiritual religion.

God hath given every man work enough to do, that there shall be no room for idleness; and yet hath so ordered the world, that there shall be space for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses of the world, is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that hath the most affairs, may so order them, that they shall be a service of God; whilst at certain periods they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long are hallowed by a holy intention.

However, so long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness, and effeminacy are prevented, and there is but little room left for temptation: and therefore to a busy man temptation is fain to climb up together with his businesses, and sins creep upon him only by accidents and occasions; whereas to an idle person they come in a full body, and with open violence, and the impudence of a restless importunity.

Idleness is called 'the sin of Sodom and her daughters', and indeed is 'the burial of a living man', an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities

of the world ; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth : like a vermin or a wolf, when their time comes they die and perish, and in the mean time do no good ; they neither plough nor carry burthens ; all that they do either is unprofitable or mischievous.—*Holy Living.*

PURITY OF INTENTION

THAT we should intend and design God's glory in every action we do, whether it be natural or chosen, is expressed by St. Paul, ' Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God.' Which rule when we observe, every action of nature becomes religious, and every meal is an act of worship, and shall have its reward in its proportion, as well as an act of prayer. Blessed be that goodness and grace of God, which, out of infinite desire to glorify and save mankind, would make the very works of nature capable of becoming acts of virtue, that all our lifetime we may do Him service.

This grace is so excellent that it sanctifies the most common action of our life ; and yet so necessary that, without it, the very best actions of our devotion are imperfect and vicious. For he that prays out of custom, or gives alms for praise, or fasts to be accounted religious, is but a Pharisee in his devotion, and a beggar in his alms, and an hypocrite in his fast. But a holy end sanctifies all these and all other actions which can be made holy, and gives distinction to them, and procures acceptance.

For, as to know the end distinguishes a man from a beast, so to choose a good end distinguishes him from an evil man. Hezekiah repeated his

good deeds upon his sick bed, and obtained favour of God, but the Pharisee was accounted insolent for doing the same thing: because this man did it to upbraid his brother, the other to obtain a mercy of God. Zacharias questioned with the angel about his message, and was made speechless for his incredulity; but the blessed Virgin Mary questioned too, and was blameless; for she did it to inquire after the manner of the thing, but he did not believe the thing itself: he doubted of God's power, or the truth of the messenger; but she, only of her own incapacity. This was it which distinguished the mourning of David from the exclamation of Saul; the confession of Pharaoh from that of Manasses; the tears of Peter from the repentance of Judas: 'for the praise is not in the deed done, but in the manner of its doing. If a man visits his sick friend, and watches at his pillow for charity's sake, and because of his old affection, we approve it; but if he does it in hope of a legacy, he is a vulture, and only watches for the carcass. The same things are honest and dishonest: the manner of doing them, and the end of the design, makes the separation.'

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar: for without these the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and ruin; and the action is sinful, or unprofitable and vain. The poor farmer that gave a dish of cold water to Artaxerxes was rewarded with a golden goblet; and he that gives the same to

a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall have a crown : but if he gives water in despite, when the disciple needs wine or a cordial, his reward shall be to want that water to cool his tongue.

Holy Living.

OF CURIOSITY

EVERY man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, in his own fortune evils enough, and in performance of his offices failings more than enough to entertain his own inquiry : so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind. What is it to me if my neighbour's grandfather were a Syrian, or his grandmother illegitimate, or that another is indebted five thousand pounds, or whether his wife be expensive ? But commonly curious persons, or (as the Apostle's phrase is) 'busy-bodies', are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person ; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars and porters, things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their care and their business. But if great things will satisfy our inquiry, the course of the sun and moon, the spots in their faces, the firmament of heaven and the supposed orbs, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, are work enough for us : or, if this be not, let him tell me whether the number of the stars be even or odd, and when they began to be so ; since some ages have discovered new stars which the former knew not, but might have seen if they had been

where now they are fixed. If these be too troublesome, search lower, and tell me why this turf this year brings forth a daisy, and the next year a plantain; why the apple bears his seed in his heart, and wheat bears it in his head: let him tell why a graft, taking nourishment from a crab-stock, shall have a fruit more noble than its nurse and parent: let him say why the best of oil is at the top, the best of wine in the middle, and the best of honey at the bottom, otherwise than it is in some liquors that are thinner, and in some that are thicker. But these things are not such as please busy-bodies; they must feed upon tragedies, and stories of misfortunes and crimes: and yet tell them ancient stories of the ravishment of chaste maidens, or the debauchment of nations, or the extreme poverty of learned persons, or the persecutions of the old saints, or the changes of government, and sad accidents happening in royal families amongst the Arsacidæ, the Cæsars, the Ptolemies, these were enough to scratch the itch of knowing sad stories: but unless you tell them something sad and new, something that is done within the bounds of their own knowledge or relation, it seems tedious and unsatisfying; which shows plainly it is an evil spirit: envy and idleness married together, and begot curiosity. Therefore Plutarch rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors and hangmen and tragedies pass—nothing that is chaste or holy. If a physician should go from house to house unsent for, and inquire what woman hath a cancer in her bowels, or what man a fistula in his colick-gut, though he could pretend to cure it, he would be almost as

unwelcome as the disease itself : and therefore it is inhuman to inquire after crimes and disasters without pretence of amending them, but only to discover them. We are not angry with searchers and publicans when they look only on public merchandise ; but when they break open trunks, and pierce vessels, and unrip packs, and open sealed letters.

Curiosity is the direct incontinency of the spirit ; and adultery itself, in its principle, is many times nothing but a curious inquisition after, and envying of, another man's inclosed pleasures : and there have been many who refused fairer objects that they might ravish an enclosed woman from her retirement and single possessor. But these inquisitions are seldom without danger, never without baseness ; they are neither just, nor honest, nor delightful, and very often useless to the curious inquirer. For men stand upon their guard against them, as they secure their meat against harpies and cats, laying all their counsels and secrets out of their way ; or as men clap their garments close about them when the searching and saucy winds would discover their nakedness : as knowing that what men willingly hear, they do willingly speak of. Knock, therefore, at the door before you enter upon your neighbour's privacy ; and remember that there is no difference between entering into his house, and looking into it.—*Holy Living.*

OF COVETOUSNESS

1. COVETOUSNESS makes a man miserable ; because riches are not means to make a man happy : and unless felicity were to be bought with money, he is a vain person who admires heaps of gold and

rich possessions. For what Hippomachus said to some persons, who commended a tall man as fit to be a champion in the Olympic games, 'It is true (said he) if the crown hang so high that the longest arm could reach it,' the same we may say concerning riches, they were excellent things, if the richest man were certainly the wisest and the best: but as they are, they are nothing to be wondered at, because they contribute nothing toward felicity: which appears, because some men choose to be miserable that they may be rich, rather than be happy with the expense of money and doing noble things.

2. Riches are useless and unprofitable; for beyond our needs and conveniences nature knows no use of riches: and they say that the princes of Italy, when they sup alone, eat out of a single dish, and drink in a plain glass, and the wife eats without purple: 'for nothing is more frugal than the back and belly,' if they be used as they should: but when they would entertain the eyes of strangers, when they are vain and would make a noise, then riches come forth to set forth the spectacle, and furnish out 'the comedy of wealth, of vanity'. No man can with all the wealth in the world buy so much skill as to be a good lutenist; he must go the same way that poor people do, he must learn and take pains: much less can he buy constancy, or chastity, or courage; nay, not so much as the contempt of riches: and by possessing more than we need, we cannot obtain so much power over our souls as not to require more. And certainly riches must deliver me from no evil, if the possession of them cannot take away the longing for them. If any man be thirsty, drink cools him;

if he be hungry, eating meat satisfies him : and when a man is cold, and calls for a warm cloak, he is pleased if you give it him ; but you trouble him if you load him with six or eight cloaks. Nature rests and sits still when she hath her portion ; but that which exceeds it is a trouble and a burthen : and therefore in true philosophy, no man is rich but he that is poor, according to the common account : for when God hath satisfied those needs which He made, that is, all that is natural, whatsoever is beyond it is thirst and a disease, and unless it be sent back again in charity or religion, can serve no end but vice or vanity. It can increase the appetite, to represent the man poorer, and full of a new and artificial, unnatural need ; but it never satisfies the need it makes, or makes the man richer. ' No wealth can satisfy the covetous desire of wealth.'

3. Riches are troublesome ; but the satisfaction of those appetites which God and nature have made is cheap and easy : for who ever paid use-money for bread and onions and water to keep him alive ? But when we covet after houses of the frame and design of Italy, or long for jewels, or for my next neighbour's field, or horses from Barbary, or the richest perfumes of Arabia, or Galatian mules, or fat eunuchs for our slaves from Tunis, or rich coaches from Naples, then we can never be satisfied till we have the best thing that is fancied, and all that can be had, and all that can be desired, and that we can lust no more : but before we come to the one-half of our first wild desires, we are the bondmen of usurers, and of our worse tyrant appetites, and the tortures of envy and impatience. But I consider that those who drink on still when

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their thirst is quenched, or eat after they have well dined, are forced to vomit not only their superfluity, but even that which at first was necessary: so those that covet more than they can temperately use, are oftentimes forced to part even with that patrimony which would have supported their persons in freedom and honour, and have satisfied all their reasonable desire.

4. Contentedness is therefore health, because covetousness is a direct sickness: and it was well said of Aristippus, (as Plutarch reports him), If any man after much eating and drinking be still unsatisfied, he hath no need of more meat or more drink, but of a physician; he more needs to be purged than to be filled: and therefore since covetousness cannot be satisfied, it must be cured by emptiness and evacuation. The man is without remedy, unless he be reduced to the scantling of nature, and the measures of his personal necessity. Give to a poor man a house and a few cows, pay his little debt, and set him on work, and he is provided for and quiet: but when a man enlarges beyond a fair possession, and desires another lordship, you spite him if you let him have it: for by that he is one degree the farther off from rest in his desires and satisfaction; and now he sees himself in a bigger capacity to a larger fortune; and he shall never find his period, till you begin to take away something of what he hath; for then he will begin to be glad to keep that which is left: but reduce him to nature's measures, and there he shall be sure to find rest; for there no man can desire beyond his bellyfull, and when he wants that, any one friend or charitable man can cure his poverty; but all the world cannot satisfy his covetousness.

5. Covetousness is the most fantastical and contradictory disease in the whole world : it must therefore be incurable, because it strives against its own cure. No man therefore abstains from meat, because he is hungry ; nor from wine, because he loves it and needs it : but the covetous man does so ; for he desires it passionately, because he says he needs it ; and when he hath it, he will need it still, because he dares not use it. He gets clothes because he cannot be without them ; but when he hath them then he can : as if he needed corn for his granary, and clothes for his wardrobe, more than for his back and belly. For covetousness pretends to heap much together for fear of want ; and yet after all his pains and purchase, he suffers that really which at first he feared vainly ; and by not using what he gets, he makes that suffering to be actual, present and necessary, which in his lowest condition was but future, contingent and possible. It stirs up the desire, and takes away the pleasure of being satisfied. It increases the appetite, and will not content it. It swells the 'principal' to no purpose, and lessens the 'use' to all purposes ; disturbing the order of nature, and the designs of God ; making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor his oil to make his own countenance cheerful ; but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable, and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable ; and, like the dish-makers of China, may leave a greater heap of dirt

for nephews, while he himself hath a new lot fallen to him in the portion of Dives. But thus the ass carried wood and sweet herbs to the baths, but was never washed or perfumed himself: he heaped up sweets for others, while himself was filthy with smoke and ashes. And yet it is considerable; if the man can be content to feed hardly, and labour extremely, and watch carefully, and suffer affronts and disgrace that he may get money more than he uses in his temperance and just needs, with how much ease might this man be happy! and with how great uneasiness and trouble does he make himself miserable! For he takes pains to get content, and when he might have it he lets it go. He might better be content with a virtuous and quiet poverty, than with an artificial, troublesome, and vicious. The same diet and a less labour would at first make him happy, and for ever after rewardable.

6. The sum of all is that which the apostle says, 'Covetousness is idolatry'; that is, it is an admiring money for itself, not for its use: it relies upon money, and loves it more than it loves God and religion. And it is 'the root of all evil'; it teaches men to be cruel and crafty, industrious in evil, full of care and malice; it devours young heirs, and grinds the face of the poor, and undoes those who specially belong to God's protection, helpless, craftless, and innocent people; it inquires into our parents' age, and longs for the death of our friends; it makes friendship an art of rapine, and changes a partner into a vulture, and a companion into a thief: and after all this it is for no good to itself, for it dares not spend those heaps of treasure which it snatched: and men hate serpents and basilisks

worse than lions and bears ; for these kill because they need the prey, but they sting to death and eat not. And if they pretend all this care and heap for their heirs (like the mice of Africa hiding the golden ore in their bowels and refusing to give back the indigested gold till their guts be out), they may remember that what was unnecessary for themselves, is as unnecessary for their sons ; and why cannot they be without it as well as their fathers, who did not use it ? And it often happens that to the sons it becomes an instrument to serve some lust or other ; that as the gold was useless to their fathers, so may the sons be to the public, fools or prodigals, loads to their country, and the curse and punishment of their fathers' avarice : and yet all that wealth is short of one blessing ; but it is a load coming with a curse, and descending from the family of a long-derived sin. However the father transmits it to the son, or it may be the son to one more, till a tyrant, or an oppressor, or a war, or change of government, or the usurer, or folly, or an expensive vice makes a hole in the bottom of the bag, and the wealth runs out like water, and flies away like a bird from the hand of a child.

7. Add to these the consideration of the advantages of poverty ; that it is a state freer from temptation, secure in dangers, but of one trouble, safe under the Divine Providence, cared for in heaven by a daily ministration, and for whose support God makes every day a new decree ; a state of which Christ was pleased to make open profession, and many wise men daily make vows ; that a rich man is but like a pool, to whom the poor run, and first trouble it, and then draw it dry : that he enjoys no more of it than according to the few and

limited needs of a man ; he cannot eat like a wolf or an elephant : that variety of dainty fare ministers but to sin and sicknesses : that the poor man feasts oftener than the rich, because every little enlargement is a feast to the poor, but he that feasts every day feasts no day, there being nothing left to which he may beyond his ordinary extend his appetite : that the rich man sleeps not so soundly as the poor labourer ; that his fears are more and his needs are greater (for who is poorer, he that needs £5, or he that needs £5,000 ?) ; the poor man hath enough to fill his belly, and the rich man hath not enough to fill his eye : that the poor man's wants are easy to be relieved by a common charity, but the needs of rich men cannot be supplied but by princes ; and they are left to the temptation of great vices to make reparation of their needs ; and the ambitious labours of men to get great estates are but like the selling of a fountain to buy a fever, a parting with content to buy necessity, a purchase of an unhandsome condition at the price of infelicity : that princes, and they that enjoy most of the world, have most of it but in title and supreme rights and reserved privileges, peppercorns, homages, trifling services and acknowledgements, the real use descending to others to more substantial purposes. These considerations may be useful to the curing of covetousness, that, the grace of mercifulness enlarging the heart of a man, his hand may not be contracted, but reached out to the poor in alms.—*Holy Living.*

A SHIPWRECK

THE wild fellow, in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man, rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garments, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore, to find a grave : and it cast him into some sad thoughts ; that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return ; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest ; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss, which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell ; and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs : a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family ; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcass he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home : see how the man swims who was so angry two days since ; his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they

be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.—*Holy Dying.*

PRAYER

FOR so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man.—*Sermons: The Return of Prayers.*

AGAINST BITTERNESS OF ZEAL.—I.

ANY zeal is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger; this is *the bitterness of zeal*, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poignard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to *try the spirits*, to *try all things*, to make inquiry; and yet, without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best; since he cannot without a final danger make himself to give a right sentence, and

to follow that which he finds to be best. This may ruin souls by making hypocrites, or careless and compliant against conscience or without it; but it does not save souls, though peradventure it should force them to a good opinion. This is *inordination of zeal*; for Christ, by reproving St. Peter drawing his sword even in the cause of Christ, for his sacred and yet injured person, saith Theophylact, 'teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God or for God himself.'—*Sermons.*

AGAINST BITTERNESS OF ZEAL.—2.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat and prayed not nor begged a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me: and couldst not thou endure him one night?'—*Liberty of Prophesying.*

RICHARD BAXTER

1615-1691

THE PARTS AND PRACTICE OF A HOLY LIFE

ALL is not done when men have *begun* a religious life. All trees that blossom prove not fruitful; and all fruit comes not to perfection. Many fall off, who seemed to have good beginnings; and many dishonour the name of Christ, by their scandals and infirmities. Many do grieve their teachers' hearts, and lamentably disturb the Church of Christ, by their ignorance, errors, self-conceitedness, unruliness, headiness, contentiousness, sidings, and divisions; insomuch that the scandals and the feuds of Christians are the great impediments of the conversion of the infidel and heathen world, by exposing Christianity to their contempt and scorn, as if it were but the errors of men as unholy and worldly and proud as others, that can never agree among themselves:—and many by their passions and selfishness are a trouble to the families and neighbours where they live; and more by their weaknesses and great distempers are snares, vexations, and burdens to themselves. Whereas Christianity, in its true constitution, is a life of such holy light and love, such purity and peace, such fruitfulness and heavenliness, as if it were accordingly showed forth in the lives of Christians, would command admiration and reverence from the world, and do more to their conversion, than swords, or words alone can do: and it would make Christians useful and amiable to each other; and their lives a feast and pleasure

to themselves.—I hope it may prove some help to these excellent ends, and to the securing men's salvation, if in a few sound experienced directions I open to you the duties of a Christian life.

I. Keep still the true form of Christian doctrine, desire and duty, orderly printed on your minds;—that is, understand it clearly and distinctly, and remember it. I mean the great points of religion contained in catechisms. You may still grow in the clearer understanding of your catechisms, if you live an hundred years. Let not the words only, but the matter, be as familiar in your minds, as the rooms of your house are. Such solid knowledge will establish you against seduction and unbelief, and will be still within you a ready help for every grace, and every duty, as the skill of an artificer is for his work; and for want of this, when you come amongst infidels or heretics, their reasonings may seem unanswerable to you, and shake, if not overthrow your faith; and you will easily err in lesser points, and trouble the Church with your dreams and wranglings.—This is the calamity of many professors, that while they will be most censorious judges in every controversy about church matters, they know not well the doctrine of the catechism.

II. Live daily by faith on Jesus Christ, as the mediator between God and you.—Being well grounded in the belief of the Gospel, and understanding Christ's office, make use of Him still in all your wants. Think on the fatherly love of God, as coming to you through Him alone, and of the Spirit, as given by Him your head; and of the covenant of grace, as enacted and sealed by Him; and of the ministry, as sent by Him; and of all time, and helps, and hope, as procured and given

by Him. When you think of sin and infirmity, and temptations, think also of his sufficient, pardoning, justifying and victorious grace. When you think of the world, the flesh, and the devil, think how He overcometh them. Let his doctrine and the pattern of his most perfect life be always before you as your rule. In all your doubts, and fears, and wants, go to Him in the spirit, and to the Father by Him, and Him alone. Take Him as the root of your life and mercies, and live as upon Him and by His life. And when you die, resign your soul to Him, that it may be with Him where He is, and see his glory.—To live on Christ, and use Him in every want and address to God, is more than a general confused believing in Him.

III. So believe in the Holy Ghost as to live and work by Him, as the body doth by the soul.—You are not baptized into his name in vain; (but too few understand the sense and reason of it). The Spirit is sent by Christ for two great works: 1. To the apostles (and prophets), to inspire them infallibly to preach the Gospel, and confirm it by miracles, and leave it on record, for following ages, in the Holy Scriptures; 2. To all his members, to illuminate and sanctify them, to believe and obey this sacred doctrine (beside his common gift to many to understand and preach it). The Spirit having first indited the Gospel, doth by it, first regenerate, and after govern all true believers. He is not now given us for the revealing of new doctrines, but to understand and obey the doctrine revealed and sealed by Him long ago. As the sun doth, by its sweet and secret influence, both give and cherish the natural life of things sensitive and vegetative; so does Christ by his Spirit our spiritual

life. As you do no work but by your natural life, you should do none but by your spiritual life: you must not only believe and love, and pray by it; but manage all your calling by it: for 'Holiness to the Lord' must be written upon all.—All things are sanctified to you, because you being sanctified to God, devote all to Him, and use all for Him; and therefore must do all in the strength and conduct of the Spirit.

IV. Live wholly upon God, as all in all; as the first efficient, principal dirigent, and final cause of all things.—Let faith, hope, and love be daily feeding on Him. Let 'Our Father which art in heaven' be first inscribed on your hearts, that He may seem most amiable to you, and you may boldly trust Him, and filial love may be the spring of duty. Make use of the Son and Spirit to lead you to the Father; and of faith in Christ to kindle and keep alive the love of God. The love of God is our primitive holiness, and especially called, with its fruits, our sanctification, which faith in Christ is but a means to. Let it be your principal end in studying Christ, to see the goodness, love, and amiableness of God in Him: a condemning God is not so easily loved as a gracious reconciling God. You have so much of the Spirit, as you have love to God: this is the proper gift of the Spirit to all the adopted sons of God, to cause them with filial affection and dependence to cry, Abba Father. Know not, desire not, love not any creature, but purely as subordinate to God! without Him let it be nothing to you, but as the glass without the face, or scattered letters without the sense; or as the corpse without the soul. Call nothing prosperity or pleasure but his love; and nothing

adversity or misery, but his displeasure, and the cause and fruits of it. When any thing would seem lovely and desirable, which is against Him, call it dung ! and hear that man as Satan or the serpent that would entice you from Him ; and count him but vanity, a worm, and dust, that would affright you from your duty to Him. Fear Him much, but love Him more ! Let love be the soul and end of every other duty. It is the end and reason of all the rest ; but it hath no end or reason but its object. Think of no other heaven and end, and happiness of man, but love the final act, and God the final object. Place not your religion in any thing but the love of God with its means and fruits. Own no grief, desire, or joy, but a mourning, a seeking, and a rejoicing love.—*The Poor Man's Family Book.*

THE CLERGY IN BAXTER'S BOYHOOD

We lived in a county that had but little preaching at all : in the village where I was born there was four readers successively in six years' time, ignorant men, and two of them immoral in their lives, who were all my schoolmasters. In the village where my father lived, there was a reader of about eighty years of age that never preached, and had two churches about twenty miles distant. His eyesight failing him he said common prayer without book ; but for the reading of the psalms and chapters, he got a common thresher and day-labourer one year, and a tailor another year, for the clerk could not read well. And at last he had a kinsman of his own (the excellentest stage-player in all the country, and a good gamester and good fellow) that got orders and supplied one of his

places. After him another younger kinsman, that could write and read, got orders; and at the same time another neighbour's son that had been a while at school turned minister, and who would needs go further than the rest, ventured to preach (and after got a living in Staffordshire), and when he had been a preacher about twelve or sixteen years, he was fain to give over, it being discovered that his orders were forged by the first ingenious stage-player. After him another neighbour's son took orders, when he had been awhile an attorney's clerk, and a common drunkard, and tiddled himself into so great poverty that he had no other way to live. It was feared that he and more of them came by their orders the same way with the fore-mentioned person. These were the schoolmasters of my youth (except two of them); who read common prayer on Sundays and holy-days, and taught school and tiddled on the week-days, and whipped the boys when they were drunk, so that we changed them very oft. Within a few miles about us, were near a dozen more ministers that were near eighty years old apiece, and never preached; poor ignorant readers, and most of them of scandalous lives. Only three or four constant competent preachers lived near us, and those (though conformable all save one) were the common marks of the people's obloquy and reproach, and any that had but gone to hear them, when he had no preaching at home, was made the derision of the vulgar rabble, under the odious name of a puritan.—*Reliquiae Baxterianae* (1696).

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE

1616-1704

HOW AESOP SECURED THE RETURN OF HIS
[MASTER'S] RUNAWAY WIFE

THE wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entituled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling, and expensive (as that sort of women commonly are); easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this, at last, that Xanthus' stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun; but the man was willing however to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in 't, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon't, that Aesop in pure pity

bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. 'Come, Master,' says he, 'pluck up a good heart; for I have a project in my noddle that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you.' What does my Aesop but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way, too; and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle, and Aesop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady (for everybody knew Aesop to be a servant in that family). It gathered in the rolling as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language, and after the easing of her mind a little, 'No, Xanthus,' says she, 'do not flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive.' Xanthus looked upon this as one of Aesop's masterpieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.—*Life prefixed to Aesop's Fables, translated.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH
COMPANY

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap-à-pie*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither

is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civillest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon everything that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: 'tis true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures, they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war; they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this

topic, are much deceived : let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm ; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled ; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire ; they said, ' Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth.'¹ What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world ? what was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals ? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities : their actual increase daily with their age and growth ; the more people, the more wicked all of them ; every one brings in his part to inflame the contagion : which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor anything secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison ; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all pieces armed and provided, both against the

¹ Genesis xi. 4.

assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that 'tis impossible to escape both these inconveniences without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

*Quid Romae faciam? Mentiri nescio.*¹

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? He can neither understand nor speak the language of the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think, therefore, it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian,² when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray;
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldames get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.

¹ Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

² Mart. iv. Ep. 5.

But you're a man of learning, prudent, just ;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why you may stay, and live unenvied here ;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly ; the sight of folly and impiety, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius,¹ by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said it was delightful to see other men in a great storm, and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madnesses ; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation ; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for

¹ Lucr., lib. ii. 1.

he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path ; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, 'ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum,' that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But whither shall we fly then ? into the deserts, like the ancient hermits ?

—*Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinnyes,
In facinus iurasse putes.*¹

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can ; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) 'sold themselves to sin' : the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age ; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon ; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey : but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest ; that, if I could not content myself with anything less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster Hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do ? The world may so come in a man's way,

¹ Ovid, *Metam.* i. 241.

that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: 'Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they that have wives be as though they had none.—But I would that all men were even as I myself.'¹

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it: happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town of their country.—*Essays*.

OF GREATNESS

SINCE we cannot attain to greatness (says the *Sieur de Montaigne*), let's have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial; I can therefore only make my protestation.

¹ 1 Cor. vii. 29.

If ever I more riches did desire
 Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
 If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
 With any wish so mean as to be great,
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I'm content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestical beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter, for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but, as Lucretius says, '*Parvula, pumilio, Xapitov pia, toti merum sal.*'

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder describes to this effect. Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants but huge massy fellows, no plate or household stuff but thrice as big as the fashion; you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness that he would not put on a pair of shoes

each of which was not big enough for both his feet ; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears : he kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk, too, always in *chiopins*, till at last he got the surname of '*Senecio Grandio*', which, Messala said, was not his cognomen, but his cognomentum. When he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedaemonians, who alone opposed Xerxes his army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice, 'I rejoice, I rejoice !'—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. 'Xerxes', says he, 'is all mine own. He who took away the sight of the sea with the canvas veils of so many ships . . .' and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burly way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not, in some things, and to some degrees, grandios. Is anything more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them ? and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up ? I may safely say that all the ostentation of our grandees is just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this but a spice of *grandio* ? How tedious would this be if we were always bound to it ! I do believe there is no king who would not rather be

deposed than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation. The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them), as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes of the world of late could find out no delight so satisfactory as the keeping of little singing-birds, and hearing of them and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possessed it; and yet one of them, who styled himself 'Lord and God of the Earth', could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub. One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite), could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage; he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were of their triumphs over nations. He did not at his death complain that so mighty an emperor, and

the last of all the Caesarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cried out, 'Alas ! what pity 'tis that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner !' His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice ; that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in for their prating and their wantonness ?

Was it for this, that Rome's best blood he spilt,
With so much falsehood, so much guilt ?
Was it for this that his ambition strove
To equal Caesar first, and after Jove ?
Greatness is barren sure of solid joys ;
Her merchandise, I fear, is all in toys ;
She could not else sure so uncivil be,
To treat his universal majesty,
His new created Delty,
With nuts and bounding-stones and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment ; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine ; her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year ? Not so many servants or horses, but a few good ones,

which will do all the business as well ; not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy and the more pleasant ; not so rich garments nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change, too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or valet-de-chambre ; not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costlier sorts of tapestry, but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions), not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain or cascade gardens, but herb and flower and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph or the urn of a river-god. If for all this you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both : servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one ; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence : and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than a high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object.

— *Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Aetherias tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*

As far as up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it

is for the most part in pitiful want and distress. What a wonderful thing is this ! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery, *Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris Cappadocum Rex*. This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia. They abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live, one would have thought, pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity, so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts but out of the succours and supplies of rapine ; 'as riches increase,' says Solomon, 'so do the mouths that devour it.' The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay and an ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself : still, if it could mount up a little higher, it

would be happy ; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires ; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the peak of Teneriffe, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the gods, and they cast Ossa upon Olympus and Pelion upon Ossa : two or three mountains more they thought would have done their business, but the thunder spoiled all the work when they were come up to the third story ;

And what a noble plot was crossed,
And what a brave design was lost.

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain ; and afterwards general, which was his second ; and after that absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected ; is believed to have died with grief and discontent because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for the want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, but [is] a creature of the fancy—a notion that consists only in relation and comparison. It

is indeed an idol ; but St. Paul teaches us that an idol is nothing in the world. There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places : there is no right or left, no upper hand in nature ; everything is little and everything is great according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland where I might be a great man ; and in that case I should be like Caesar—you would wonder how Caesar and I should be like one another in anything—and choose rather to be the first man of the village than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britain, in regard only of a lesser of the same name ; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground in comparison of the whole earth besides ; and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.—*Essays*.

LUCY HUTCHINSON

b. 1620

A TRUE STORY

He told him a very true story of a gentleman who not long before had come for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplored, he made inquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description that no other discourse

could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other ; he grew desperately melancholy, and would go to a mount where the print of her foot was cut, and lie there pining and kissing of it all the day long, till at length death, in some months' space, concluded his languishment.—*Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson.*

HOW COLONEL HUTCHINSON GOT THE BETTER OF LAMBERT'S TROOPERS

WHEN Lambert had broken the house, the colonel made a short voyage to London to inform himself how things were, and found some of the members exceedingly sensible of the sad estate the kingdom was reduced unto by the rash ambition of these men, and resolving that there was no way but for every man that abhorred it to improve their interest in their countries, and to suppress these usurpers and rebels. Hereupon the colonel took order to have some arms bought and sent him, and had prepared a thousand honest men, whenever he should call for their assistance ; intending to improve his posse comitatus when occasion should be offered. To provoke him more particularly to this, several accidents fell out. Among the rest, six of Lambert's troopers came to gather money, laid upon the country by an assessment of parliament, whom the colonel telling that in regard it was levied by that authority, he had paid it, but otherwise would not ; two of them who only were in the room with the colonel, the rest being on horseback in the court, gave him such insolent terms, with such unsufferable reproaches of the parliament, that the colonel drew a sword which was in the

room to have chastised them. While a minister that was by held the colonel's arm, his wife, not willing to have them killed in her presence, opened the door and let them out, who presently ran and fetched in their companions in the yard with cocked pistols. Upon the bustle, while the colonel having disengaged himself from those that held him, was run after them with the sword drawn, his brother came out of another room, upon whom, the soldiers pressing against a door that went into the great hall, the door flew open, and about fifty or sixty men appeared in the hall, who were there upon another business. For Owthorpe, Kinolton, and Hicklin, had a contest about a cripple that was sent from one to the other, but at last, out of some respect they had for the colonel, the chief men of the several towns were come to him, to make some accommodation, till the law should be again in force. When the colonel heard the soldiers were come, he left them shut up in his great hall, who by accident thus appearing, put the soldiers into a dreadful fright. When the colonel saw how pale they looked, he encouraged them to take heart, and calmly admonished them of their insolence, and they being changed and very humble through their fear, he called for wine for them, and sent them away.—*Memoirs*.

COLONEL HUTCHINSON'S SPEECH BEFORE
THE CONVENTION PARLIAMENT, 1660, ON
THE KING'S EXECUTION

THE Presbyterians were now the white boys, and according to their nature fell a thirsting, then hunting after blood, urging that God's blessing could not be upon the land, till justice had cleansed

it from the late king's blood. First that fact was disowned, then all the acts made after it rendered void, then an inquisition made after those that were guilty thereof, but only seven nominated of them that sat in judgement on that prince, for exemplary justice, and a proclamation sent for the rest to come in, upon penalty of losing their estates.

While these things were debating in the House, at the first, divers persons, concerned in that business, sat there, and when the business came into question every one of them spoke to it according to their present sense. But Mr. Lenthall, son to the late Speaker of that parliament, when the Presbyterians first called that business into question, though not at all concerned in it himself, stood up and made so handsome and honourable a speech in defence of them all, as deserves eternal honour. But the Presbyterians called him to the bar for it, where, though he mitigated some expressions, which might be ill taken of the House, yet he spoke so generously, as it is never to be forgotten of him. Herein he behaved himself with so much courage and honour as was not matched at that time in England, for which he was looked on with an evil eye, and, upon a pretence of treason, put in prison; from whence his father's money, and the lieutenant of the Tower's jealousy, delivered him. When it came to Inglesbie's turn, he, with many tears, professed his repentance for that murder, and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence, and made a most whining recantation, after which he retired; and another had almost ended, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would

expected he should say something. He was surprised with a thing he expected not, yet neither then, nor in any the like occasion, did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'That for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgement, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet, to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience; and as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman.' What he expressed was to this effect, but so very handsomely delivered, that it generally took the whole house; only one gentleman stood up and said, he had expressed himself as one that was much more sorry for the events and consequences than the actions; but another replied, that when a man's words might admit of two interpretations, it befitted gentlemen always to receive that which might be most favourable. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room where Inglesbie was with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spite to succeed his whinings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson, 'O colonel,' said he, 'did

I ever imagine we could be brought to this ? Could I have suspected it, when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves ?' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else ; but the integrity of his heart, in all he had done, made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the house that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the house.—*Memoirs.*

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE

I CANNOT here omit one story, though not altogether so much of the colonel's concern, yet happening this summer, not unworthy mention. Mr. Palmer, a certain nonconformist preacher, was taken at his own house in Nottingham, by the mayor of the town, for preaching upon the Lord's day, and some others with him (whereof one was formerly a servant of the colonel's, and had married one of his maids), and put into the town's gaol, where they continued about two or three months. There being a grated window in the prison, that was almost even with the ground, and looked into the street, all people coming by might see these poor people, kept in a damp, ill-favoured room, where they patiently exhorted and cheered one another. One Lord's day, after sermon time, the prisoners were singing a psalm, and the people as they passed up and down, still when they came to

the prison, stood still, till there were a great many gathered about the window at which Mr. Palmer was preaching; whereupon the mayor, one Top-lady, who had formerly been a parliament officer, but was now a renegado, came violently with his officers, and beat the people, and thrust some into prison that were but passing the streets, kicked and pinched the men's wives in his rage, and was the more exasperated, when some of them told him how ill his fury became him who had once been one of them. The next day, or few days after, having given order the prisoners should every Lord's day after be locked in the coal-house, he went to London and made information, I heard oath, to the council, that a thousand of the country came in armed to the town, and marched to the prison window to hear the prisoner preach; whereupon he procured an order for a troop of horse to be sent down to quarter at Nottingham to keep the fanatics in awe. But one who had relation to the town, being then at court, and knowing this to be false, certified to the contrary and prevented the troop.—*Memoirs.*

JOHN EVELYN

1620-1706

THE GREAT FIRE

September 2, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London.

September 3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in South-

work, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every

thing. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle ! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles roundabout for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame ! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem* : the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more ! Thus, I returned.

September 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple ; all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now

flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes ; the stones of Paul's flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them ; for vain was the help of man.

September 5. It crossed towards Whitehall ; but oh ! the confusion there was then at that Court ! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commanded to be practised ; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it ; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God,

by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield, north : but continued all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair ; it also brake out again in the Temple ; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

September 6. Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custody, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseized houses. It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen; by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs. Having, then, disposed of some under cure at the Savoy, I returned to Whitehall, where I dined at Mr. Offley's, the groom-porter, who was my relation.

September 7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Alderagate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's—now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable

to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced ! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end, was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted ; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust ; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling ; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy ; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces ; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest ; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish ; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle, remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss ; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards, to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends, or opportunity, got shelter for the present; to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not, without danger, adventure to our church.

September 10. I went again to the ruins; for it was now no longer a city.

September 13. I presented his Majesty with a survey of the ruins, and a plot for a new City, with a discourse on it; whereupon, after dinner, his Majesty sent for me into the Queen's bed-chamber, her Majesty and the Duke only being present. They examined each particular, and

discoursed on them for near an hour, seeming to be extremely pleased with what I had so early thought on. The Queen was now in her cavalier riding-habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, going to take the air.—*The Diary.*

THE POPISH PLOT

1. TITUS OATES'S DISCOVERY

October 1, 1678. The Parliament and the whole nation were alarmed about a conspiracy of some eminent Papists for the destruction of the King and introduction of Popery, discovered by one Oates and Dr. Tongue, *which last I knew, being the translator of the 'Jesuits' Morals'*; I went to see and converse with him at Whitehall, with Mr. Oates, one that was lately an apostate to the Church of Rome, and now returned again with this discovery. He seemed to be a bold man, and, in my thoughts, furiously indiscreet; but everybody believed what he said; and it quite changed the genius and motions of the Parliament, growing now corrupt and interested with long sitting and court practices; but, with all this, Popery would not go down. This discovery turned them all as one man against it, and nothing was done but to find out the depth of this. Oates was encouraged, and everything he affirmed taken for gospel;—the truth is, the Roman Catholics were exceeding bold and busy everywhere, since the Duke forbore to go any longer to the chapel.

2. THE MURDER OF SIR EDMONDBURY GODFREY

October 21, 1678. The murder of Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey, found strangled about this time, as

was manifest, by the Papists, he being a Justice of the Peace, and one who knew much of their practices, as conversant with Coleman (a servant of the . . . now accused), put the whole nation into a new ferment against them.

3. OATES ACCUSES THE QUEEN

November 15, 1678. The Queen's birthday. I never saw the court more brave, nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation. Coleman and one Staly had now been tried, condemned, and executed. On this, Oates grew so presumptuous, as to accuse the Queen of intending to poison the King; which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates's circumstances made it utterly unlikely, in my opinion. He probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his Majesty should have married a fruitful lady; but the King was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him. However, divers of the Popish peers were sent to the Tower, accused by Oates; and all the Roman Catholic lords were by a new Act for ever excluded the Parliament; which was a mighty blow. The King's, Queen's, and Duke's servants, were banished, and a test to be taken by everybody who pretended to enjoy any office of public trust, and who would not be suspected of Popery.

4. TRIAL OF SIR GEORGE WAKEMAN AND OTHERS

July 18, 1679. I went early to the Old Bailey Sessions House, to the famous trial of Sir George Wakeman, one of the Queen's physicians, and three Benedictine monks; the first (whom I was well

acquainted with, and take to be a worthy gentleman abhorring such a fact) for intending to poison the King; the others as accomplices to carry on the plot, to subvert the government, and introduce Popery. The Bench was crowded with the Judges, Lord Mayor, Justices, and innumerable spectators. The chief accusers, Dr. Oates (as he called himself), and one Bedlow, a man of inferior note. Their testimonies were not so pregnant, and I fear much of it from hearsay, but swearing positively to some particulars, which drew suspicion upon their truth; nor did circumstances so agree, as to give either the Bench, or Jury, so entire satisfaction as was expected. After, therefore, a long and tedious trial of nine hours, the Jury brought them in not guilty, to the extraordinary triumph of the Papists, and without sufficient disadvantage and reflections on witnesses, especially Oates and Bedlow.

This was a happy day for the Lords in the Tower, who expecting their trial, had this gone against the prisoners at the bar, would all have been in the utmost hazard. For my part, I look on Oates as a vain, insolent man, puffed up with the favour of the Commons for having discovered something really true, more especially as detecting the dangerous intrigue of Coleman, proved out of his own letters, and of a general design which the Jesuited party of the Papists ever had and still have, to ruin the Church of England; but that he was trusted with those great secrets he pretended, or had any solid ground for what he accused divers noblemen of, I have many reasons to induce my contrary belief. That among so many commissions as he affirmed to have delivered to them from P. Oliva and the Pope—he who made no scruple

of opening all other papers, letters, and secrets, should not only not open any of those pretended commissions, but not so much as take any copy or witness of any one of them, is almost miraculous. But the Commons (some leading persons I mean of them) had so exalted him, that they took all he said for Gospel, and without more ado ruined all whom he named to be conspirators; nor did he spare whoever came in his way. But indeed the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, suspected to have been compassed by the Jesuits' party for his intimacy with Coleman (a busy person whom I also knew), and the fear they had that he was able to have discovered things to their prejudice, did so exasperate not only the Commons but all the nation, that much of these sharpnesses against the more honest Roman Catholics who lived peaceably, is to be imputed to that horrid fact.

The sessions ended, I dined or rather supped (so late it was) with the Judges in the large room annexed to the place, and so returned home. Though it was not my custom or delight to be often present at any capital trials, we having them commonly so exactly published by those who take them in shorthand, yet I was inclined to be at this signal one, that by the ocular view of the carriages and other circumstances of the managers and parties concerned, I might inform myself, and regulate my opinion of a cause that had so alarmed the whole nation.

5. TRIAL OF LORD STAFFORD

November 30, 1680. This signal day began the trial (at which I was present) of my Lord Viscount Stafford, for conspiring the death of the King;

second son to my Lord Thomas Howard Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, and grandfather to the present Duke of Norfolk, whom I so well knew, and from which excellent person I received so many favours. It was likewise his birthday. The trial was in Westminster Hall, before the King, Lords, and Commons; just in the same manner as, forty years past, the great and wise Earl of Strafford (there being but one letter differing their names) received his trial for pretended ill government in Ireland, in the very same place, this Lord Stafford's father being then High Steward. The place of sitting was now exalted some considerable height from the paved floor of the Hall, with a stage of boards. The throne, wool-packs for the Judges, long forms for the Peers, chair for the Lord Steward, exactly ranged, as in the House of Lords. The sides on both hands scaffolded to the very roof for the members of the House of Commons. At the upper end, and on the right side of the King's state, was a box for his Majesty, and on the left others for the great ladies, and over head a gallery for ambassadors and public ministers. At the lower end, or entrance, was a bar, and place for the prisoner, the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, the axebearer and guards, my Lord Stafford's two daughters, the Marchioness of Winchester being one; there was likewise a box for my Lord to retire into. At the right hand, in another box, somewhat higher, stood the witnesses; at the left, the managers, in the name of the Commons of England, namely Serjeant Maynard (the great lawyer, the same who prosecuted the cause against the Earl of Strafford forty years before, being now near eighty years of age), Sir

William Jones, late Attorney-General, Sir Francis Winnington, a famous pleader, and Mr. Treby, now Recorder of London, not appearing in their gowns as lawyers, but in their cloaks and swords, as representing the Commons of England: to these were joined Mr. Hampden, Mr. Sacheverell, Mr. Poule, Colonel Titus, Sir Thomas Lee, all gentlemen of quality, and noted parliamentary men. The two first days, in which were read the commission and impeachment, were but a tedious entrance into matter of fact, at which I was but little present. But, on Thursday, I was commodiously seated amongst the Commons, when the witnesses were sworn and examined. The principal witnesses were Mr. Oates (who called himself Dr.), Mr. Dugdale, and Turberville. Oates swore that he delivered a commission to Viscount Stafford from the Pope, to be Paymaster-General to an army intended to be raised; Dugdale, that being at Lord Aston's, the prisoner dealt with him plainly to murder his Majesty; and Turberville, that at Paris he also proposed the same to him.

December 3. The depositions of my Lord's witnesses were taken, to invalidate the King's witnesses; they were very slight persons, but, being fifteen or sixteen, they took up all that day, and in truth they rather did my Lord injury than service.

December 4. Came other witnesses of the Commons to corroborate the King's, some being Peers, some Commons, with others of good quality, who took off all the former day's objections, and set the King's witnesses *recti in Curia*.

December 6. Sir William Jones summed up the evidence: to him succeeded all the rest of the

managers, and then Mr. Henry Poule made a vehement oration. After this my Lord, as on all occasions, and often during the trial, spoke in his own defence, denying the charge altogether, and that he had never seen Oates, or Turberville, at the time and manner affirmed: in truth, their testimony did little weigh with me; Dugdale's only seemed to press hardest, to which my Lord spake a great while, but confusedly, without any method.

One thing my Lord said as to Oates, which I confess did exceedingly affect me: That a person who during his depositions should so vauntingly brag that though he went over to the Church of Rome, yet he was never a Papist, nor of their religion, all the time that he seemed to apostatize from the Protestant, but only as a spy; though he confessed he took their sacrament, worshipped images, went through all their oaths, and discipline of their proselytes, swearing secrecy and to be faithful, but with intent to come over again and betray them; that such an hypocrite, that had so deeply prevaricated as even to turn idolater (for so we of the Church of England termed it), attesting God so solemnly that he was entirely theirs and devoted to their interest, and consequently (as he pretended) trusted; I say, that the witness of such a profligate wretch should be admitted against the life of a peer—this my Lord looked upon as a monstrous thing, and such as must needs redound to the dishonour of our religion and nation. And verily I am of his Lordship's opinion: such a man's testimony should not be taken against the life of a dog. But the merit of something material which he discovered against Coleman, put him in such esteem with the Parliament, that now,

I fancy, he stuck at nothing, and thought everybody was to take what he said for gospel. The consideration of this, and some other circumstances, began to stagger me; particularly how it was possible that one who went among the Papists on such a design, and pretended to be entrusted with so many letters and commissions from the Pope and the party, nay and delivered them to so many great persons, should not reserve one of them to show, nor so much as one copy of any commission, which he who had such dexterity in opening letters might certainly have done, to the undeniable conviction of those whom he accused; but, as I said, he gained credit on Coleman. But, as to others whom he so madly flew upon, I am little inclined to believe his testimony, he being so slight a person, so passionate, ill-bred, and of such impudent behaviour; nor is it likely that such piercing politicians as the Jesuits should trust him with so high and so dangerous secrets.

December 7. On Tuesday, I was again at the trial, when judgement was demanded; and, after my Lord had spoken what he could in denying the fact, the managers answering the objections, the Peers adjourned to their House, and within two hours returned again. There was, in the meantime, this question put to the judges, 'whether there being but one witness to any single crime, or act, it could amount to convict a man of treason'. They gave a unanimous opinion that in case of treason they all were overt acts, for though no man should be condemned by one witness for any one act, yet for several acts to the same intent, it was valid; which was my Lord's case. This being past, and the Peers in their seats again, the Lord

Chancellor Finch (this day the Lord High Steward) removing to the woollack next his Majesty's state, after summoning the Lieutenant of the Tower to bring forth his prisoner, and proclamation made for silence, demanded of every peer (who were in all eighty-six) whether William, Lord Viscount Stafford, were guilty of the treason laid to his charge, or not guilty.

Then the Peer spoken to, standing up, and laying his right hand upon his breast, said Guilty, or Not guilty, upon my honour, and then sat down, the Lord Steward noting their suffrages as they answered upon a paper: when all had done, the number of Not guilty being but 31, the Guilty 55: and then, after proclamation for silence again, the Lord Steward directing his speech to the prisoner, against whom the axe was turned edgeways and not before, in aggravation of his crime, he being ennobled by the King's father, and since received many favours from his present Majesty (after enlarging on his offence), deploring first his own unhappiness that he who had never condemned any man before should now be necessitated to begin with him, he then pronounced sentence of death by hanging, drawing, and quartering, according to form, with great solemnity and dreadful gravity; and, after a short pause, told the prisoner that he believed the Lords would intercede for the omission of some circumstances of his sentence, beheading only excepted; and then breaking his white staff, the Court was dissolved. My Lord Stafford during all this latter part spake but little, and only gave their Lordships thanks after the sentence was pronounced; and indeed behaved himself modestly, and as became him.

It was observed that all his own relations of his name and family condemned him, except his nephew, the Earl of Arundel, son to the Duke of Norfolk. And it must be acknowledged that the whole trial was carried on with exceeding gravity : so stately and august an appearance I had never seen before ; for, besides the innumerable spectators of gentlemen and foreign ministers, who saw and heard all the proceedings, the prisoner had the consciences of all the Commons of England for his accusers, and all the Peers to be his Judges and Jury. He had likewise the assistance of what counsel he would, to direct him in his plea, who stood by him. And yet I can hardly think that a person of his age and experience should engage men whom he never saw before (and one of them that came to visit him as a stranger at Paris) *point blank* to murder the King : God only who searches hearts, can discover the truth. Lord Stafford was not a man beloved, especially of his own family.

December 12. This evening, looking out of my chamber-window towards the west, I saw a meteor of an obscure bright colour, very much in shape like the blade of a sword, the rest of the sky very serene and clear. What this may portend, God only knows ; but such another phenomenon I remember to have seen in 1640, about the trial of the great Earl of Strafford, preceding our bloody Rebellion. I pray God avert his judgements ! We have had of late several comets, which though I believe appear from natural causes, and of themselves operate not, yet I cannot despise them. They may be warnings from God, as they commonly are forerunners of his animadversions.

After many days and nights of snow, cloudy and dark weather, the comet was very much wasted....

December 22. A solemn public Fast that God would prevent all Popish plots, avert his judgments, and give a blessing to the proceedings of Parliament now assembled, and which struck at the succession of the Duke of York.

December 29. The Viscount Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill.

6. THE REACTION

June 18, 1683. The Popish Plot also, which had hitherto made such a noise, began now sensibly to dwindle, through the folly, knavery, impudence, and giddiness of Oates, so as the Papists began to hold up their heads higher than ever, and those who had fled, flocked to London from abroad. Such sudden changes and eager doings there had been, without anything steady or prudent, for these last seven years.

7. THE TRIAL AND PUNISHMENT OF OATES

May 7, 1685. I was in Westminster Hall when Oates, who had made such a stir in the kingdom, on his revealing a plot of the Papists, and alarmed several parliaments, and had occasioned the execution of divers priests, noblemen, &c., was tried for perjury at the King's Bench; but, being very tedious, I did not endeavour to see the issue, considering that it would be published. Abundance of Roman Catholics were in the Hall in expectation of the most grateful conviction and ruin of a person who had been so obnoxious to them, and, as I verily believe, had done much mischief and great injury to several by his violent

and ill-grounded proceedings; whilst he was at first so unreasonably blown up and encouraged, that his insolence was no longer sufferable.

May 16. Oates was sentenced to be whipped and pilloried with the utmost severity.

May 22. The Popish Lords, who had been sometime before released from their confinement about the plot, were now discharged of their impeachment, of which I gave Lord Arundel of Wardour joy.

Oates, who had but two days before been pilloried at several places and whipped at the cart's tail from Newgate to Aldgate, was this day placed on a sledge, being not able to go by reason of so late scourging, and dragged from prison to Tyburn, and whipped again all the way, which some thought to be severe and extraordinary; but, if he was guilty of the perjuries, and so of the death of many innocents (as I fear he was), his punishment was but what he deserved. I chanced to pass just as execution was doing on him. A strange revolution!—*The Diary.*

DEATH OF CHARLES II. HIS CHARACTER

February 4, 1684-5. I went to London, hearing his Majesty had been the Monday before (February 2) surprised in his bedchamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chirurgeon as well as physician) had not been accidentally present to let him blood (having his lancet in his pocket), his Majesty had certainly died that moment; which might have been of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the King save this Doctor and one more, as I am assured. It was a mark of

the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind in the Doctor, to let him blood in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell me. This rescued his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complained, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms, till Wednesday, for which he was cupped, let blood in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, which so relieved him, that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette, but that day about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. This they seemed glad of, as being more easily allayed and methodically dealt with than his former fits; so as they prescribed the famous Jesuit's powder; but it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations used by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation, and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak. Thus he passed Thursday night with great difficulty, when complaining of a pain in his side, they drew twelve ounces more of blood from him; this was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief, but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and, after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being the sixth of February, 1685, in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, and fifty-fourth of his age.

Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches, especially in both the Court Chapels, where the chaplains relieved one another every half quarter of an hour from the time he began to be in danger till he expired, according to the form prescribed in the Church Offices. Those who assisted his Majesty's devotions were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, but more especially Dr. Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. It is said they exceedingly urged the receiving Holy Sacrament, but his Majesty told them he would consider of it, which he did so long till it was too late. Others whispered that the Bishops and Lords, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham, being ordered to withdraw the night before, Huddleston, the priest, had presumed to administer the Popish offices. He gave his breeches and keys to the Duke, who was almost continually kneeling by his bedside, and in tears. He also recommended to him the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure. He entreated the Queen to pardon him (not without cause); who a little before had sent a bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, in regard of her excessive grief, and withal that his Majesty would forgive it if at any time she had offended him. He spake to the Duke to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially Portsmouth, and that Nelly might not starve.

Thus died King Charles II, of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonaire, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance

fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him ; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping ; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics ; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable ; this made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abused. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking. He would doubtless have been an excellent prince, had he been less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and always in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signally served both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favourites to his great prejudice.

As to other public transactions, and unhappy miscarriages, 'tis not here I intend to number them ; but certainly never had King more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplined as he had been by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things ;

but those wicked creatures took him off from all application becoming so great a King. The history of his reign will certainly be the most wonderful for the variety of matter and accidents, above any extant in former ages : the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restoration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot without ingratitude but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul.—*The Diary.*

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

1624 (?)–1674

OF THE ENTERTAINMENTS MADE BY THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE FOR CHARLES I

THOUGH my lord hath always been free and noble in his entertainments and feastings, yet he was pleased to show his great affection and duty to his gracious King, Charles the First, and her Majesty the Queen, in some particular entertainments which he made of purpose for them before the late wars.

When his Majesty was going into Scotland to be crowned, he took his way through Nottinghamshire ; and lying at Worksop Manor, hardly two miles distant from Welbeck, where my lord then was, my lord invited his Majesty thither to a

dinner, which he was graciously pleased to accept of. This entertainment cost my lord between four and five thousand pounds ; which his Majesty liked so well, that a year after his return out of Scotland, he was pleased to send my lord word, that her Majesty the Queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her, as he had formerly done for him : which my Lord did, and endeavoured for it with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their Majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Ben Jonson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise ; and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their Majesties ; and in short, did all that ever he could imagine, to render it great, and worthy their royal acceptance.

This entertainment he made at Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire, some five miles distant from Welbeck, and resigned Welbeck for their Majesties' lodging ; it cost him in all between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds.

Besides these two, there was another small entertainment which my lord prepared for his late Majesty, in his own park at Welbeck, when his Majesty came down, with his two nephews, the now Prince Elector Palatine, and his brother Prince Rupert, into the Forest of Sherwood ; which cost him fifteen hundred pounds.

And this I mention not out of a vainglory, but to declare the great love and duty my lord had for his gracious King and Queen, and to correct the mistakes committed by some historians, who not

being rightly informed of those entertainments, make the world believe falsehood for truth. But as I said, they were made before the wars, when my lord had the possession of a great estate; and wanted nothing to express his love and duty to his Sovereign in that manner; whereas now he should be much to seek to do the like, his estate being so much ruined by the late Civil wars, that neither himself nor his posterity will be able so soon to recover it.—*Life of the Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant Prince, William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.*

JOHN BUNYAN

1623-1688

CHRISTIAN AT THE HOUSE OF THE
INTERPRETER.

THEN he went on, till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over: at last one came to the door, and asked who was there.

CHRISTIAN. Sir, here is a traveller, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good-man of this house, to call here for my profit: I would therefore speak with the master of the house. So he called for the master of the house; who after a little time came to Christian, and asked him what he would have.

CHRISTIAN. Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to the Mount Zion, and I was told by the man that stands at the gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be an help to me in my journey.

INTERPRETER. Then said the Interpreter, Come in, I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him ; so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door ; the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lift up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back ; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian, What means this ?

INTERPRETER. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand ; he can beget children, travel in birth with children, and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips : it is to show thee, that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners ; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men : and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head ; that is to show thee that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have showed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture this is, is the only man, whom the lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorized to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way :

wherefore take good heed to what I have showed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen; lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room; which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian, What means this?

INTERPRETER. The Interpreter answered, This parlour is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel: the dust is his original sin, and inward corruptions that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith: this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it, but doth not give power to subdue.

Again, as thou sawest the damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with

pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of Glory to inhabit.

I saw moreover in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontent, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, What is the reason of the discontent of Passion? The Interpreter answered, The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now: but Patience is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet; the which he took up, and rejoiced therein; and withal, laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me.

INTERPRETER. So he said, These two lads are figures; Passion, of the men of this world; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come. For as here thou seest, Passion will have all now, this year; that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year; that

is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is of more authority with them, than are all the divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest, that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him, nothing but rags; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian, Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom; and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the glory of his, when the other hath nothing but rags.

INTERPRETER. Nay, you may add another; to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last; for first must give place to last, because last must have his time to come, but last gives place to nothing; for there is not another to succeed. He therefore that hath his portion first, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that has his portion last, must have it lastingly. Therefore it is said of Dives, In thy lifetime thou receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

CHRISTIAN. Then I perceive, 'tis not best to covet things that are now; but to wait for things to come.

INTERPRETER. You say truth; for the things that are seen, are temporal; but the things that are not seen, are eternal. But though this be so,

yet since things present, and our fleshly appetite, are such near neighbours one to another ; and again, because things to come, and carnal sense, are such strangers one to another : therefore it is, that the first of these so suddenly fall into amity, and that distance is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my dream, that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it always, casting much water upon it to quench it : yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said Christian, What means this ?

The Interpreter answered, This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart ; he that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the Devil : but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that : so he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire. Then said Christian, What means this ? The Interpreter answered, This is Christ, who continually, with the oil of his grace, maintains the work already begun in the heart ; by the means of which, notwithstanding what the Devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire ; this is to teach thee, that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul.

I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately palace, beautiful to behold ;

there no hopes for such a man as this? Ask him, said the Interpreter.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian, Is there no hope but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?

MAN. No, none at all.

CHRISTIAN. Why? The Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

MAN. I have crucified him to myself, afresh. I have despised his person, I have despised his righteousness, I have counted his blood an unholy thing, I have done despite to the Spirit of Grace: therefore I have shut myself out of all the promises; and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, faithful threatenings of certain judgement, which shall devour me as an adversary.

INTERPRETER. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

MAN. For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world; in the enjoyment of which, I did then promise myself much delight; but now every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me like a burning worm.

INTERPRETER. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

MAN. God hath denied me repentance; his word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, himself hath shut me up in this iron cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity!

INTERPRETER. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee.

CHRISTIAN. Well, said Christian, this is fearful;

God help me to watch and be sober ; and to pray, that I may shun the causes of this man's misery. Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now ?

INTERPRETER. Tarry till I shall show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed ; and as he put on his raiment, he shook and trembled. Then said Christian, Why doth this man thus tremble ? The Interpreter then bid him tell to Christian the reason of his so doing. So he began, and said : This night as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold the heavens grew exceeding black ; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate ; upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven ; they were all in flaming fire, also the heavens were on a burning flame. I heard then a voice, saying, Arise, ye dead, and come to judgement ; and with that, the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein, came forth ; some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward ; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains. Then I saw the man that sat upon the cloud, open the book ; and bid the world draw near. Yet there was by reason of a fierce flame that issued out and came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar. I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud ; Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them

APOLLYON. Whence come you, and whither are you bound ?

CHRISTIAN. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOLLYON. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine ; and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king ? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHRISTIAN. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, for the wages of sin is death ; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out if perhaps I might mend myself.

APOLLYON. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee. But since thou complainest of thy service and wages be content to go back ; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

CHRISTIAN. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee ?

APOLLYON. Thou hast done in this, according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse : but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me : do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHRISTIAN. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him ; how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor ?

APOLLYON. Thou didst the same to me, and yet

I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again, and go back.

CHRISTIAN. What I promised thee was in my nonage ; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand, is able to absolve me ; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee : and besides (O thou destroying Apollyon), to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country better than thine : and therefore leave off to persuade me further ; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOLLYON. Consider again when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths ! and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of our hands ; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them, and so I will deliver thee.

CHRISTIAN. His forbearing at present to deliver them, is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end : and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account. For for present deliverance, they do not much expect it ; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their prince comes in his, and the glory of the angels.

APOLLYON. Thou hast already been unfaithful

in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him ?

CHRISTIAN. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him ?

APOLLYON. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond ; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy prince had taken it off : thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing : thou wast also almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions ; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard, and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHRISTIAN. All this is true, and much more, which thou hast left out ; but the Prince whom I serve and honour, is merciful, and ready to forgive : but besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

APOLLYON. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince : I hate his person, his laws, and people : I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHRISTIAN. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness, therefore take heed to yourself.

APOLLYON. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die, for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further, here will I spill thy soul ; and with that, he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had

a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot; this made Christian give a little back: Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know that Christian by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now; and with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise; and with that, gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. And with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

BY-ENDS

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the fair, they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends; so they said to him, What countryman, sir? and how far go you this way? He told them, that he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the Celestial City (but told them not his name).

From Fair-speech, said Christian; is there any that be good live there?

BY-ENDS. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

CHRISTIAN. Pray, sir, what may I call you?

BY-ENDS. I am a stranger to you, and you to me; if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

CHRISTIAN. This town of Fair-speech, I have heard of it, and, as I remember, they say it's a wealthy place.

BY-ENDS. Yes, I will assure you that it is, and I have very many rich kindred there.

CHRISTIAN. Pray, who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

BY-ENDS. Almost the whole town; and in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name): also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-bothways, Mr. Any-thing, and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side: and, to tell you the truth, I am a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way, and rowing another; and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

CHRISTIAN. Are you a married man?

BY-ENDS. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman. She was my Lady Peining's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived at such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. 'Tis true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud it.

Then Christian stepped a little a to-side to his fellow Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech, and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth, and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you: Is not your name Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech?

BY-ENDS. That is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

CHRISTIAN. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

BY-ENDS. Never, never! the worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name, was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgement with the present way of the times,

whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing, but let not the malicious load me therefore with reproach.

CHRISTIAN. I thought indeed, that you were the man that I had heard of, and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

BY-ENDS. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it. You shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

CHRISTIAN. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide, the which, I perceive, is against your opinion: you must also own Religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

BY-ENDS. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

CHRISTIAN. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.—
The Pilgrim's Progress.

JUDGEMENTS AND MERCY

BUT God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not now with convictions, but judgements; yet such as were mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drown-

ing. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. Besides, another time, being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway ; so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers ; by which act, had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to mine end.

This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving. When I was a soldier, I, with others, was drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it ; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room ; to which when I had consented, he took my place ; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

Here, as I said, were judgements and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness ; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of mine own salvation.

Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I should sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me

(but all this while I met with no conviction). She also would be often telling of me, what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and amongst his neighbours ; what a strict and holy life he lived in his days both in word and deed.—*Grace Abounding.*

BELL-RINGING AND DANCING. THE POOR WOMEN OF BEDFORD AND THE RANTERS

Now, you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered. Wherefore I should go to the steeple house, and look on it, though I durst not ring. But I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, How, if one of the bells should fall ? Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking there I might stand sure. But then I should think again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door ; and now, thought I, I am safe enough ; for if a bell should then fall I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this, I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go further than the steeple door ; but then it came into my head, How, if the steeple itself should fall ? And this thought, it may fall for aught I know, when I stood and looked on did continually so shake my mind that I durst not

stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing. I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept this or that Commandment, or did, by word or deed, anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience ; and should think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me ; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness ; and had perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state by nature.

But upon a day the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my calling ; and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God ; and being now willing to hear them discourse I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker also myself in the matters of religion. But I may say, I heard, but I understood not ; for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the Devil. Moreover they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular ;

and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do them any good.

And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their neighbours.

At this I felt my own heart begin to shake, and mistrust my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind, neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, &c.

Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them, and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one.

Therefore I should often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people; for I could not stay away. And the

more I went amongst them, the more I did question my condition ; and as I still do remember, presently I found two things within me at which I did sometimes marvel (especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch but just before I was) ; the one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted ; and the other was a great bending in my mind to a continual meditating on them, and on all other good things which at any time I heard or read of.

By these things my mind was now so turned that it lay like a horse-leech at the vein, still crying out, Give, give ; yea, it was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the Kingdom of Heaven (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little), that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could loosen it, or make it let go his hold. And though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven.

One thing I may not omit. There was a young man in our town, to whom my heart before was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing and swearing and whoring, I now shook him off and forsook his company ; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did ; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered, he was well. But, Harry, said I, Why do you swear and curse thus ? What will become of you, if you

die in this condition ? He answered me in a great chafe, What would the Devil do for company, if it were not for such as I am ?

About this time I met with some Ranters' books, that were put forth by some of our countrymen, which books were also highly in esteem by several old professors ; some of these I read, but was not able to make a judgement about them. Wherefore as I read in them, and thought upon them (feeling myself unable to judge), I should betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner : O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error. Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of, or condemn this doctrine. If it be of God, let me not despise it ; if it be of the Devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul, in this matter, only at thy foot ; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee. I had one religious intimate companion all this while, and that was the poor man that I spoke of before. But about this time he also turned a most devilish Ranter, and gave himself up to all manner of filthiness, especially uncleanness. He would also deny that there was a God, angel, or spirit ; and would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety. When I laboured to rebuke his wickedness, he would laugh the more, and pretend that he had gone through all religions, and could never light on the right till now. He told me also, that in a little time I should see all professors turn to the ways of the Ranters. Wherefore, abominating those cursed principles, I left his company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger, as I had been before a familiar.

Neither was this man only a temptation to me ; but my calling lying in the country, I happened to

light into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also swept away by these Ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection that could do what they would, and not sin. Oh! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime. But God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept of such cursed principles. And blessed be God, who put it into my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effect of that prayer, in his preserving me not only from ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.—*Grace Abounding.*

COMFORTING TIME

AND now was I sorry that God had made me a man, for I feared I was a reprobate. I counted man as unconverted, the most doleful of all the creatures. Thus being afflicted and tossed about my sad condition, I counted myself alone, and above the most of men unblest.

Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should attain to so much goodness of heart, as to thank God that he had made me a man. Man indeed is the most noble by creation of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin he had made himself the most ignoble. The beasts, birds, fishes, &c., I blessed their condition, for they had not a sinful nature, they were not obnoxious to the wrath of

God ; they were not to go to hell-fire after death. I could therefore have rejoiced had my condition been as any of theirs.

In this condition I went a great while ; but when comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon upon those words in the Song, Behold thou art fair, my love ; behold, thou art fair. But at that time he made these two words, My love, his chief and subject matter ; from which, after he had a little opened the text, he observed these several conclusions : 1. That the Church, and so every saved soul, is Christ's love, when loveless. 2. Christ's love without a cause. 3. Christ's love when hated of the world. 4. Christ's love when under temptation, and under desertion. 5. Christ's love from first to last.

But I got nothing by what he said at present, only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said : If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love when under temptation and desertion ; then, poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptation, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, My love, still.

So as I was going home, these words came again into my thoughts ; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, What shall I get by thinking on these two words ? This thought had no sooner passed through my heart, but the words began thus to kindle in my spirit, Thou art my love, thou art my love, twenty times together ; and still as they ran thus in my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up. But being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, But is it true, but is it true ?

At which, that sentence fell in upon me, He wist not that it was true which was done by the angel.

Then I began to give place to the Word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, Thou art my love, thou art my love ; and nothing shall separate thee from my love ; and with that Romans eight, thirty-nine, came into my mind. Now was my heart filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me ; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of his love, and of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me ; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, Well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any further, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence.—*Grace Abounding.*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

1628-1699

OF POETRY AND MUSIC

AMONG the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Caesar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse. Augustus was not only

a patron, but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too, as far as his genius would reach, or his busy scene allow. 'Tis true, since his age we have few such examples of great princes favouring or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it, certain it is, that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well

to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the Fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too: and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—
Of Poetry.

OF GARDENING

I MAY perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them into the

ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life. . . .

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen ; which, I thank God, has befallen me ; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove. . . .

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it ; so as the choice is only, whether one will eat good or ill ; and between these the difference is not greater in point of taste and delicacy, than it is of health : for the first I will only say, that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill : and for the other, I think nothing is more evident, than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where 'tis greedily sold as well as eaten ; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits ; for this I make the measure of their being good : and let

the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. . . . Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit, must do it out of a garden of his own ; for besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden, or produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought, has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains ; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon a few trees, whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of, necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.—*Of Gardening.*

ISAAC BARROW

1630-1677

INSUFFICIENCY OF PAGANISM AND MAHOMETANISM

FOR the first, ancient Paganism ; it did, indeed (in the parcels thereof, or by retail), pretend to a kind of divine revelation ; that it derived its notions and its forms of practice from the direction of invisible powers, given to single persons or

places, in several ways (by immediate apparition, by prophetic inspiration, by significant events or prodigies) ; but it did not, nor could pretend to any one uniform revelation from the sovereign God, solemnly delivered and directed to all mankind ; which is an argument, not only that those pretended revelations were imperfect and insufficient to the ends propounded, but also false and counterfeit : for we may well suspect those edicts which are clancularly set up in corners, and which run not in the king's name, nor are marked with his royal signature, to have proceeded from impostors or from rebels ; especially if the matter of them doth not advance, but depress his authority ; doth not promote, but prejudice his interest ; doth not comport with, but contravene his pleasure, otherwise declared. And such was the manner, such the matter of those Pagan revelations. Put the whole body of that Religion (if I may so call it) together, and you have nothing but a lump of confusion and inconsistency, of deformity and filthiness, of vanity and folly, little as may be therein tending to the reverence of God, or to the good of man ; to the promoting virtue and goodness in human conversation, to the breeding love and good-will in men toward one another, to the maintaining justice, peace and good order in societies ; much apt to produce the contrary effects. It was not, I say, ever one simple or uniform, one fixed or constant thing, but, according to difference of place and time, various and mutable ; diversely shaped and modelled, according to the fancy and humour, design or interest of the state that allowed it, the priests that managed it, and the people that

received it; a plain sign that (excepting some general scattered notions deduced from ancient tradition) it did wholly proceed from human device, or from a worse cause, the suggestion of evil spirits, abusing the fondness and pravity of men. Survey it, and what shall you find therein, but a bundle of idle, ill-contrived, incredible, and inconsistent stories (arguing nothing of truth or sincerity, little of wit or discretion in those who invented them); those attended by practices foolish, lewd, and cruel; unworthy of human nature, contrary to common sense and honesty? Their worship (that of the supreme Lord being neglected) you will see directed towards objects most improper and unbecoming: to the ghosts of dead men; men in their lives (if we may trust the reports of their devoutest adorers) famous for nothing so much as for vicious enormities, for thefts and rapines, for murders and parricides, for horrid lusts, adulteries, rapes, and incests; and such persons, alive or dead, what good or wise man would not rather loathe and despise, than worship or respect? to somewhat, though not otherwise, yet in degree of nature, worse than those, even to brute beasts; to the most vile, the most mischievous of them (dogs, serpents, crocodiles); to pay veneration unto which, how unspeakably abject a mind doth it argue! Yea, they stooped lower, even to creatures inanimate, to the stars and elements, to rivers and trees, and other such things, which we see acting by natural necessity, not yielding any signification of understanding, of sense, of life, in them; which therefore, so far inferior to us in nature, how sottish a baseness was it to adore! nay, they descended to a

lower degree, if it may be, of folly, dedicating temples and offering sacrifices to things even void of subsistence, to mere qualities and accidents of things, to the passions of our minds, to the diseases of our bodies, to the accidents of our lives. Who would think any man could be so mad as to reckon impudence, that odious vice ; a fever, that troublesome disease ; or fortune, that unaccountable name of nothing, which wise men so little trust, and fools so much complain of, among things Divine and venerable ? Can I mention anything worse than all these, which the degenerate ignorance and naughtiness of man hath crouched to ? Yes (with a folly of all most wretched and deplorable), they fawned upon, they obeyed, they offered their dearest pledges of life and fortune to the sworn enemies, as of God and goodness, so of their own good and welfare, to the very cursed fiends of hell : whom, if they had not been extremely blind and senseless, by the quality of those rites and mysteries they suggested (so bloody and cruel, so lewd and foul), they might easily have detected to be so. Such objects as these was their devotion spent upon, to these they paid their respect, in these they reposed their confidence. And was such a religion likely to proceed from God ? was it like to produce any glory to him, or any benefit to man ? From such thorns, what fruits can we hope should sprout of good life, of sound morality ? what piety towards God, what justice, truth, or goodness toward man, what sobriety or purity in themselves, can we expect should arise from such conceits and such practices ?

. . . I shall only adjoin, that the considering this

case of heathens may be of good use (and to that use, indeed, St. Paul hath largely applied it) in confirming what we before urged, the great need of some full and plain revelation to the world of God's mind in order to God's glory and man's good ; as also it is of singular use (which also the same Apostle frequently did put it to), by the contemplation thereof, to discover our great obligations to bless and thank God for his great mercy in revealing his heavenly truth to us, from whence we are freed from errors and mischiefs so deplorable ; which otherwise, from human infirmity and the Devil's malice, we should easily (and in a manner necessarily) have incurred.

That pretence was ancients in standing ; but there hath, even since Christianity, started up another, Mahometanism, which, if not upon other accounts, yet in respect to its age, and to the port it bears in the world, demands some consideration ; for it hath continued a long time, and hath vastly overspread the earth : neither is it more formidable in its looks, than peremptory in its words ; vaunting itself to be no less than a complete, a general, an ultimate declaration of God's pleasure, cancelling and voiding all others that have gone before. But examining both the substance and circumstances thereof, considering the quality of the instruments by whom, of the times when, it was introduced ; of the places where, of the people who first or afterward did receive it ; the manner of its rise, progress, and continuance ; as also the matter it teaches or enjoins ; we shall not find stamped on it the genuine characters of a Divine original and authority, but have great reason to deem it a brood of most lewd and

impudent cozenage. In times of great disturbance and confusion, when barbarous nations, like torrents, did overflow the world, and turned all things upside down; in times of general corruption and disorder in men's minds and manners, when, even among Christians, ignorance and superstition, dissension and uncharitableness, impiety and iniquity did greatly prevail; in a very blind and obscure corner of the earth, among a crew of wild thieves and runagates (such have those Arabians been always famed and known to be), this sect had its birth and fosterage; among those fierce and savage overrunners of the world it got its growth and stature; into this sort of people (being, indeed, in its constitution well accommodated to their humour and genius) it was partly insinuated by juggling tricks, partly driven by seditious violence; the first author hereof being a person, according to the description given of him in their own legends, of no honest or honourable qualities, but having all the marks of an impostor; rebellious and perfidious, inhuman and cruel, lewd and lascivious, of a base education, of a fraudulent and turbulent disposition, of a vicious life, pretending to enthusiasms, and working of wonders; but these such as were both in their nature absurd and incredible, and for their use vain and unprofitable: at such a season and in such a soil, by such means and by such a person (abetted by associates like himself, whom his arts or their interests had inveigled to join with him) was this religion first planted; and for its propagation it had that great advantage of falling in the way of barbarous people, void of learning and civility, and not prepossessed with other notions or any sense

of religion ; who thence (as mankind is naturally susceptible of religious impressions) were capable and apt to admit any religion first offering itself, especially one so gross as this was, so agreeable to their furious humours and lusts. Afterward being furnished with such champions, it diffused itself by rage and terror of arms, convincing men's minds only by the sword, and using no other arguments but blows. Upon the same grounds of ignorance and force it still subsists, neither offering for, nor taking against itself any reason ; refusing all examination, and, upon extreme penalties, forbidding any dispute about its truth ; being, indeed, so far (whether out of judgement or fatal instinct) wise, as conscious to itself, or foreboding, that the letting in of a little light, and a moderate liberty of discussing its pretences, would easily overthrow it. Now that Divine wisdom should choose those black and boisterous times to publish his will, is as if the king should purposely order his proclamation to be made in a tempestuous night, when no man scarce dared to stir out, nor any man could well see what was done, or hear what was said : much fitter surely to that purpose were serene and calm day, a time of general civility and peace, like that of Augustus Caesar. That the declaration of God's mind should issue from the deserts of Arabia (that den of robbers), is as if the king should cause his edicts to be set up in the blindest and dirtiest nook of the suburbs : the market-cross surely, or the exchange (the place of most general and ordinary concourse), such as, in respect to the world, was the flourishing empire of Rome, were more convenient and wisely chosen for that purpose. That, passing over the more

gentle and tractable part of his people, a prince should send his laws to a rabble of banditti; should pick out for his messenger a most dissolute varlet, attended with a crew of desperate ruffians, resolved to buffet and rifle all they met, were an odd way of proceeding: to communicate his pleasure unto the better and more orderly sort of people (such as were the subjects of that well-governed empire); by persons of good meaning, mild disposition, and innocent behaviour (such as were the Apostles of our Lord); in a quiet and gentle manner (such as these only used), would surely better become a worthy prince. Thus even the exterior circumstances of Mahometanism (both absolutely and in comparison) belonging to its rise, its growth, its continuance (so full of indecency, of iniquity, of inhumanity), ground strong presumptions against its divinity; or rather, plainly demonstrate, that it could not proceed from God, whose truth cannot need such instruments or such courses to maintain it, whose goodness certainly abhors them. But further, if we look into the matter and inward frame thereof, we shall find it a mass of absurd opinions, odd stories, and uncouth ceremonies; compounded chiefly of the dregs of Christian heresies, together with some ingredients of Judaism and Paganism confusedly jumbled, or unskilfully tempered together. From Christian heresies it seems to have derived its negative doctrines, opposite to Christianity; as for instance, when allowing Christ much respect, it yet denies his being the Son of God, and that he did really suffer; rejecting his true story, it affixes false ones upon him: as also some positive ones; for example, that unreasonable opinion, so much mis-

beseeming God, that God hath a body (Mahomet, forsooth, once touched his hand, and felt it very cold), might be drawn from the Anthropomorphites; that doctrine concerning the fatal determination of all events (so prejudicial to all religion, subverting the foundations of justice between God and man, man's free choice in serving God, God's free disposal of rewards suitable to men's actions), they probably borrowed from the Manichees, a sect that much obtained in those eastern parts. The Jew contributed his ceremonies of circumcision and frequent purgations by washing, his abstinence from swine's flesh, his allowance of polygamy and divorce: I might add, that perhaps from him they filched that proud, inhuman, and uncivil humour of monopolizing Divine favour and goodwill to themselves; so of restraining their own kindness and respect to persons of their profession, or sect; condemning, despising, and hating all the world beside themselves; calling all others dogs, and adjudging all to certain damnation; and, which is more, affirming that all of their belief, how wicked soever their lives have been, shall at length assuredly partake of salvation: so partial do they make Almighty God, so addicted to a mere name and outward show, feigning him as in shape so in passions, human and like themselves. Indeed, in this main part of religion, a true notion of God, his nature, his attributes, his method of providence, their doctrine is very peccant, representing him, in his nature and actions, very unworthily. . . . This religion, by its own free concessions, doth evidently destroy itself; for it admits Christianity once to have been a true doctrine, proceeding from and attested to by God :

but Christianity did ever declare itself to be a general, perpetual, perfect, and immutable rule of faith and practice; that never any accessions thereto, any alterations thereof, ought to be made or admitted; that whatever spirit, coming after it, should offer to innovate, or pretend to new discoveries contrary to, or different from it, must be suspected of delusion, foretelling and forewarning against such endeavours, that should appear, as fallacious and mischievous: this, it appears (by the writings of those who first planted Christianity, writings which no man in his wits can question to be theirs; being through a continual uninterrupted course of times, from the beginning, by general consent of both friends and adversaries, acknowledged and attested to as so; all characters within them, imaginably proper for that purpose, confirming the same; as also by the current tradition of their disciples, immediate and mediate, extant in records unquestionable, and by all other means conceivable), this, I say, it most plainly appears, was one grand doctrine and pretence of Christianity at first, which the Mahometans acknowledging originally true and divine in the gross, must consequently grant itself to be an imposture.—*Sermons: Of the Impiety and Imposture of Paganism and Mahometanism.*

JOHN TILLOTSON

1630-1694

OF GREAT PLACE

ONE would be apt to wonder, that Nehemiah (chap. v, ver. 16, 17, 18) should reckon a huge bill of fare and a vast number of promiscuous guests amongst his virtues and good deeds, for which he desires God to remember him. But upon better consideration, besides the bounty, and sometimes charity, of a great table (provided there be nothing of vanity or ostentation in it), there may be exercised two very considerable virtues; one is *temperance*, and the other *self-denial*, in a man's being contented for the sake of the public, to deny himself so much, as to sit down every day to a feast, and to eat continually in a crowd, and almost never to be alone, especially when, as it often happens, a great part of the company that a man must have, is the company that a man would not have. I doubt it will prove but a melancholy business, when a man comes to die, to have made a great noise and bustle in the world, and to have been known far and near; but all this while to have been hid and concealed from himself. It is a very odd and fantastical sort of life for a man to be continually from home, and most of all a stranger at his own house.

It is surely an uneasy thing to sit always in a frame, and to be perpetually upon a man's guard; not to be able to speak a careless word, or to use a negligent posture, without observation and censure.

Men are apt to think, that they, who are in highest places, and have the most power, have most liberty to say and do what they please. But it is quite otherwise, for they have the least liberty, because they are most observed. It is not mine own observation; a much wiser man (I mean Tully) says, *In maxima quaque fortuna minimum licere*. They, that are in the highest and greatest condition, have of all others the least liberty.

In a moderate station it is sufficient for a man to be indifferently wise. Such a man has the privilege to commit little follies and mistakes without having any great notice taken of them. But he that lives in the light, i.e. in the view of all men, his actions are exposed to everybody's observation and censure.

We ought to be glad, when those that are fit for government, and called to it, are willing to take the burden of it upon them; yea, and to be very thankful to them too, that they will be at the pains, and can have the patience, to govern, and to live publicly. Therefore it is happy for the world that there are some who are born and bred up to it; and that custom hath made it easy, or at least tolerable to them. Else who that is wise would undertake it, since it is certainly much easier of the two to obey a just and wise government (I had almost said any government) than to govern justly and wisely. Not that I find fault with those who apply themselves to public business and affairs. They do well, and we are beholden to them. Some by their education, and being bred up to great things, and to be able to bear and manage great business with more ease than others, are peculiarly

fitted to serve God and the public in this way: and they that do are worthy of double honour.

The advantage which men have by a more devout and retired and contemplative life, is, that they are not distracted about many things; their minds and affections are set upon one thing; and the whole stream and force of their affections run one way. All their thoughts and endeavours are united in one great end and design, which makes their life all of a piece, and to be consistent with itself throughout.

Nothing but necessity, or the hope of doing more good than a man is capable of doing in a private station (which a modest man will not easily presume concerning himself) can recompense the trouble and uneasiness of a more public and busy life.

Besides that, many men, if they understand themselves right, are at the best in a lower and more private condition, and make a much more awkward figure in a higher and more public station; when perhaps, if they had not been advanced, every one would have thought them fit and worthy to have been so.

And thus I have considered and compared impartially both these conditions, and upon the whole matter, without anything either of disparagement or discouragement to the wise and great. And in my poor judgement the more retired and private condition is the better and safer, the more easy and innocent, and consequently the more desirable of the two.

Those who are fitted and contented to serve mankind in the management and government of public affairs are called benefactors, and if they govern well, deserve to be called so, and to be so

accounted, for denying themselves in their own ease, to do good to many.

Not that it is perfection to go out of the world, and to be perfectly useless. Our Lord by his own example has taught us, that we can never serve God better than when doing good to men; and that a perpetual retirement from the world, and shunning the conversation of men, is not the most religious life; but living amongst men, and doing good to them. The life of our Saviour is a pattern both of the contemplative and active life, and shows us how to mix devotion and doing good to the greatest advantage. He would neither go out of the world, nor yet immerse himself in the cares and troubles, in the pleasures and plentiful enjoyments; much less in the pomp and splendour of it. He did not place religion (as too many have done since) in a total retirement from the world, and shunning the conversation of men, and taking care to be out of all condition and capacity of doing good to anybody. He did not run away from the conversation of men, nor live in a wilderness, nor shut himself up in a pen. He lived in the world with great freedom, and with great innocency, hereby teaching us, that charity to men is a duty no less necessary than devotion towards God. He [renounced] the world without leaving it. We read, indeed, that he was carried into the wilderness to be tempted; but we nowhere read, that he chose to live in a wilderness to avoid temptation.

The capacity and opportunity of doing greater good is the specious pretence, under which ambition is wont to cover the eager desire of power and greatness.

If it be said (which is the most spiteful thing that can be said) that some ambition is necessary to vindicate a man from being a fool; to this I think it may be fairly answered, and without offence, that there may perhaps be as much ambition in declining greatness as in courting it, only it is of a more unusual kind, and the example of it less dangerous, because it is not like to be contagious.—*Commonplace Book.*

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUESS OF HALIFAX

1633-1695

THE CHARACTER OF A TRIMMER

OUR Trimmer is so fully satisfied of the truth of those principles by which he is directed in reference to the public, that he will neither be bawled, threatened, laughed, nor drunk out of them; and instead of being converted by the arguments of his adversaries to their opinions, he is very much confirmed in his own by them; he professeth solemnly that were it in his power to choose, he would rather have his ambition bounded by the commands of a great and wise master, than let it range with a popular license, though crowned with success; yet he cannot commit such a sin against the glorious thing called Liberty, nor let his soul stoop so much below itself, as to be content without repining to have his reason wholly subdued, or the privilege of acting like a sensible creature torn from him by the imperious dictates of unlimited authority, in

what hand soever it happens to be placed. What is there in this that is so criminal, as to deserve the penalty of that most singular apophthegm, 'A Trimmer is worse than a rebel' ? What do angry men ail, to rail so against moderation ? Doth it not look as if they were going to some very scurvy extreme, that is too strong to be digested by the more considering part of mankind ? These arbitrary methods, besides the injustice of them, are, God be thanked, very unskilful too ; for they fright the birds, by talking so loud, from coming into the nets that are laid for them ; and when men agree to rifle a house, they seldom give warning, or blow a trumpet ; but there are some small statesmen, who are so full charged with their own expectations, that they cannot contain. And kind Heaven, by sending such a seasonable curse upon their undertakings, hath made their ignorance an antidote against their malice ; some of these cannot treat peaceably ; yielding will not satisfy them, they will have men by storm ; there are others that must have plots to make their service more necessary, and have an interest to keep them alive, since they are to live upon them ; and persuade the king to retrench his own greatness, so as to shrink into the head of a party, which is the betraying him into such an unprincely mistake, and to such a wilful diminution of himself, that they are the last enemies he ought to allow himself to forgive. Such men, if they could, would prevail with the sun to shine only upon them and their friends, and to leave all the rest of the world in the dark. This is a very unusual monopoly, and may come within the equity of the law, which makes it treason to imprison the

king, when such unfitting bounds are put to his favour, and he confined to the narrow limits of a particular set of men, that would enclose him; these honest and only loyal gentlemen, if they may be allowed to bear witness for themselves, make a king their engine, and degrade him into a property, at the very time that their flattery would make him believe they paid divine worship to him. Besides these, there is a flying squadron on both sides, that are afraid the world should agree, small dabblers in conjuring, that raise angry apparitions to keep men from being reconciled, like wasps that fly up and down, buzz and sting to keep men unquiet; but these insects are commonly short-lived creatures, and no doubt in a little time mankind will be rid of them. They were giants at least who fought once against heaven, but for such pigmies as these to contend against it, is such a provoking folly, that the insolent bunglers ought to be laughed and hissed out of the world for it. They should consider, there is a soul in that great body of the people, which may for a time be drowsy and unactive, but when the leviathan is roused, it moveth like an angry creature, and will neither be convinced nor resisted. The people can never agree to show their united powers, till they are extremely tempted and provoked to it; so that to apply cupping-glasses to a great beast naturally disposed to sleep, and to force the tame thing, whether it will or no, to be valiant, must be learnt out of some other book than Machiavil, who would never have prescribed such a preposterous method. It is to be remembered, that if princes have law and authority on their sides, the people on theirs may have Nature,

which is a formidable adversary. Duty, Justice, Religion, nay, even human prudence too, biddeth the people suffer anything rather than resist; but uncorrected Nature, where'er it feels the smart, will run to the nearest remedy. Men's passions, in this case, are to be considered as well as their duty, let it be never so strongly enforced; for if their passions are provoked, they being as much a part of us as our limbs, they lead men into a short way of arguing, that admitteth no distinction; and from the foundation of self-defence, they will draw inferences that will have miserable effects upon the quiet of a government.

Our Trimmer therefore dreads a general discontent, because he thinketh it differeth from a rebellion, only as a spotted fever doth from the plague, the same species under a lower degree of malignity; it worketh several ways, sometimes like a slow poison that hath its effects at a great distance from the time it was given; sometimes like dry flax prepared to catch at the first fire, or like seed in the ground ready to sprout upon the first shower: in every shape 'tis fatal, and our Trimmer thinks no pains or precaution can be so great as to prevent it.

In short, he thinketh himself in the right, grounding his opinion upon that truth, which equally hateth to be under the oppressions of wrangling sophistry of the one hand, or the short dictates of mistaken authority on the other.

Our Trimmer adoreth the goddess Truth, though in all ages she hath been scurvily used, as well as those that worshipped her: 'tis of late become such a ruining virtue, that Mankind seemeth to be agreed to commend and avoid it;

yet the want of practice, which repealeth the other laws, hath no influence upon the law of truth, because it hath root in Heaven, and an intrinsic value in itself, that can never be impaired : she showeth her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it. Nothing but powerful truth hath the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remaineth with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood, with all her impudence, hath not enough to speak ill of her before her face : such majesty she carrieth about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason ; all the power upon earth can never extinguish her : she hath lived in all ages ; and let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen any opposition to it with what name they please, she maketh it not only an ugly and unmannerly, but a dangerous thing to persist : she hath lived very retired indeed, nay, sometime so buried, that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her ; with all that, she hath eternity in her, she knoweth not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaketh from time to time with triumph for her friends, and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinketh fit to conclude with these assertions, that our climate is a Trimmer, between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen : that our church is a Trimmer, between the frenzy of platonic visions,

and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams : that our laws are Trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power, and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained : that true virtue hath ever been thought a Trimmer, and to have its dwelling in the middle between the two extremes : that even God Almighty himself is divided between his two great attributes, his Mercy and his Justice.

In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaveth to the bold champions of either extreme, the honour of contending with no less adversaries than Nature, Religion, Liberty, Prudence, Humanity, and Common Sense.—*The Character of a Trimmer.*

JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666

To the metropolis of Great Britain, the most renowned and late flourishing City of London, in its representatives the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs and Common Council of it.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so is it likewise consonant to Justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication should begin it with that city, which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation ; their fame

has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary, war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgements of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation, the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this *Year of Wonders* is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phoenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much piety and virtue, to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some virtuous persons who

have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general. And I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am, therefore, to conclude that your sufferings are at an end, and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desired than by the greatest of your admirers, and most humble of your servants, JOHN DRYDEN.—*Dedication of 'Anne Mirabilis'.*

THE OTHER HARMONY OF PROSE

FOR these reasons of time and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader: I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs, but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties

of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgement I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse or to give them the other harmony of prose, I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I wrote it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered: but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect, and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better.—
Preface to Fables.

ON HOMER AND VIRGIL

In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full

of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined: so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the *Ilias*; a continuation of the same story: and the persons already formed: the manners of Aeneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the *Odysseis*, are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's *Aeneis*: and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile, copying, and total barrenness of invention), yet the seas were the same in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty *Iliads* contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design: and if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbs, in

the preface to his own bald translation of the *Ilias* (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late), Mr. Hobbs, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers; now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of Nature is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic: that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, *impiger*, *iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*, &c. Aeneas patient, considerate, careful of his

people and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven, *quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur*. I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper: and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the *Iliad* of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.—*Preface to Fables.*

ON CHAUCER AND BOCCACCIO

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other: and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-

grandames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days ; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars, and canons, and lady abbesses, and nuns : for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though everything is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the Prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners : I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings ; and make what reparation I am able by this public acknowledgement. If anything of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like ; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels :

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrete it nought my villany,

Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
 To tellen you her words, and eke her chere :
 Ne though I speak her words properly,
 For this ye knowen as well as I,
 Who shall tellen a tale after a man
 He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can
 Everich word of it been in his charge,
 All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
 Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
 Or feine things, or find words new :
 He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
 He mote as well say o word as another.
 Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
 And well I wote no villany is it,
 Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
 The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made : for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood ; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English : as, for example, these two lines, in the description of the Carpenter's young wife :

Wincing she was, as is a jolly Colt,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English ; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look

on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgement of so great an author: but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond; and must first be polished e'er he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits beside Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater) I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther in some places; and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found

I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press. Let this example suffice at present: in the story of 'Palamon and Arcite', where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè, turned unto a Tree,
I mean not the Goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.

Which after a little consideration I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid; lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are further of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transference, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority

prevailed so far with me as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him : yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure : *multa renascuntur quae nunc cecidere ; cadentque quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi*. When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed : customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words ; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant, that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations ; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible ; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly ! And if imperfectly, then with less profit, and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends that I have taken these pains with him : let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they : when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go

further, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally : but in this I may be partial to myself ; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him : *Pacile est inventis addere*, is no great commendation ; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark : a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same God of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand Old English, I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think, that there is something in it like fatality ; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be

renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies. Both wrote novels, and each of them cultivated his mother-tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest, pitched on 'The Wife of Bath's Tale'; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because it is too licentious. There Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean

parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her?), in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten 'The Wife of Bath's Tale', that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismonda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of 'Palamon and Arcite', which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Aeneis*: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of time; as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the

honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiammetta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples) of whom these words are spoken: *Dioneo e Fiammetta gran pezza cantarono insieme d'Arcita e di Palamone*: by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called *The Flower and the Leaf*; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.—*Preface to Fables.*

JOHN LOCKE

1632-1704

OF THE UNDERSTANDING

SINCE it is the understanding that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantage and dominion which he has over them; it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to inquire into. The understanding, like the eye, whilst it makes us

see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object. But whatever be the difficulties that lie in the way of this inquiry; whatever it be that keeps us so much in the dark to ourselves; sure I am, that all the light we can let in upon our minds, all the acquaintance we can make with our own understandings, will not only be very pleasant, but bring us great advantage in directing our thoughts in the search of other things.

This, therefore, being my purpose; to inquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent;—I shall not at present meddle, with the physical consideration of the mind, or trouble myself to examine, wherein its essence consists, or by what motions of our spirits, or alterations of our bodies, we come to have any sensation by our organs, or any ideas in our understandings; and whether those ideas do, in their formation, any, or all of them, depend on matter or not. These are speculations which, however curious and entertaining, I shall decline, as lying out of my way in the design I am now upon. It shall suffice to my present purpose, to consider the discerning faculties of a man, as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with. And I shall imagine I have not wholly misemployed myself in the thoughts I shall have on this occasion, if, in this historical, plain method, I can give any account of the ways whereby our understandings come to attain those notions of things we have, and can set down any measures of the certainty of our knowledge, or

the grounds of those persuasions which are to be found amongst men, so various, different, and wholly contradictory; and yet asserted, somewhere or other, with such assurance and confidence, that he that shall take a view of the opinions of mankind, observe their opposition, and at the same time consider the fondness and devotion wherewith they are embraced, the resolution and eagerness wherewith they are maintained—may perhaps have reason to suspect, that either there is no such thing as truth at all, or that mankind hath no sufficient means to attain a certain knowledge of it. . . .

If, by this inquiry into the nature of the understanding, I can discover the powers thereof, how far they reach, to what things they are in any degree proportionate, and where they fail us; I suppose it may be of use to prevail with the busy mind of man, to be more cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension; to stop when it is at the utmost extent of its tether; and to sit down in a quiet ignorance of those things which, upon examination, are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We should not then perhaps be so forward, out of an affectation of a universal knowledge, to raise questions, and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things to which our understandings are not suited, and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or distinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all. If we can find out how far the understanding can extend its view, how far it has faculties to attain certainty, and in what cases it can only judge and guess, we may learn to content

ourselves with what is attainable by us in this state.

For, though the comprehension of our understandings comes exceeding short of the vast extent of things ; yet we shall have cause enough to magnify the bountiful Author of our being, for that proportion and degree of knowledge he has bestowed on us, so far above all the rest of the inhabitants of this our mansion. Men have reason to be well satisfied with what God hath thought fit for them, since he hath given them (as St. Peter says) πάντα πρὸς ζωὴν καὶ εὐσέβειαν, whatsoever is necessary for the conveniences of life and information of virtue ; and has put within the reach of their discovery the comfortable provision for this life, and the way that leads to a better. How short soever their knowledge may come of a universal or perfect comprehension of whatsoever is, it yet secures their great concerns, that they have light enough to lead them to the knowledge of their Maker, and the sight of their own duties. Men may find matter sufficient to busy their heads, and employ their hands with variety, delight, and satisfaction, if they will not boldly quarrel with their own constitution, and throw away the blessings their hands are filled with, because they are not big enough to grasp everything. We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us ; for of that they are very capable : and it will be an unpardonable, as well as childish peevishness, if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge, and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given us, because there are some things

that are set out of the reach of it. It will be no excuse to an idle and untoward servant, who would not attend his business by candle-light, to plead that he had not broad sunshine. The candle that is set up in us shines bright enough for all our purposes. The discoveries we can make with this, ought to satisfy us : and we shall then use our understandings right, when we entertain all objects in that way and proportion that they are suited to our faculties, and upon those grounds they are capable of being proposed to us ; and not peremptorily or intemperately require demonstration, and demand certainty, where probability only is to be had, and which is sufficient to govern all our concerns. If we will disbelieve everything, because we cannot certainly know all things, we shall do much what as wisely as he, who would not use his legs, but sit still and perish, because he had no wings to fly.

When we know our own strength, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success ; and when we have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still, and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing anything ; or, on the other side, question everything, and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. It is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean. It is well he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom at such places as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals that may ruin him. Our business

here is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures whereby a rational creature, put in that state in which man is in this world, may, and ought to govern his opinions, and actions depending thereon, we need not to be troubled that some other things escape our knowledge.—*Essay Concerning Human Understanding.*

READING

THIS is that which I think great readers are apt to be mistaken in. Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible instances of deep thoughts, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give would be of great use if their readers would observe and imitate them; all the rest at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge, but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connexion of ideas, so far it is ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgement is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said or

produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make; especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men wilfully exclude themselves from truth and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others of more indifferency often want attention and industry. The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should, by severe rules, be tied down to this at first uneasy task; use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners should be entered in, and showed the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's

studies, and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here inquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge; and to those who aim at that, I may say that he, who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end, than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day full speed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on and profiting by what we read will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise has made it familiar, it will be dispatched in most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way are wonderfully quick; and a man, used to such sort of reflections, sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another and make out in an entire and gradual deduction. Besides, that when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which without this is very improperly called study.—*Of the Conduct of the Understanding.*

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633-1703

CHARLES II TELLS OF HIS ESCAPE FROM
WORCESTER

May 23, 1660. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place, he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside,

kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fécamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.—*The Diary.*

CORONATION OF CHARLES II

April 23, 1661. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bareheaded, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves,

there was a sermon and the service ; and then in the choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies : as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop ; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King-at-Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music ; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth ; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies ; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade ; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the

King come in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinnertime, and at last bringing up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims 'That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him'; and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the lords' table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody

else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's

health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tittle. At last, I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my lord's pretty well. But no sooner abed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to turn, and I to vomit, and if ever I was foxed, it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep, and slept till morning. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Serjeant Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for : so rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draught, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and, while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King ; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.—*The Diary.*

EPSOM

July 26, 1663 (Lord's day). Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdans, and walked within the courtyard and to the bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time ; but now no family in it, my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London. Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking ; which was very pleasant to see how they are there, without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But, Lord ! to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there ; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither. We went through None-such Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court ; and alto-

gether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate park about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King, to carry up to Court.—*The Diary.*

EPSOM AGAIN

July 14, 1667. (Lord's Day.) Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner come to us, by agreement, and she and I stayed talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. And to the town, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to the church, where few people to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inn. James did tell me that

I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people hath taken to speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down, the day being wonderful hot, to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and here Tom Wilson come to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom) and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the air, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn with his lady, and also my Lord George Berkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the King at the ball I was at, at our Court, last winter, and also their son, a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the

sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cousin Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cousin Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which

was mighty pretty : and, taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downs, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus ; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me. I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horn crook. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them : told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them : and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mrs. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house ; and so over the common, and through Epsom town to our inn, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any cream ; and so to our inn, and there had a dish of cream, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it ; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the air, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasures of this day's work. Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place ; and there is more

variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-worms, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease ; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cerecloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.—*The Diary.*

MR. PEPYS DIGS UP HIS GOLD

Oct. 10, 1667. My father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord ! what a toss I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was ; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone : but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spud to lift up the ground. But, good God ! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window : only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spud, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass

and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down: which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there lock them up till I had eat a little supper: and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash the dirt off of the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them by a note which I had of the value of the whole, in my pocket; and do find that there was short above a hundred pieces: which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not possibly speak one to another in the garden at that place where the gold lay—especially my father being deaf—but they must know what we had been doing, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them: and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many. I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being

gone to bed to my wife, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight.

11th. And then W. Hewer and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses, just as they do for diamonds in other parts of the world; and there, to our great content, did by nine o'clock make the last night's forty-five up to seventy-nine: so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what I think the true number should be; and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some: so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that place is so well. So do leave my father to make a second examination of the dirt; and my mind at rest in it, being but an accident: and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was to keep it all night, and how to secure it to London: so got all my gold put up in bags. We to breakfast, and about ten o'clock took coach, my wife and I, and Willett, and W. Hewer, and Murford and Bowles, whom my Lady lent me to go along with me my journey, not telling her the reason, but it was only to secure my gold, and my brother John on horseback; and with these four I thought myself pretty safe. But, before we went out, the Huntingdon music come to me and played, and it was better than that of Cambridge. Here I took leave of my father and did give my sister 20s. She cried at my going; but whether it was at

her unwillingness for my going, or any unkindness of my wife's, or no, I know not ; but, God forgive me ! I take her to be so cunning and ill-natured, that I have no great love for her ; but only [she] is my sister, and must be provided for. My gold I put into a basket, and sat under one of the seats ; and so my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well ; and I did ride in great fear all the day.—*The Diary*.

MR. PEPYS GOES ABROAD IN HIS NEW COACH

May 1, 1669. Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year ; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelot tunic, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it ; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired ; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty ; and, indeed, was fine all over ; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering ; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us ; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not

come to go with us ; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine : and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pall Mall, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little com- plaisant : the day being displeasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain ; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentle- men's ; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge ; and at the door did give them a sillabub, and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him.—*The Diary.*

MRS. PEPYS JEALOUS

Jan. 12, 1668-9. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly : but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by, out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to

bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtain open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.—*The Diary.*

ROBERT SOUTH

1634-1716

A MAN'S TREASURE

WHATSOEVER a man accounts his treasure, from that he derives the last support of his mind in all his troubles. Let an ambitious man lose his friends, his health, or his estate; yet, if the darling of his thoughts, his honour and his fame, continue entire, his spirit will still bear up. And let a voluptuous man be stripped of his credit

and good name, his pleasures and sensuality, in the midst of all his disgrace, shall relieve him. And lastly, to name no more, let a covetous miser have both pleasure and honour taken from him, yet so long as his bags are full, and the golden heaps glitter in his eyes, his heart will be at ease, and other losses shall affect him little; they may possibly raze the surface, but they descend not into the vitals of his comforts. The reason of all which is, because an ambitious person values honour, a voluptuous man pleasure, and a covetous wretch wealth, above any other enjoyment in the world; all other things being but tasteless and insipid to them in comparison of that one which is the sole minion of their fancy, and the idol of their affections. And accordingly it would be found but a vain and fruitless attempt, to go about to move the heart of any of these persons, but by touching upon the proper string that ties and holds it; so that the way to humble and bring down an ambitious, aspiring man, is to disparage him, to expose and show his blind side (which such kind of persons never fail to have); and the most effectual course to make a covetous man miserable, in the right sense, is to impoverish him; and when such a change of condition once passes upon such persons, they become like men without either life or spirit, the most pitiful, forlorn, abject creatures under heaven, and full of that complaint of Micah, in Judges xviii. 24. 'Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?' For whatsoever a man accounts his chief good, so as to suffer it to engross and take up all his desires, that he makes his god, that he deifies and adores, whether he knows so much or

no. For certain it is, that if he would lay out himself never so much in the acts of religion, he could do no more even to God himself, than love Him, trust in Him, and rely upon Him ; and, in a word, give Him his heart. Nor, indeed, does God require any more, for it is a man's all. Take the heart, and you have the man by consequence. Govern the spring, and you command the motion. The whole man (as I may so express it) is but the appendix of his own heart.—*Sermons.*

THE TEMPTER'S LURES

For can we have a higher concern at stake, than our happiness in both worlds, or a subtler gamester to win it from us, than he who understands his game so perfectly well, that though he stakes nothing, yet never plays for less than all, in any of his temptations ? Which being our case, should not he who is so wise as to see the danger he is in, be so wise also as not to cast the least pleasing look or glance upon any of his insidious offers ? especially in their first addresses, when they paint and flatter most ; considering that nothing ever flatters, but what is false ; nor paints, but what, without it, would appear exceeding ugly. There cannot certainly be a greater and a juster reproach to an intelligent being, than to barter away glory and immortality for baubles and fancies, to lose Paradise for an apple, to damn one's soul to please one's palate, and, in a word, to be tempted with such proposals as the proposer himself shall extremely scorn and laugh at us for accepting. For what is all this but the height of mockery as well as misery, the very *sting of death*,

and like being murdered (as the best of kings was) by a disguised executioner ? For such an one the tempter ever was and will be ; never accosting us with a smile, but he designs us a stab ; nor, on the other hand, ever frightening those whom he would destroy. Such a course, he well knows, will not do his work ; but that if he would attempt and ruin a man effectually, silence and suddenness are his surest ways ; and he must take heed of giving an alarm, where he intends a surprise. No ; we may be sure that he understands the arts of tempting too well not to know, that the less he appears, the more he is like to do ; and that the tempter himself is no temptation. He is indeed an old, thoroughpaced, experienced sophister, and has ways to make the very natures and properties of things equivocate. He can, if need be, shroud a glutton in a fast, and a miser in a feast ; and though the very nature of swine hurries them into the foulest dirt and mire, yet to serve a turn, we read, he can make them run as violently into the water.

Still his way is to amuse the world with shows and shadows, surface and outside ; and thereby to make good that old maxim in philosophy, that in all that occurs to the eye, it is not substance, but only colour and figure, which we see. This has been his practice from the beginning, from the very infancy and nonage of the world to this day ; but whatsoever it was then in those early times, shall we, whose lot has cast us upon these latter ages, and thereby set us upon their shoulders, giving us all the advantages of warning, and observations made to our hands, all the benefits of example, and the assurances of a long and

various experience ; shall we, I say, after all this, suffer ourselves to be fooled with the wretched, thin, transparent artifices of modern dissimulation ? with eyes turned up in prayer to God, but swelling with spite and envy towards men ? with a purity above mortal pitch, professed (or rather proclaimed) in words, without so much as common honesty seen in actions ? with reformation so loudly and speciously pretended, but nothing but sacrilege and rapine practised ?—*Sermons.*

ADAM

HE came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names : he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties ; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes : his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction ; till his fall it was ignorant of nothing but of sin ; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal ; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *εὕρηκα*, an *εὕρηκα*, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless ; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the

fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations.—*Sermons.*

IN GOD'S IMAGE

I CONFESS, it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious,

the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding; namely, that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality. Where, we must observe, that many who deny all connate notions in the speculative intellect, do yet admit them in this. Now of this sort are these maxims; that God is to be worshipped; that parents are to be honoured; that a man's word is to be kept, and the like; which, being of universal influence as to the regulation of the behaviour and converse of mankind are the ground of all virtue and civility, and the foundation of religion.

It was the privilege of Adam, innocent, to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist: and certainly those actions must needs be regular, where there is an identity between the rule and the faculty. His own mind taught him a due dependence upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions and measures of behaviour to his fellow creatures. He had no catechism but the creation, needed no study but reflection, read no book but the volume of the world, and that, too, not for rules to work by, but for objects to work upon. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*. The decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not

an original. All the laws of nations, and wise decrees of states, the statutes of Solon, and the Twelve Tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of justice, that was ready to run out, and enlarge itself into suitable determinations, upon all emergent objects and occasions. Justice then was neither blind to discern, nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *iucundum* to turn the balance to a false and dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties, it conveyed its suggestions with clearness, and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coercion, and despotical. It was not then, as it is now, where the conscience has only power to disapprove, and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions; and rather to wish, than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful, domineering sons; 'Not so, my sons, not so'; but the voice of conscience then was not, This should or this ought to be done; but, This *must*, this *shall be done*. It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoke was a law; and the manner of speaking it a new obligation. In short, there was as great a disparity between the practical dictates of the understanding then and now, as there is between empire and advice, counsel and command, between a companion and a governor.—*Sermons.*

THE BEAUTY OF PLAINNESS

For there is a certain majesty in plainness ; as the proclamation of a prince never frisks it in tropes or fine conceits, in numerous and well turned periods, but commands in sober, natural expressions. A substantial beauty, as it comes out of the hands of nature, needs neither paint nor patch ; things never made to adorn, but to cover something that would be hid. It is with expression, and the clothing of a man's conceptions, as with the clothing of a man's body. All dress and ornament supposes imperfection, as designed only to supply the body with something from without, which it wanted, but had not of its own. Gaudery is a pitiful and mean thing, not extending farther than the surface of the body ; nor is the highest gallantry considerable to any, but to those, who would hardly be considered without it : for in that case indeed there may be great need of an outside, where there is little or nothing within.

And thus also it is with the most necessary and important truths ; to adorn and clothe them is to cover them, and that to obscure them. The eternal salvation and damnation of souls are not things to be treated of with jests and witticisms. And he who thinks to furnish himself out of plays and romances with language for the pulpit, shows himself much fitter to act a part in the revels, than for a cure of souls.

'I speak the words of soberness,' said Saint Paul (Acts xxvi. 25), and I preach the gospel not with the 'enticing words of man's wisdom' (1 Cor. ii. 4). This was the way of the apostles'

discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here 'of the fringes of the north star'; nothing of 'nature's becoming unnatural'; nothing of the 'down of angels' wings', or 'the beautiful locks of cherubims'; no starched similitudes introduced with a 'Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion', and the like. No, these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the apostles, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms, 'that he who believed should be saved, and that he who believed not should be damned.' And this was the dialect which pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' It tickled not the ear, but sunk into the heart: and when men came from such sermons, they never commended the preacher for his taking voice or gesture; for the fineness of such a simile, or the quaintness of such a sentence; but they spoke like men conquered with the overpowering force and evidence of the most concerning truths; much in the words of the two disciples going to Emmaus: 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he opened to us the Scriptures?'

In a word, the apostles' preaching was therefore mighty, and successful, because plain, natural, and familiar, and by no means above the capacity of their hearers; nothing being more preposterous, than for those who were professedly aiming at men's hearts to miss the mark, by shooting over their heads.—*Sermons.*

THOMAS KEN

1637-1711

PASTORAL INDIGNATION

O SIRS, the harvest of souls at this time is great : the prebends are many, the priests are many, the impropiators are many—the labourers are few : shall I pray the Lord of the harvest to turn you out, and send forth labourers into His harvest ? The souls that would be saved are many, but they die in ignorance and you are not among them to instruct them ; they die in doubt, and you not near them to satisfy them ; they die in despair, and there is none to comfort them ; they live in disorder, and there is none to guide them ; they are in a state of nature, and there is none to reclaim them ; they are weak, and there is none to strengthen them ; they are liable to temptation, and there is none to assist them ; they go astray, and there is none to seek them that are lost ; they are in the gall of bitterness, and there is none to relieve them ; they are under the power of Satan, in darkness, and there is none to turn them to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Christ, if God peradventure might give them repentance to the acknowledgement of the truth, that they might escape out of the snare of the devil ; that so they might be converted, and their sins be forgiven them. Fain would they hear, that their souls might live, but you are not among them to preach ; willing they are to receive the sacrament, but you are not

among them to administer it. They are declining in grace, and there is none to recover them, or in the spirit of meekness to restore them; they are at a loss, and there is none to advise them; they miscarry, and there is none to oversee them, or look to them; they are sick, and there is none to visit them, to instruct and comfort them; they are unruly, and there is none to see that Church discipline be exercised upon them.—*Expostulatoria, or the Complaints of the Church.*

WOMAN

ALL this while I have not done justice to my subject, by affirming only in general, that goodness is honourable, I must therefore be more particular, and inquire, why Solomon does here instance in the woman rather than in the man, *A gracious woman retains honour.*

And the reason seems to me to be either this, that as vice is more odious and more detested, so on the other hand, virtue is more attractive, and looks more lovely in women than it usually does in men, insomuch that the *gracious woman* shall be sure to purchase and to *retain honour.*

Or it is, because men have more advantages of aspiring to *honour* in all public stations of the Church, the court, the camp, the bar, and the city, than women have, and the only way for a woman to gain honour, is an exemplary holiness; this makes 'her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband and her own works, to praise her in the gate', the sole glory then of that sex is to be good, for 'tis a *gracious woman* only who *retains honour.*

Or it is, because women are made of a temper more soft and frail, are more endangered by snares and temptations, less able to control their passions, and more inclinable to extremes of good or bad than men, and generally speaking, goodness is a tenderer thing, more hazardous and brittle in the former than in the latter, and consequently a firm and steady virtue is more to be valued in the weaker sex than in the stronger; so that a *gracious woman* is most worthy to receive and to retain honour.

Or it is, because women in all ages have given many heroic examples of sanctity; besides those recorded in the Old Testament, many of them are named with great honour in the New, for their assiduity and zeal, in following our Saviour, and their charity, in ministering to him of their substance; they accompanied him to Mount Calvary, lamented his sufferings, waited on the cross, attended the sepulchre, prepared spices and ointments; and regardless, either of the insolence of the rude soldiers, or of the malice of the Jews, with a love that cast out all fear, they came on the first day of the week, before the morning light, to embalm him; and God was pleased to honour these holy women accordingly, for they first saw the angel, who told them the joyful news that he was risen; and as if an angel had not been a messenger honourable enough, Jesus himself first appeared to the women, the women first saw, and adored him; and it was these very gracious women, whom our Lord sent to his disciples, that women might be first publishers of his resurrection, as angels had been of his nativity. Our Saviour himself has erected an everlasting

monument in the gospel for the penitent woman that anointed him; and God incarnate honoured the sex to the highest degree imaginable, in being born of a woman, in becoming the son of a virgin mother, whom all generations shall call blessed; and I know not how to call it, but there is a meltingness of disposition, and affectionateness of devotion, an easy sensibility, an industrious alacrity, a languishing ardour, in piety, peculiar to the sex, which naturally renders them subjects more pliable to the divine grace than men commonly are; so that Solomon had reason to bestow the epithet gracious, particularly on them, and to say, that a *gracious woman retaineth honour*.—*A funeral Sermon on the Lady Mainard.*

DANIEL'S SECRET

IF then you would learn Daniel's secret, that powerful inflammative and preservative of love, which Daniel had, and which made him, according to the text, understood in a passive sense, a man greatly beloved. Take the very same expression in an active sense, and then you have it; he did greatly love, and therefore he was greatly beloved: that was all the court-cunning, all the philtre that Daniel had. It is love that most naturally attracts love; and from this love he is called 'a man of desires'; of desires for the glory of God, and for the welfare of king and people; still I am short: he was a man full of desires; so full, that he was made up of desires, he was all desires; for so the original emphatically styles him, 'thou art desires.' . . .

You have seen how Daniel served his God; and you are next to see how he served his prince,

I may add, the people too ; for the prince and the people have but one common interest, which is the public prosperity ; and none can serve the prince well, but he does serve the people too : and Daniel served his prince and not himself ; the love of God had given him an utter contempt of the world. And this made him despise Belshazzar's presents, 'Thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another' ; to show, that it was a cordial zeal for the king, and not self-interest, that inclined him to his service. This was evident in all his ministry ; insomuch, that when the Median presidents and princes combined in his destruction, he had so industriously done the king's business, was so remarkably righteous a person, so faithful in the discharge of his duty, both to king and people, so beneficial to all, and offensive to none, so remote from all flattery, so courageous on just and fit occasions, in warning his great masters of their dangers, and minding them of their duty ; he had so universal a benignity to all, so sincerely sought the good of Babylon, was so forward to rescue an injured innocence, as he did Susanna ; so tender of men's lives, that he was never at rest till he saved all the wise men of Babylon, when the decree was gone out for their massacre ; so careful of their peace and prosperity that he sat in the gate of the king to hear every man's cause, and with great patience and assiduity to do justice to all : he had behaved himself so irreproachably, that they could find 'no occasion nor fault in him concerning the kingdom ; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him'

You have seen, how love was reciprocal, how Daniel greatly loved the king and the people : and this was the secret he had, which naturally attracted so universal a love. A secret that is neither too mysterious for your comprehension, nor too heroic for your imitation : a secret of a certain and approved virtue. For goodness is awful and amiable to all mankind, and has charms that are irresistible. There is a powerful sweetness, a propitious obligingness, such effusions and irradiations of divinity in it, which command our affections, and are able to overcome all our aversions ; and I am confident, that there is no one here, but if he would make the experiment, would find a proportionable success.—*A Sermon preached at Whitehall, 1685.*

NON-RESISTANCE

THE Babylonian assaulted Judah for his glory ; out of his ambition of that universal monarchy which Providence, to make him a scourge to the world, designed him : and therefore God commanded Judah to serve the king of Babylon ; and assured them, that if they served him, they should live. And they were to ' pray for the peace of that city ; that in the peace thereof, they might have peace '. So that all Judah was enjoined by God, patient submission to that king. They were to subject their persons to the Babylonish government, but not to prostitute their consciences to the Babylonish idolatry, whensoever the commands of God, and of the king of Babylon, stood in competition. To have then obeyed the king, had not been allegiance, but

apostasy. In such cases, the true Israelites would always be martyrs, but never rebels: they resolutely chose to obey God, and patiently to suffer the lion's den, the fiery furnace, and the extremity of the king's displeasure.—*A Sermon preached at Whitehall upon Passion Sunday, 1688.*

GILBERT BURNET

1643-1715

BATTLE OF DUNBAR

THE army was indeed one of the best that ever Scotland had brought together, but it was ill commanded: for all that had made defection from their cause, or that were thought indifferent as to either side, which they called detestable neutrality, were put out of commission. The preachers thought it an army of saints, and seemed well assured of success. They drew near Cromwell, who being pressed by them retired towards Dunbar, where his ships and provisions lay. The Scots followed him, and were posted on a hill about a mile from thence, where there was no attacking them. Cromwell was then in great distress, and looked on himself as undone. There was no marching towards Berwick, the ground was too narrow: nor could he come back into the country without being separated from his ships and starving his army. The least evil seemed to be to kill his horses, and put his army on board, and sail back to Newcastle; which, in the disposition that England was in at that time, would have been all their destruction, for it would have occasioned an universal insurreo-

tion for the king. They had not above three days' forage for their horses. So Cromwell called his officers to a day of seeking the Lord, in their style. He loved to talk much of that matter all his life long afterwards : he said, he felt such an enlargement of heart in prayer, and such quiet upon it, that he bade all about him take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them. After prayer they walked in the earl of Roxburgh's gardens, that lie under the hill : and by perspective glasses they discerned a great motion in the Scottish camp : upon which Cromwell said, God is delivering them into our hands, they are coming down to us. Leslie was in the chief command : but he had a committee of the states with him to give him his orders, among whom Warriston was one. These were weary of lying in the fields, and thought that Leslie made not haste enough to destroy those sectaries ; for so they loved to call them. He told them, by lying there all was sure, but that by engaging into action with gallant and desperate men all might be lost : yet they still called on him to fall on. Many have thought that all this was treachery, done on design to deliver up our army to Cromwell ; some laying it upon Leslie, and others upon my uncle. I am persuaded there was no treachery in it : only Warriston was too hot, and Leslie was too cold, and yielded too easily to their humours, which he ought not to have done. They were all the night employed in coming down the hill : and in the morning, before they were put in order, Cromwell fell upon them. Two regiments stood their ground, and were almost all killed in their ranks : the rest did run in a most shameful manner : so that both their artillery and baggage,

and with these a great many prisoners, were taken, some thousands in all. Cromwell upon this advanced to Edinburgh, where he was received without any opposition; and the castle, that might have made a long resistance, did capitulate. So all the southern part of Scotland came under contribution to Cromwell. Stirling was the advanced garrison on the king's side; he himself retired to St. Johnston. A parliament was called that sat for some time at Stirling, and for some time at St. Johnston, in which a full indemnity was passed, not in the language of a pardon, but of an act of approbation: all that joined with Cromwell were declared traitors. But now the ways of raising a new army were to be thought on.—*History of His Own Time.*

RESTORATION MANNERS

WITH the restoration of the king a spirit of extravagant joy being spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety: all ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overran the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders and much riot everywhere: and the pretences to religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more honest but no less pernicious enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter, to the profane mockers at all true piety. Those who had been concerned in the former transactions thought they could not redeem themselves from the censures

and jealousies that these brought on them by any method that was more sure and more easy, than by going in to the stream, and laughing at all religion, telling or making stories to expose both themselves and their party as impious and ridiculous.—*History of his Own Time.*

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II

THE king was then thirty years of age, and, as might have been supposed, past the levities of youth and the extravagance of pleasure. He had a very good understanding: he knew well the state of affairs both at home and abroad. He had a softness of temper, that charmed all who came near him, till they found how little they could depend on good looks, kind words, and fair promises, in which he was liberal to excess, because he intended nothing by them but to get rid of importunity, and to silence all further pressing upon him. He seemed to have no sense of religion: both at prayers and sacrament he, as it were, took care to satisfy people that he was in no sort concerned in that about which he was employed: so that he was very far from being an hypocrite, unless his assisting at those performances was a sort of hypocrisy, as no doubt it was; but he was sure not to increase that by any the least appearance of devotion. He said once to myself, he was no atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way. He disguised his popery to the last: but when he talked freely, he could not help letting himself out against the liberty that under the Reformation all men took of inquiring into

matters : for from their inquiring into matters of religion, they carried the humour further, to inquire into matters of state. He said often, he thought government was a much safer and easier thing where the authority was believed infallible, and the faith and submission of the people was implicit : about which I had once much discourse with him. He was affable and easy, and loved to be made so by all about him. The great art of keeping him long was, the being easy, and the making everything easy to him. He had made such observations on the French government, that he thought a king who might be checked, or have his ministers called to an account by a parliament, was but a king in name. He had a great compass of knowledge, though he was never capable of great application or study. He understood the mechanics and physic : and was a good chemist, and much set on several preparations of mercury, chiefly the fixing it. He understood navigation well : but above all he knew the architecture of ships so perfectly, that in that respect he was exact rather more than became a prince. His apprehension was quick, and his memory good ; and he was an everlasting talker. He told his stories with a good grace : but they came in his way too often. He had a very ill opinion both of men and women, and did not think there was either sincerity or chastity in the world out of principle, but that some had either the one or the other out of humour or vanity. He thought that nobody served him out of love ; and so he was quits with all the world, and loved others as little as he thought they loved him. He hated business, and could not be easily brought to mind any : but when it was necessary,

and he was set to it, he would stay as long as his ministers had work for him. The ruin of his reign, and of all his affairs, was occasioned chiefly by his delivering himself up at his first coming over to a mad range of pleasure. One of the race of the Villiers, then married to Palmer, a papist, soon after made earl of Castlemaine, who afterwards, being separated from him, was advanced to be duchess of Cleveland, was his first and longest mistress, by whom he had five children. She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous, foolish but imperious, ever uneasy to the king, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application : but he did then so entirely trust the earl of Clarendon that he left all to his care, and submitted to his advices as to so many oracles.—*History of his Own Time.*

CHARACTER OF ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON

He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both in Greek and Hebrew, and in the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest, he came to be possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his

person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth or reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he himself did. He bore all sort of ill usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion, but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in perpetual meditation. And, though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest of superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. When he spoke of divine matters, which he did almost perpetually, it was in such an elevating manner, that I have often reflected on these words, and felt somewhat like them within myself while I was with him, *Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?* His

thoughts were lively, oft out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of, and he used them in the aptest manner possible. He had been bred up with the greatest aversion imaginable to the whole frame of the Church of England. From Scotland his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it; and, above all, the grace and gravity of his pronounciation was such that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. It was so different from all others, and indeed from everything that one could hope to rise up to, that it gave a man an indignation at himself and all others. It was a very sensible humiliation to me, and for some time after I heard him, I could not bear the thought of my own performances, and was out of countenance when I was forced to think of preaching. His style was rather too fine: but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty year[s] ago. And yet with all this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure he was ready to employ all others: and when he was a bishop he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice beforehand. He had indeed a very low voice,

and so could not be heard by a great crowd. He soon came to see into the follies of the presbyterians and to hate their covenant, particularly the imposing it, and their fury against all who differed from them. He found they were not capable of large thoughts: theirs were narrow, as their tempers were sour. So he grew weary of mixing with them: he scarce ever went to their meetings, and lived in great retirement, minding only the care of his own parish at Newbottle near Edinburgh. Yet all the opposition that he made to them was, that he preached up a more universal charity, and a silenter but sublimer way of devotion, and a more exact rule of life than seemed to them consistent with human nature: but his own practice did even outshine his doctrine.—*History of his Own Time.*

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON

UPON his coming to me, I was amazed to see him at above 70 look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him: his hair was still black and all his motions were lively: he had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but above all the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him, upon my first seeing him, how well he looked; he told me he was very near his end for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold, with some stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy, but was not thought so by himself. So he sent for no physician, but used the common things for a cold.

Lord Perth went to him : and he was almost suffocated while he was with him, but he recovered himself, and, as Dr. Fall, who was there, told me, he spoke to him with a greater force than was usual even in him, recommending to him both firmness in religion and moderation in government, which struck that lord somewhat, but the impression was soon worn out.

The next day Leighton sunk so, that both speech and sense went away of a sudden : and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good : for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading of prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own : for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well chosen library, of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane, for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill furnished with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a particular inclination to Scotland : and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them. In the short time that the affairs of Scotland were in the Duke

of Monmouth's hands, he had been possessed with such an opinion of him that he moved the king to write to him to go and at least live in Scotland, if he would not engage in a bishopric there. But that fell with that duke's credit. He was in his last years turned to a greater severity against popery than I had imagined a man of his temper, and of his largeness in points of opinion, was capable of. He spoke of their corruptions, of the secular spirit, and of the cruelty that appeared in that Church, with an extraordinary concern : and lamented the shameful advances that we seemed to be making towards popery. He did this with a tenderness, and an edge, that I did not expect from so recluse and mortified a man. He looked on the state the Church of England was in with very melancholy reflections, and was very uneasy at an expression then much used, that it was the best constituted Church in the world. He thought it was truly so, with relation to the doctrine, the worship, and the main parts of our government. But as to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts and the pastoral care, he looked on it as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. He thought we looked like a fair carcase of a body without a spirit ; without that zeal, that strictness of life, and that laboriousness in the clergy, that became us.

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn ; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary with the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an

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entanglement to a dying man ; and that the unconcerned attendance of such as could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was a bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him : so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there : and the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death : so that his provision and journey failed both at once. And thus in the several parts of this history I have given a very particular account of everything relating to this apostolical man ; whose life I would have writ, if I had not found proper places to bring the most material parts of it within this work. I reckon that I owed this to that perfect friendship and fatherly care with which he had always treated me.—*History of his Own Time.*

MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS, AND BATTLE OF BOTHWELL-BRIDGE

THE Duke of Monmouth was beginning to form a scheme of a ministry : but now the government in Scotland was so remiss that the people apprehended they might run into all sort of confusion. They heard that England was in such distractions that they needed fear no force from thence. Lauderdale's party was losing heart, and fearing a new model there as was set up here in England. All this set those mad people that had run about

with the field conventicles into a frenzy. They drew together in great bodies. Some parties of the troops came to disperse them, but found them both so resolute and so strong that they did not think fit to engage them : sometimes they fired on one another and some were killed of both sides.

When a party of furious men were riding through a moor near St. Andrews, they saw the archbishop's coach appear. He was coming from a council day, and was driving home : and he had sent some of his servants home before him, to let them know he was coming, and others he had sent off on compliments ; so that there was no horsemen about the coach. They seeing this concluded, according to their frantic enthusiastic notions, that God had now delivered up their greatest enemy into their hands, seven of them made up to the coach, while the rest were as scouts riding all about the moor. One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown but did not go into his body : upon this they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot ; and they drew him out of his coach and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead, and so got clear off, nobody happening to go cross the moor all the while. This was the dismal end of that unhappy man : it struck all people with horror and softened his enemies into some tenderness, so that his memory was treated with decency by those who had very little respect for him during his life.

A week after that there was a great field conventicle held within ten mile of Glasgow : a body of the guards engaged with them, and they made such a vigorous resistance that the guards, having

lost thirty of their number, were forced to run for it. So the conventicle formed itself into a body and marched to Glasgow. The person that led them had been bred by me while I lived at Glasgow, being the younger son of Sir Tho. Hamilton, that married my sister, but by a former wife : he was then a lively, hopeful young man : but getting into that company and into their notions he became a crack-brained enthusiast, and under the show of a hero was an ignominious coward. Duke Lauderdale and his party published everywhere that this rebellion was headed by a nephew of mine, whom I had prepared for such work while he was in my hands. Their numbers were so magnified that a company or two which lay at Glasgow retired in all haste and left the town to them, though they were then not above four or five hundred ; and these were so ill armed, and so ill commanded, that a troop of horse could have easily dispersed them. The council at Edinburgh sent the Earl of Linlithgow against them with 1,000 foot, 200 horse, and 200 dragoons : a force much greater than was necessary for making head against such a rabble. He marched till he came within ten miles of them and then pretended he had intelligence that they were above 8,000 strong ; so he marched back ; for he said it was the venturing the whole force the king had upon too great an inequality. He could never prove that he had any such intelligence : some imputed this to his cowardice : others thought that, being much engaged with Duke Lauderdale, he did this on purpose to give them time to increase their numbers, and thought their madness would be the best justification of all the violences that had been

committed in Duke Lauderdale's administration. Thus the country was left in their hands, and if there had been any designs or preparations made formerly for a rebellion, now they had time enough to run together and to form themselves: but it appeared that there had been no such designs by this, that none came into it but those desperate intercommoned men, who were as it were hunted from their houses into all those extravagances that men may fall in, who wander about inflaming one another, and are heated in it with false notions of religion. The rebels, having the country left to their discretion, fancied that their numbers would quickly increase: and they set out a sort of manifesto, complaining of the oppressions they lay under and asserting the obligation of the covenant: and they concluded it with the demand of a free parliament. When the news of this came to court, Duke Lauderdale said it was the effect of the encouragement that they had from the king's hearkening to their complaints: whereas all indifferent men thought it was rather to be imputed to his insolence and tyranny. The king resolved to lose no time: so he sent the Duke of Monmouth down post, with full powers to command in chief, and directions were sent to some troops that lay in the north of England to be ready to march upon his orders. Duke Lauderdale apprehended that those in arms would presently submit to the Duke of Monmouth, if there was but time given for proper instruments to go among them, and that then they would pretend they had been forced into that rising by the violence of the government: so he got the king to send positive orders after him that he should not treat with them, but fall on

them immediately : yet he marched so slowly that they had time enough given them to dispose them to a submission. They fixed at Hamilton, near which there is a bridge on Clyde, which it was believed they intended to defend : but they took no care of it. They sent some to treat with the Duke of Monmouth : he answered, that if they would submit to the king's mercy and lay down their arms he would interpose for their pardon, but that he would not treat with them so long as they were in arms. Some were beginning to press their rendering themselves at discretion. They had neither the grace to submit, nor the sense to march away, nor the courage to fight it out : but suffered the Duke of Monmouth to make himself master of the bridge. They were then 4,000 men : but few of them were well armed. If they had charged those that came first over the bridge they might have had some advantage : but they looked on like men that had lost both sense and courage, and upon the first charge they threw down their arms and ran away. There was between two and three hundred killed and twelve hundred taken prisoners. The Duke of Monmouth stopped the execution that his men were making as soon as he could and saved the prisoners ; for some moved that they should be all killed upon the spot. Yet this was afterwards objected to him as a neglect of the king's service and as a courting the people. The Duke of York talked of it in that strain : and the king himself said to him, that if he had been there they should not have had the trouble of prisoners : he answered, he could not kill men in cold blood ; that was only for butchers. Duke Lauderdale's creatures pressed the keeping the army some time

in that country, on design to have eat it up. But the Duke of Monmouth sent home the militia, and put the troops under discipline : so that all that country was sensible that he had preserved them from ruin. The very fanatical party confessed that he treated them as gently as was possible, considering their madness. He came back to court as soon as he had settled matters, and moved the king to grant an indemnity for what was past, and a liberty to hold meetings under the king's licence or connivance : he showed the king that all this madness of field conventicles flowed only from the severity against those that were held within doors. Duke Lauderdale drew the indemnity in such a manner that it carried in some clauses a full pardon to himself and all his party ; but he clogged it much with relation to those for whom it was granted. All gentlemen, preachers, and officers were excepted out of it, so that the favour of it was much limited. Two of their preachers were hanged, but the other prisoners were let go upon their signing a bond for keeping the peace. Two hundred of them were sent to Virginia, but they were all cast away at sea. Thus ended this tumultuary rebellion, which went by the name of Bothwell-bridge, where the action was.—*History of his Own Time.*

DEATH OF CHARLES II

ALL this winter the king looked better than he had done for many years. He had a humour in his leg, which looked like the beginning of the gout : so that for some weeks he could not walk as he used to do, generally three or four hours

a day in the park; which he did commonly so fast, that as it was really an exercise to himself, so it was a trouble to all about him to hold up with him. In the state the king was in, he, not being able to walk, spent much of his time in his laboratory, and was running a process for the fixing of mercury. On the first of February, being a Sunday, he eat little all day, and came to Lady Portsmouth's at night, and called for a porringer of spoon meat. It was made too strong for his stomach. So he eat little of it, and he had an unquiet night. In the morning, one Dr. King, a physician and a chemist, came, as he had been ordered, to wait on him. All the king's discourse to him was so broken, that he could not understand what he meant; and the doctor concluded he was under some great disorder, either in his mind or in his body. The doctor amazed at this, went out, and meeting with Lord Peterborough, he said the king was in a strange humour, for he did not speak one word of sense, and he looked staring. Lord Peterborough desired he would go in again to the bedchamber, which he did: and he was scarce come in, when the king, who seemed all the while to be in a great confusion, fell down all of a sudden in a fit like an apoplexy: he looked black, and his eyes turned in his head. The physician, who had been formerly an eminent surgeon, said it was impossible to save the king's life if one minute was lost; he would rather venture on the rigour of the law, than leave the king to perish: and so he let him blood. The king came out of that fit, and the physicians approved what Dr. King had done: upon which the privy council ordered him a thousand pound,

which yet was never paid him. Though the king came out of that fit, yet the ill effects of it hung still upon him, so that he was much oppressed; and the physicians did very much apprehend the return of another fit, and that it would carry him off: so they looked on him as a dead man. The Bishop of London spoke a little to him to dispose him to prepare for whatever might be before him: to which the king answered not a word. But that was imputed partly to the bishop's cold way of speaking, and partly to the ill opinion they had of him at court, as too busy in opposition to popery. Sancroft made a very weighty exhortation to him; in which he used a good degree of freedom, which he said was necessary, since he was going to be judged by one that was no respecter of persons. To him the king made no answer neither, nor yet to Ken, though the most in favour with him of all the bishops. Some imputed this to an insensibility, of which too visible an instance appeared, since Lady Portsmouth sat in the bed, taking care of him as a wife of a husband: others guessed truer, that it would appear he was of another religion. On Thursday a second fit returned; and then the physicians told the duke that the king was not like to live a day to an end.

The duke immediately ordered Huddleston, the priest, that had a great hand in saving the king at Worcester fight, for which he was excepted out of all severe acts that were made against priests, to be brought to the lodgings under the bed-chamber; and when he was told what was to be done, he was in great confusion, for he had no hostie about him. But he went to another priest

that lived in the court, who gave him the pix with an hostie in it; but that poor priest was so frightened, that he run out of Whitehall in such haste that he struck against a post, and seemed to be in a fit of madness with fear. As soon as Huddleston had prepared everything that was necessary, the duke whispered the king in the ear. Upon that the king ordered that all who were in the bedchamber should withdraw, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham. The door was double locked, and the company was kept out half an hour: only Lord Feversham opened the door once, and called for a glass of water. Cardinal Howard told me at Rome, that Huddleston, according to the relation that he sent thither, made the king go through some acts of contrition, and, after such a confession as he could then make, he gave him absolution and the other sacraments. The hostie stuck in his throat: and that was the occasion of calling for a glass of water. He also gave him extreme unction. All must have been performed very superficially, since it was so soon ended, but the king seemed to be at great ease upon it. It was given out that the king said to Huddleston that he had saved him twice, first his body, and now his soul; and that he asked him if he would have him declare himself to be of their church. But it seems he was prepared for this, and so diverted the king from it; and said he took it upon him to satisfy the world in that particular. But though by the principles of all religions whatsoever, he ought to have obliged him to make open profession of his religion, yet it seems the consequences of that were apprehended; for without doubt that poor

priest acted by the directions that were given him. The company was suffered to come in, and the king went through the agonies of death with a calm and a constancy that amazed all who were about him and knew how he had lived. This made some conclude that he had made a will, and that his quiet was the effect of that. Ken applied himself much to the awakening the king's conscience. He spoke with a great elevation, both of thought and expression, like a man inspired, as those who were present told me. He resumed the matter often, and pronounced many short ejaculations and prayers, which affected all that were present except him that was the most concerned, who seemed to take no notice of it and made no answers to it. Ken pressed the king six or seven times to receive the sacrament: but the king always declined it, saying he was very weak. A table with the elements upon it ready to be consecrated was brought into the room; which occasioned a report to be then spread about that he had received it. Ken pressed him to declare that he desired it and that he died in the communion of the Church of England; to that he answered nothing. Ken asked him if he desired absolution of his sins. It seems the king, if he then thought anything at all, thought that would do him no hurt. So Ken pronounced it over him: for which he was blamed, since the king expressed no sense or sorrow for his past life nor any purpose of amendment. It was thought to be a prostitution of the peace of the Church to give it to one, who, after a life led as his had been, seemed to harden himself against everything that could be said to him.

Ken was also censured for another piece of indecency : he presented the Duke of Richmond, Lady Portsmouth's son, to be blessed by the king. Upon this, some that were in the room cried out, the king was their common father ; and upon that all kneeled down for his blessing, which he gave them. The king suffered much inwardly, and said he was burnt up within ; of which he complained often, but with great decency. He said once he hoped he should climb up to heaven's gates ; which was the only word savouring of religion that he was heard speak.

He gathered all his strength to speak his last words to the duke, to which every one hearkened with great attention. He expressed his kindness to him and that he now delivered all over to him with great joy. He recommended Lady Portsmouth over and over again to him. He said he had always loved her, and he loved her now to the last ; and besought the duke, in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and to her son. He recommended his other children to him : and concluded, Let not poor Nelly starve ; that was Mrs. Gwyn. But he said nothing of the queen, nor any one word of his people, or of his servants : nor did he speak one word of religion, or concerning the payment of his debts, though he left behind him about 90,000 guineas, which he had gathered either out of the privy purse, or out of that which was sent him from France, or by other methods ; all which he had kept so secretly, that no person whatsoever knew anything of it.

He continued in the agony till Friday at 11 o'clock, being the 6th of February, 1684; and

then died in the fifty-fourth year of his age, after he had reigned, if we reckon from his father's death, thirty-six years and eight days, or if we reckon from his restoration, twenty-four years, eight months, and nine days. There were many very apparent suspicions of his being poisoned : for though the first access looked like an apoplexy, yet it was plain in the progress of it that it was no apoplexy. When his body was opened, the physicians who viewed it were, as it were, led by those who might suspect the truth to look upon the parts that were certainly sound. But both Lower and Needham, two famous physicians, told me they plainly discerned two or three blue spots on the outside of the stomach. Needham called twice to have it opened, but the surgeons seemed not to hear him ; and when he moved it the second time, he, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him, Needham will undo us, calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it. And they were diverted to look to somewhat else : and when they returned to look upon the stomach, it was carried away : so that it was never viewed. Le Fevre, a French physician, told me he saw a blackness in the shoulder : upon which he made an incision, and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, that was a papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing : and he had talked more freely of it than any of the protestants durst do at that time. But he was not long after taken suddenly ill, upon a large draught of wine he had drunk in the house of a popish patient that lived near the Tower, who had sent for him, of which he died ;

and, as he said to Lower, Millington, and some other physicians, he believed that he himself was poisoned for his having spoke so freely of the king's death. The king's body was very indecently neglected. Some parts of his inwards, and some pieces of the fat, were left in the water in which they were washed : all which were so carelessly looked after, that the water being poured out at a scullery hole that went to a drain in the mouth of which a grate lay, these were seen lying on the grate many days after. His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state : no mournings were given : and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to. Many upon this said that he deserved better from his brother, than to be thus ungratefully treated in ceremonies that are public and that make an impression on those who see them, and who will make severe observations and inferences upon such omissions. But since I have mentioned the suspicions of poison as the cause of his death, I must add, that I never heard any lay those suspicions on his brother. But his dying so critically, as it were in the minute in which he seemed to begin a turn of affairs, made it to be generally the more believed, and that the papists had done it, either by the means of some of Portsmouth's servants, or, as some fancied, by poisoned snuff, for so many of the small veins of the brain were burst, that the brain was in great disorder : and no judgement could be made concerning it. To this I shall add a very surprising story, that I had in November 1709, from Mr. Henley of Hampshire. He told me that when the Duchess of Portsmouth came over to England in

the year 1699, he heard that she had talked as if King Charles had been poisoned; which he desiring to have from her own mouth, she gave him this account of it. She was always pressing that king to make both himself and his people easy, and to come to a full agreement with his parliament: and he was come to a final resolution of sending away his brother, and of calling a parliament; which was to be executed the next day after he fell into that fit of which he died. She was put upon the secret, and spoke of it to no person alive but to her confessor: but he told it to some who, seeing what was to follow, took that wicked course to prevent it. Having this from so worthy a person, as I have set it down without adding the least circumstance to it, I thought it too important not to be mentioned in this history. It discovers both the knavery of confessors, and the practices of papists, so evidently, that there is no need of making any further reflections on it.—*History of his Own Time.*

WILLIAM PENN

1644-1718

THE WORLD'S ABLE MAN

It is by some thought the character of an able man to be dark and not understood. But I am sure that is not fair play.

If he be so by silence 'tis better; but if by disguises 'tis insincere and hateful.

Secrecy is one thing; false lights is another.

The honest man, that is rather free than open,

is ever to be preferred ; especially when sense is at helm.

The glorying of the other humour is in a vice : for it is not humane to be cold, dark, and unconversable. I was a-going to say they are like pickpockets in a crowd, where a man must ever have his hand on his purse ; or as spies in a garrison, that if not prevented betrays it.

They are the reverse of human nature, and yet this is the present world's wise man and politician : excellent qualities for Lapland, where, they say, witches, though not many conjurors, dwell.

Like highwaymen, that rarely rob without vizards, or in the same wigs and clothes, but have a dress for every enterprise.

At best, he may be a cunning man, which is a sort of lurcher in the politics.

He is never too hard for the wise man upon the square, for that is out of his element, and puts him quite by his skill. Nor are wise men ever catched by him but when they trust him.

But as cold and close as he seems, he can and will please all, if he gets by it, though it should neither please God nor himself at bottom.

He is for every cause that brings him gain, but implacable if disappointed of success.

And what he cannot hinder, he will be sure to spoil by over-doing it.

None so zealous then as he, for that which he cannot abide.

What is it he will not, or cannot do, to hide his true sentiments.

For his interest, he refuses no side or party ; and will take the wrong by the hand, when t'other won't do, with as good a grace as the right.

Nay, he commonly chooses the worst, because that brings the best bribe : his cause being ever money.

He sails with all winds and is never out of his way where anything is to be had.

A privateer indeed, and everywhere a very bird of prey.

True to nothing but himself, and false to all persons and parties to serve his own turn.

Talk with him as often as you please, he will never pay you in good coin ; for 'tis either false or clipped.

But to give a false reason for anything, let my reader never learn of him, no more than to give a brass half-crown for a good one : not only because it is not true, but because it deceives the person to whom it is given ; which I take to be an immorality.

Silence is much more preferable, for it saves the secret, as well as the person's honour.

Such as give themselves the latitude of saying what they do not mean, come to be errant jockeys at more things than one ; but in religion and politics 'tis most pernicious.

To hear two men talk the reverse of their own sentiments, with all the good breeding and appearance of friendship imaginable, on purpose to cozen or pump each other, is to a man of virtue and honour, one of the melancholiest, as well as most nauseous thing in the world.

But that it should be the character of an able man, is to disinherit wisdom, and paint out our degeneracy to the life, by setting up fraud, an arrant impostor, in her room.

The trial of skill between these two is, who shall

believe least of what t'other says ; and he that has the weakness or good nature to give out first, (viz. to believe anything t'other says) is looked upon to be tricked.

I cannot see the policy, any more than the necessity, of a man's mind always giving the lie to his mouth, or his mouth ever giving the false alarms of his mind : for no man can be long believed, that teaches all men to distrust him ; and since the ablest have sometimes need of credit, where lies the advantage of their politic cant or banter upon mankind ?

I remember a passage of one of Queen Elizabeth's great men, as advice to his friend : 'The advantage', says he, 'I had upon others at court, was, that I always spoke as I thought, which being not believed by them, I both preserved a good conscience, and suffered no damage from that freedom.' Which, as it shows the vice to be older than our times, so that gallant man's integrity to be the best way of avoiding it.

To be sure it is wise, as well as honest, neither to flatter other men's sentiments, nor dissemble and less contradict our own.

To hold one's tongue, or speak truth, or talk only of indifferent things, is the fairest conversation.

Women that rarely go abroad without vizard-masks, have none of the best reputation. But when we consider what all this art and disguise are for, it equally heightens the wise man's wonder and aversion : perhaps it is to betray a father, a brother, a master, a friend, a neighbour, or one's own party.

A fine conquest ! what noble Grecians and

Romans abhorred : as if government could not subsist without knavery, and that knaves were the usefulest props to it ; though the basest, as well as greatest, perversion of the ends of it.

But that it should become a maxim, shows but too grossly the corruption of the times.

I confess I have heard the style of a useful knave, but ever took it to be a silly or a knavish saying ; at least an excuse for knavery.

It is as reasonable to think a whore makes the best wife, as a knave the best officer.

Besides, employing knaves encourages knavery instead of punishing it ; and alienates the reward of virtue. Or, at least, must make the world believe the country yields not honest men enough, able to serve her.

Art thou a magistrate ? Prefer such as have clean characters where they live, and of estates to secure a just discharge of their trusts ; that are under no temptation to strain points for a fortune : for sometimes such may be found, sooner than they are employed.

Art thou a private man ? Contract thy acquaintance in a narrow compass, and choose those for the subjects of it that are men of principles ; such as will make full stops where honour will not lead them on ; and that had rather bear the disgrace of not being thorough-paced men than forfeit their peace and reputation by a base compliance.—*Fruits of Solitude.*

UNION OF FRIENDS

THEY that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies.

Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same divine principle ; the root and record of their friendship.

If absence be not death, neither is theirs.

Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas ; they live in one another still.

For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is Omnipresent.

In this divine glass they see face to face ; and their converse is free as well as pure.

This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal.—*Fruits of Solitude.*

DANIEL DEFOE

1661-1731

INCIDENTS OF THE PLAGUE

I. OUTWITTING A WATCHMAN

AT another house, as I was informed, in the street next within Aldgate, a whole family was shut up and locked in because the maid-servant was taken sick. The master of the house had complained by his friends to the next alderman and to the Lord Mayor, and had consented to have the maid carried to the pest-house, but was

refused ; so the door was marked with a red cross, a padlock on the outside, as above, and a watchman set to keep the door, according to public order.

After the master of the house found there was no remedy, but that he, his wife, and his children were to be locked up with this poor distempered servant, he called to the watchman, and told him he must go then and fetch a nurse for them to attend this poor girl, for that it would be certain death to them all to oblige them to nurse her ; and told him plainly that if he would not do this, the maid must perish either of the distemper or be starved for want of food, for he was resolved none of his family should go near her ; and she lay in the garret four storey high, where she could not cry out or call to anybody for help.

The watchman consented to that, and went and fetched a nurse, as he was appointed, and brought her to them the same evening ; during this interval the master of the house took his opportunity to break a large hole through his shop into a bulk or stall, where formerly a cobbler had sat, before or under his shop-window ; but the tenant, as may be supposed at such a dismal time as that, was dead or removed, and so he had the key in his own keeping. Having made his way into this stall, which he could not have done if the man had been at the door, the noise he was obliged to make being such as would have alarmed the watchman ; I say, having made his way into this stall, he sat still till the watchman returned with the nurse, and all the next day also. But the night following, having contrived to send the watchman of another trifling errand, which, as I take it, was to an apothecary's for a plaster for the maid, which he

was to stay for the making up, or some other such errand that might secure his staying some time; in that time he conveyed himself and all his family out of the house, and left the nurse and the watchman to bury the poor wench—that is, throw her into the cart—and take care of the house.

2. THE PIT IN ALDGATE CHURCHYARD

I went all the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge, it was about forty foot in length, and about fifteen or sixteen foot broad, and, at the time I first looked at it, about nine foot deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty foot deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water; for they had, it seems, dug several large pits before this. For though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet, when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel.

I say they had dug several pits in another ground, when the distemper began to spread in our parish, and especially when the dead-carts began to go about, which was not, in our parish, till the beginning of August. Into these pits they had put perhaps fifty or sixty bodies each; then they made larger holes, wherein they buried all that the cart brought in a week, which, by the

middle to the end of August, came to from 200 to 400 a week; and they could not well dig them larger, because of the order of the magistrates confining them to leave no bodies within six foot of the surface; and the water coming on at about seventeen or eighteen foot, they could not well, I say, put more in one pit. But now, at the beginning of September, the plague raging in a dreadful manner, and the number of burials in our parish increasing to more than was ever buried in any parish about London of no larger extent, they ordered this dreadful gulf to be dug, for such it was rather than a pit.

They had supposed this pit would have supplied them for a month or more when they dug it, and some blamed the churchwardens for suffering such a frightful thing, telling them they were making preparations to bury the whole parish, and the like; but time made it appear the churchwardens knew the condition of the parish better than they did, for the pit being finished the 4th of September, I think, they began to bury in it the 6th, and by the 20th, which was just two weeks, they had thrown into it 1,114 bodies, when they were obliged to fill it up, the bodies being then come to lie within six foot of the surface. I doubt not but there may be some ancient persons alive in the parish who can justify the fact of this, and are able to show even in what part of the churchyard the pit lay better than I can. The mark of it also was many years to be seen in the churchyard on the surface, lying in length parallel with the passage which goes by the west wall of the churchyard out of Houndsditch, and turns east again into Whitechapel, coming out near the Three Nuns' Inn.

It was about the 10th of September that my curiosity led, or rather drove, me to go and see this pit again, when there had been near 400 people buried in it; and I was not content to see it in the day-time, as I had done before, for then there would have been nothing to have been seen but the loose earth; for all the bodies that were thrown in were immediately covered with earth by those they called the buriers, which at other times were called bearers; but I resolved to go in the night and see some of them thrown in.

There was a strict order to prevent people coming to those pits, and that was only to prevent infection. But after some time that order was more necessary, for people that were infected and near their end, and delirious also, would run to those pits, wrapped in blankets or rugs, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves. I cannot say that the officers suffered any willingly to lie there; but I have heard that in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripple-gate, it lying open then to the fields, for it was not then walled about, many came and threw themselves in, and expired there, before they threw any earth upon them; and that when they came to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold.

This may serve a little to describe the dreadful condition of that day, though it is impossible to say anything that is able to give a true idea of it to those who did not see it, other than this, that it was indeed *very, very, very* dreadful and such as no tongue can express.

I got admittance into the churchyard by being acquainted with the sexton who attended, who,

though he did not refuse me at all, yet earnestly persuaded me not to go ; telling me very seriously, for he was a good, religious, and sensible man, that it was indeed their business and duty to venture, and to run all hazards, and that in it they might hope to be preserved ; but that I had no apparent call to it but my own curiosity, which, he said, he believed I would not pretend was sufficient to justify my running that hazard. I told him I had been pressed in my mind to go, and that perhaps it might be an instructing sight, that might not be without its uses. Nay, says the good man, if you will venture upon that score, *'Name of God, go in ;* for, depend upon it, 'twill be a sermon to you, it may be, the best that ever you heard in your life. 'Tis a speaking sight, says he, and has a voice with it, and a loud one, to call us all to repentance ; and with that he opened the door and said, Go, if you will.

His discourse had shocked my resolution a little, and I stood wavering for a good while, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, as they called it, coming over the streets ; so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive at first, in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers, and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart ; but when they came up to the pit they saw a man go to and again, muffled up in a brown cloak, and making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he was in a great agony, and the buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor

delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as he would break his heart.

When the buriers came up to him they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, as I have observed above, or a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears; and calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, said he would only see the bodies thrown in and go away, so they left importuning him. But no sooner was the cart turned round and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in, though indeed he was afterwards convinced that was impracticable; I say, no sooner did he see the sight but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three steps and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the Pic Tavern over against the end of Houndsditch, where, it seems, the man was known, and where they took care of him. He looked into the pit again as he went away, but the buriers had covered the bodies so immediately with throwing in earth, that though there was light enough,

for there were lanterns, and candles in them, placed all night round the sides of the pit, upon the heaps of earth, seven or eight, or perhaps more, yet nothing could be seen.

This was a mournful scene indeed, and affected me almost as much as the rest; but the other was awful and full of terror. The cart had in it sixteen or seventeen bodies; some were wrapped up in linen sheets, some in rugs, some little other than naked, or so loose that what covering they had fell from them in the shooting out of the cart, and they fell quite naked among the rest; but the matter was not much to them, or the indecency much to any one else, seeing they were all dead, and were to be huddled together into the common grave of mankind, as we may call it, for here was no difference made, but poor and rich went together; there was no other way of burials, neither was it possible there should, for coffins were not to be had for the prodigious numbers that fell in such a calamity as this.

3. THE PIPER

It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually walked his rounds about ten o'clock at night and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and

sometimes farthings ; and he in return would pipe and sing and talk simply, which diverted the people ; and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion while things were as I have told, yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved ; and when anybody asked how he did he would answer, the dead cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.

It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or no—John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street—and the poor fellow, having not usually had a bellyful or perhaps not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep, at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that upon the same bulk or stall the people of some house in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rang before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking, too, that this poor fellow had been a dead body, as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly.

From hence they passed along and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart ; yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the

cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount Mill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped the fellow awaked and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, *Hey! where am I?* This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but after some pause John Hayward, recovering himself, said, *Lord, bless us! There's somebody in the cart not quite dead!* So another called to him and said, *Who are you?* The fellow answered, *I am the poor piper. Where am I? Where are you?* says Hayward. *Why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you. But I an't dead though, am I?* says the piper, which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first; so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

I know the story goes he set up his pipes in the cart and frightened the bearers and others so that they ran away; but John Hayward did not tell the story so, nor say anything of his piping at all; but that he was a poor piper, and that he was carried away as above I am fully satisfied of the truth of.

4. A STRONG SWIMMER

I heard of one infected creature who, running out of his bed in his shirt, in the anguish and agony of his swellings, of which he had three upon him, got his shoes on and went to put on his coat; but the nurse resisting, and snatching

the coat from him, he threw her down, run over her, run downstairs and into the street, directly to the Thames in his shirt, the nurse running after him, and calling to the watch to stop him; but the watchmen, frightened at the man, and afraid to touch him, let him go on; upon which he ran down to the Stillyard stairs, threw away his shirt, and plunged into the Thames, and, being a good swimmer, swam quite over the river; and the tide being coming in, as they call it, that is, running westward, he reached the land not till he came about the Falcon stairs, where landing, and finding no people there, it being in the night, he ran about the streets there, naked as he was, for a good while, when, it being by that time high water, he takes the river again, and swam back to the Stillyard, landed, ran up the streets again to his own house, knocking at the door, went up the stairs and into his bed again; and that this terrible experiment cured him of the plague, that is to say, that the violent motion of his arms and legs stretched the parts where the swellings he had upon him were, that is to say, under his arms and his groin, and caused them to ripen and break, and that the cold of the water abated the fever in his blood.—*Journal of the Plague Year.*

COLONEL JACK

THE subtle devil, never absent from his business, but ready at all occasions to encourage his servants, removed all these difficulties, and brought me into an intimacy with one of the most exquisite divers, or pickpockets, in the town; and this our intimacy was of no less a kind than that,

as I had an inclination to be as wicked as any of them, he was for taking care that I should not be disappointed.

He was above the little fellows who went about stealing trifles and baubles in Bartholomew Fair, and ran the risk of being mobbed for three or four shillings. His aim was at higher things, even at no less than considerable sums of money, and bills for more.

He solicited me earnestly to go and take a walk with him as above, adding that after showing me my trade a little, he would let me be as wicked as I would; that is, as he expressed it, that after he had made me capable, I should set up for myself, if I pleased, and he would only wish me good luck.

Accordingly, as Major Jack went with his gentleman only to see the manner, and receive the purchase, and yet come in for a share; so he told me, if he had success, I should have my share as much as if I had been principal; and this he assured me was a custom of the trade, in order to encourage young beginners, and bring them into the trade with courage, for that nothing was to be done if a man had not the heart of the lion.

I hesitated at the matter a great while, objecting the hazard, and telling the story of Captain Jack, my elder brother, as I might call him: 'Well, colonel,' says he, 'I find you are faint hearted, and to be faint hearted is indeed to be unfit for our trade, for nothing but a bold heart can go through-stitch with this work; but, however, as there is nothing for you to do, so there is no risk for you to run in these things the first time.

If I am taken,' says he, 'you have nothing to do in it; they will let you go free; for it shall be easily made appear, that whatever I have done, you had no hand in it.'

Upon these persuasions I ventured out with him; but I soon found that my new friend was a thief of quality, and a pickpocket above the ordinary rank, and that aimed higher abundantly than my brother Jack. He was a bigger boy than I a great deal; for though I was now near fifteen year old, I was not big of my age; and as to the nature of the thing, I was perfectly a stranger to it. I knew indeed what at first I did not, for it was a good while before I understood the thing as an offence. I looked on picking pockets as a kind of trade, and thought I was to go apprentice to it; 'tis true this was when I was young in the society, as well as younger in years, but even now I understood it to be only a thing for which, if we were caught, we ran the risk of being ducked or pumped, which we call soaking, and then all was over; and we made nothing of having our rags wetted a little; but I never understood, till a great while after, that the crime was capital, and that we might be sent to Newgate for it, till a great fellow, almost a man, one of our society, was hanged for it; and then I was terribly frightened, as you shall hear by and by.

Well, upon the persuasions of this lad, I walked out with him; a poor innocent boy, and (as I remember my very thoughts perfectly well) I had no evil in my intentions. I had never stolen anything in my life; and if a goldsmith had left me in his shop, with heaps of money

strewed all round me, and bade me look after it, I should not have touched it, I was so honest; but the subtle tempter baited his hook for me, as I was a child, in a manner suited to my childishness, for I never took this picking of pockets to be dishonesty, but, as I have said above, I looked on it as a kind of trade I was to be bred up to, and so I entered upon it, till I became hardened in it beyond the power of retreating. And thus I was made a thief involuntarily, and went on a length that few boys do, without coming to the common period of that kind of life—I mean, to the transport ship, or to the gallows.

The first day I went abroad with my new instructor, he carried me directly into the city, and as we went first to the water-side, he led me into the long room at the custom-house. We were but a couple of ragged boys at best, but I was much the worse. My leader had a hat on, a shirt, and a neckcloth; as for me, I had neither of the three, nor had I spoiled my manners so much as to have a hat on my head, since my nurse died, which was now some years. His orders to me were to keep always in sight, and near him, but not close to him, nor to take any notice of him at any time till he came to me; and if any hurly-burly happened, I should by no means know him, or pretend to have anything to do with him.

I observed my orders to a tittle. While he peered into every corner and had his eye upon everybody, I kept my eye directly upon him, but went always at a distance, and on the other side of the long room, looking as it were for pins, and picking them up out of the dust as I could find them, and then sticking them on my sleeve,

where I had at last gotten forty or fifty good pins ; but still my eye was upon my comrade, who, I observed, was very busy among the crowds of people that stood at the board doing business with the officers who pass the entries and make the cockets, &c.

At length he comes over to me, and stooping as if he would take up a pin close to me, he put something into my hand, and said, ' Put that up, and follow me downstairs quickly.' He did not run, but shuffled along apace through the crowd, and went down, not the great stairs which we came in at, but a little narrow staircase at the other end of the long room. I followed, and he found I did, and so went on, not stopping below as I expected, nor speaking one word to me, till through innumerable narrow passages, alleys, and dark ways, we were got up into Fenchurch Street, and through Billiter Lane into Leadenhall Street, and from thence into Leadenhall Market. It was not a meat market day, so we had room to sit down upon one of the butcher's stalls, and he bade me lug out ; what he had given me was a little leather letter case with a French almanac stuck in the inside of it, and a great many papers in it of several kinds.

We looked them over, and found there were several valuable bills in it, such as bills of exchange, and other notes, things I did not understand ; but among the rest was a goldsmith's note, as he called it, of one Sir Stephen Evans for £300 payable to the bearer, and at demand ; besides this there was another note for £12 10s., being a goldsmith's bill too, but I forget the name ; there was a bill or two also written in French

which neither of us understood, but which it seems were things of value, being called foreign bills accepted.

The rogue, my master, knew what belonged to the goldsmith's bills well enough, and I observed when he read the bill of Sir Stephen, he said 'This is too big for me to meddle with', but when he came to the bill for £12 10s. he said to me, 'This will do, come hither, Jack'; so away he runs to Lombard Street, and I after him huddling the other papers into the letter case; as he went along, he enquired the name out immediately, and went directly to the shop, put on a good grave countenance, and had the money paid him without any stop or question asked. I stood on the other side the way looking about the street, as not at all concerned with anybody that way, but observed that when he presented the bill he pulled out the letter case, as if he had been a merchant's boy, acquainted with business, and had other bills about him.

They paid him the money in gold, and he made haste enough in telling it over, and came away, passing by me and going into Three King Court, on the other side of the way; then we crossed back into Clement's Lane, made the best of our way to Cole-Harbour at the water-side, and got a sculler for a penny to carry us over the water to St. Mary Overs Stairs, where we landed, and were safe enough.

Here he turns to me. 'Colonel Jack,' says he, 'I believe you are a lucky boy, this is a good job, we'll go away to St. George's Fields, and share our booty'; away we went to the fields, and sitting down in the grass far enough out of the

path, he pulled out the money. 'Look here, Jack,' says he, 'did you ever see the like before in your life?' 'No, never,' says I, and added very innocently, 'must we have it all?' 'We have it!' says he, 'who should have it?' 'Why,' says I, 'must the man have none of it again that lost it?' 'He have it again!' says he, 'what d'ye mean by that?' 'Nay, I don't know,' says I, 'why, you said just now you would let him have the t'other bill again, that you said was too big for you.'

He laughed at me, 'You are but a little boy,' says he, 'that's true, but I thought you had not been such a child neither'; so he mighty gravely explained the thing to me thus: that the bill of Sir Stephen Evans was a great bill for £300, 'and if I,' says he, 'that am but a poor lad should venture to go for the money, they will presently say, how should I come by such a bill, and that I certainly found it or stole it, so they will stop me,' says he, 'and take it away from me, and it maybe bring me into trouble for it too; so,' says he, 'I did say it was too big for me to meddle with, and that I would let the man have it again, if I could tell how; but for the money, Jack, the money that we have got, I warrant you he should have none of that; besides,' says he, 'whoever he be that has lost this letter case, to be sure, as soon as he missed it, he would run to a goldsmith, and give notice, that if anybody came for the money, they should be stopped, but I am too old for him there,' says he.

'Why,' says I, 'and what will you do with the bill? Will you throw it away? If you do, somebody else will find it,' says I, 'and they will

go and take the money.' 'No, no,' says he, 'then they will be stopped and examined, as I tell you, I should be.' I did not know well what all this meant, so I talked no more about that; but we fell to handling the money; as for me, I had never seen so much together in all my life, nor did I know what in the world to do with it, and once or twice I was a-going to bid him keep it for me, which would have been done like a child indeed, for to be sure, I had never heard a word more of it, though nothing had befallen him.

However, as I happened to hold my tongue as to that part, he shared the money very honestly with me, only at the end he told me, that though it was true, he promised me half, yet as it was the first time, and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money which was £12 10s. into two exact parts, (viz.) £6 5s. in each part, then he took £1 5s. from my part, and told me I should give him that for handsel. 'Well,' says I, 'take it then, for I think you deserve it all'; so, however, I took up the rest. 'And what shall I do with this now,' says I, 'for I have nowhere to put it?' 'Why, have you no pockets?' says he. 'Yes,' says I, 'but they are full of holes.' I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with, for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such, as I say, was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world, that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor naked ragged boy, they would presently say, I had robbed somebody,

and perhaps lay hold of me; and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now as I was full of wealth, behold, I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell, and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s., and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas; at last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that, but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so, I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe and carry it in my hand, then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say when they have been talking of money, that they could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout.' In truth I had mine in a foul clout, for it was foul according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the Glass House, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay

with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh! the weight of human care! I a poor beggar boy could not sleep as soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brickbats or stones, cinders or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened, then finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again; at last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money, which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me, and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so that I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad into the fields, towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it, for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the

same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell; at last it came into my head, that I would look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile End that looked fit for my purpose, and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me as it was, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile End, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green; when I came a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get to it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found (as I thought) a place very fit, so I placed my treasure there and was mighty well satisfied with it; but behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in, I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost, there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it ; well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity ; I got a stick off of the tree and thrust it in a great way, but all was one ; then I cried, nay, I roared out, I was in such a passion ; then I got down the tree again, then up again and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently. Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was a hungry, and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped, then I went back again to the tree and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also ; and behold the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have ; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money, and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole. For the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgement enough to know was not firm, and had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child,

for I halloed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it, and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, run from one end of the field to the other, and in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy o'erwhelmed me when I had got it again.—*History of Colonel Jacque.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE

I. SHIPWRECK

IN this distress we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men died of the calenture, and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about 11 degrees north latitude, but that he was 22 degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was gotten upon the coast of Guinea, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, towards that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River, and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the

circle of the Carribbee Islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes, which by keeping off at sea, to avoid the indraft of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance, both to our ship and to ourselves.

With this design we changed our course, and steered away NW. by W. in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief; but our voyage was otherwise determined; for being in the latitude of 12 degrees 18 minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that had all our lives been saved, as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, 'Land!' and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner, that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one, who has not been in the like condition, to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or

the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited, and as the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces, unless the winds, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another, and expecting death every moment, and every man acting accordingly, as preparing for another world; for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place, she broke away, and either sunk, or was driven off to sea, so there was no hope from her; we had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men they got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed our-

selves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy, and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadful high upon the shore, and might well be called *den wild zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed, for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high, that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution, for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was, if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*. In

a word, it took us with such a fury, that it overset the boat at once ; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, ' O God ! ' for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water ; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it ; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could ; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible ; my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once 20 or 30 feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way ; but I held my breath, and assisted myself

to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and run with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land. I held my hold

till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

2. SALVAGE

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief, for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board we had been all safe, that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the fore-castle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold,

but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and eat it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had indeed need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare top-mast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft; and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare top-mast

into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains ; but hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea ; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, viz. bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters, and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor no room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away ; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them, and my stockings. However, this put me upon

rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use ; for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as first tools to work with on shore ; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms ; there were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols ; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them ; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water ; those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder ; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements. (1) A smooth, calm sea. (2) The tide rising and setting in to the shore. (3) What little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive

a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was; there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broke my heart; for knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost by setting my back against the chests to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might, stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore

of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near, as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in; but here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land but where one end of my float, if it run on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her on upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground; one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited, or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and an horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of

that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, viz. that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its colour and beak resembling it, but had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day; and what to do with myself at night, I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricado'd

myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging; as for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider, that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft, but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a chequered shirt and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft, and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and

another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bag full of small-shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehensions during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her; but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more, so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought

everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun ; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without ; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy ; for the night before I had slept little, and had laboured very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship, as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man ; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day at low water I went on board, and brought away something or other ; but, particularly, the third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, the barrel of wet gunpowder ; in a word, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could ; for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still was, that at last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my

meddling with ; I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three large runlets of rum or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour ; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoilt by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sails, which I cut out ; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage. And now, having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables ; and cutting the great cable into pieces, such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the ironwork I could get ; and having cut down the spritsail-yard, and the mizzen-yard, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me ; for this raft was so unwieldy, and so overladen, that after I was entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore ; but as to my cargo, it was great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labour ; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

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I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship; in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually as that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another, I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. 'O drug!' said I aloud, 'what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving.' However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to

reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, viz. that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away if I had had more time.

3. A FOOTPRINT

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every

part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off of it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What

marks was there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where 'twas ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz. that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

4. FRIDAY

I was surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on

my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomfited. However, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective-glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim

was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; but I could not depend, by any means, upon my dream for the rest of it, viz. that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them; so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness.

When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no further, and soon after went softly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed, that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately run down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetches my two guns, for they were both but at the foot of the ladders, as I observed above, and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced apace

towards him ; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me ; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still, than to come on. I halloed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little further, and stopped again ; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of ; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgement for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet ; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself ; so I pointed to him, and showing him the savage, that he was not dead ; upon this

he spoke some words to me ; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear ; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid ; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side ; so I did. He no sooner had it but he runs to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head as cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better ; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, aye, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most, was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off ; so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him ; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one

side, then on t'other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island; so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, viz. that he came into my grove for shelter.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice-straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature laid down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well-shaped, and, as I reckon,

about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory. After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me;

and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again, and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away; which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or of their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

But I was not content with this discovery; but having now more courage, and consequently

more curiosity, I takes my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bow and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously, making him carry one gun for me, and I two for myself, and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been ; for I had a mind now to get some fuller intelligence of them. When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me, at the horror of the spectacle. Indeed, it was a dreadful sight, at least it was so to me, though Friday made nothing of it. The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed with their blood, great pieces of flesh left here and there, half-eaten, mangled, and scorched ; and, in short, all the tokens of the triumphant feast they had been making there, after a victory over their enemies. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet, and abundance of other parts of the bodies ; and Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon ; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth ; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, whose subjects it seems he had been one of, and that they had taken a great number of prisoners ; all which were carried to several places by those that had taken them in the fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these wretches upon those they brought hither.

I caused Friday to gather all the skulls, bones, flesh, and whatever remained, and lay them together on a heap, and make a great fire upon it, and burn them all to ashes. I found Friday had

still a hankering stomach after some of the flesh, and was still a cannibal in his nature ; but I discovered so much abhorrence at the very thoughts of it, and at the least appearance of it, that he durst not discover it ; for I had, by some means, let him know that I would kill him if he offered it.

When we had done this we came back to our castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday ; and, first of all, I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest I mentioned, and which I found in the wreck ; and which, with a little alteration, fitted him very well. Then I made him a jerkin of goat's-skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I was now grown a tolerable good tailor ; and I gave him a cap, which I had made of a hareskin, very convenient and fashionable enough ; and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true he went awkwardly in these things at first ; wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders, and the inside of his arms ; but a little easing them where he complained they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well.

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him. And that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last and in the outside of the first ; and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in

the passage, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me; for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid cross with smaller sticks instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was strong, like reeds; and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down, and made a great noise; and as to weapons, I took them all into my side every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.—
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667-1745

OF CLOTHES

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus :

' Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you ; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them ; one is, that with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live : the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well ; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats ; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.'

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order : that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation ; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception ; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. . . . Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffee-house ; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town : but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign: whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, Hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium*. . . . The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green?

or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious Journeyman Nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? as to his body, there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more: is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-houses? 'Tis true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style

them a judge ; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it ; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul ; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing ; that the latter was *ex traduce* ; but the former of daily-creation and circumfusion ; this last they proved by scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being ; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue ; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner ; embroidery was sheer wit ; gold fringe was agreeable conversation ; gold lace was repartee ; a huge long periwig was humour ; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery ; all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors, this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems

either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events, which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from, their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up; straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?

Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse, the door-keeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, I am first sculler. If they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we sell no ale. If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with, Pray send up your message. In this unhappy case, they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? what temper should they find? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. 'Tis true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture, we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine the will; but their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, Brothers, there is yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out, *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy

to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a κ was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty ! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that κ was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. *Calendæ* hath in *q. v. c.*¹ been sometimes written with a κ , but erroneously ; for, in the best copies, it has ever been spelt with a *c*. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a κ ; but that from henceforward, he would take care it should be written with a *c*. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished ; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *iure paterno* : and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline ; for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace : whoever durst peep abroad without his compliment of gold lace, was ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair ? They had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots : upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-

¹ *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus ; i.e.* some ancient manuscripts.

two species exists - two kinds of wills.

is though the willer will also not sanction the use of gold lace. OF CLOTHES but what 309 about the small wiers. There may be a sanction there.

knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant. It did aliquo modo essentiali adhaerere, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis Dialectica*, and especially that wonderful piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself, like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. [Brothers, said he, you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera, nuncupatory* and *scriptory*; that to the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur*: but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—! that is very true, cries the other; I remember it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: An please your worships, said he, my Lord C— and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pin cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten a'clock. Upon this,

they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father's in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; and, being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal, says he that was the scholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously: I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe, and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; *Item*, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of

Interpreted as the display in Roman Catholics

silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which, in the will, is called fringe, does also signify a broomstick: and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a broomstick: but it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children. Here they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in

a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgot which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver: upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra*, that points were absolutely *iure paterno*, as they might very well remember. 'Tis true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical,

and therefore on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour from a certain lord, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.—*Tale of a Tub.*

LORD PETER: OF HIS PROJECTS, INVENTIONS,
AND DISCOVERIES, AND HOW HE TREATED
HIS BROTHERS

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch, that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr. PETER*;

and then he must be styled *Father PETER*; and sometimes, *My Lord PETER*. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord Peter's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers, for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern Missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of Earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter, was, to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This

tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth, from the discoverers themselves (though some pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights : as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other ; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object. . . . These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office, for the public good, and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic ; as midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons : in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected, might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears ; which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's

was, an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows,—and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle. For, having remarked how your common pickle, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder *pimperimpimp*, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he

should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. (Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture.) The bulls of Colchos are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils; which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and I have not met together in the

Refers to the leaden scales of Pope.

description of any other monster, beside that in Horace :

Varias inducere plumas ;
 and
 Atrum definit in piscem.

For these had fishes' tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance ; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it), an *appetitus sensibilis*, deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold ; but then, *pulveris exigui iactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars ; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day, usually call sprites and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bulldogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's

projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form.

'TO all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

man's man,

Emperor PETER.'

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepts*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future

! mystery!

sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world ; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number ; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at, if, by this time, Lord Peter was become exceeding rich : but, alas ! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot ; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever since been called salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs

at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time ; where his first *boutade* was, to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too ; and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door ; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. Beef, said the sage magistrate, is the king of meat ; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard. When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf : Bread, says he, dear brothers, is the staff of life ; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard ; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm ; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread. Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. Come, brothers, said Peter, fall to, and spare not ; here is excellent good mutton ; or hold, now my hand is in, I'll help you. At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two,

not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. My lord, said he, I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake. What, says Peter, you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart. How, said Peter appearing in great surprise, I do not comprehend this at all.—Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright, My lord, said he, my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship hath promised us to dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if *you* there do not like your piece, I will carve you another, though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder. What then, my lord, replied the first, it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while? Pray, sir, says Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present. But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: By G—, my lord, said he, I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread. Upon which the second put in his word: I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, gentlemen, cries Peter in a rage, to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant,

wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. Why, truly, said the first, upon more mature consideration—Aye, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason. Very well, said Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both, with all my heart. The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. That you shall, said Peter; I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in

all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old signpost, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men-of-war. Talking one day of Chinese wagons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, Z—ds, said Peter, where's the wonder of that? by G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues. And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word: by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth: and the D—l broil them eternally, that will not believe me.

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the

neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill-usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives. While all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what

was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.—*Tale of a Tub.*

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA

WE had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east; after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep loaden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men, but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back, and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries, in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This

inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence, in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said we should not die. I made the captain a very low bow, and then turning to the Dutchman, said, I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen, than in a brother Christian. But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words; for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea (which they would not yield to after the promise made me, that I should not die), however, prevailed so far as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse in all human appearance than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions, which last the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates, I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and of longitude 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket-glass several islands to the

south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky; however, I got many birds' eggs, and striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry seaweed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strowing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in, which was a small creek about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers. I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry seaweed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could. (For I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass.) I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and seaweed which I intended for

fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be. Yet I found myself so listless and desponding that I had not the heart to rise, and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks; the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscured, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes, but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket-perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping, but what those people were doing, I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motions of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might some way or

other help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment, to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise or sink, or put it into a progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophize upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet soon after it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it, encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood.

I then put myself into the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

At my alighting I was surrounded by a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined either to the right or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars, interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in

Europe. I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a short stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles (as I was afterwards informed). With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning; it seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*) in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresseth himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and in the streets, of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me, to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs, to

the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the King seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His Majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page, with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he started like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his Majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The King, as far as I could

conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found that I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by the King's order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the King's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton, cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks, trussed up into the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language; and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities, if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the King's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me

the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them. I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also in one of his books the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many figures of planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words with their interpretations in alphabetical order. And thus in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word, which I interpret the *Flying* or *Floating Island*, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap* in the old obsolete language signifieth *high*, and *untuh*, a *governor*, from which they say by corruption was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that *Laputa* was *quasi lap outed*; *láp* signifying properly the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing, which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the King had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take my measure for

a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then with a rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper, and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary ; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the King spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His Majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning about eleven o'clock, the King himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise ; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said that the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled.

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his Majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose several packthreads were let down with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly like the scraps of paper fastened by schoolboys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the King's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his Majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevil, without one right angle in any apartment, and this defect ariseth from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic, those instructions they give being too refined for the intellectuals of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule,

the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgements in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle hath as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe. But I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in matters where we

have least concern, and for which we are least adapted either by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will conceive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron; and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes. That the sun daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending

dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover, in delighting to hear terrible stories of sprites and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity: they condemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security, for the husband is always so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence

from the King ; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found by frequent experience how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children, is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island, went down to Lagado, on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the King sent a warrant to search for her, and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and hath not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the King's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His Majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been, but confined

his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.—*Gulliver's Travels.*

THE GRAND ACADEMY OF LAGADO

THIS Academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the Warden, and went for many days to the Academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more he should be able to supply the Governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been 'a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. . . .

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gun-

powder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken: this artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector, who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung. It is true, upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed farther that by employing spiders the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved, whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings by the wind. . . .

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the Academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them *the universal artist*. He told us he had been thirty years

employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the Academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by

his contrivance the most ignorant person at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty foot square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them, and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour, and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio already collected,

of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth, that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgement to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for *things*, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their ancestors; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations a man may carry

implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.—*Gulliver's Travels.*

A VOYAGE TO GLUBDUBDRIB

GLUBDUBDRIB, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the Island of *Sorcerers* or *Magicians*. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is Prince or Governor. He hath a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty foot high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The Governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he hath a power of calling whom he pleaseth from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me, went to the Governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his Highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came

to the chamber of presence, where after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools near the lowest step of his Highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of his island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger, at which to my great astonishment they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream, when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the Governor assured me that I should receive no hurt; and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his Highness a short history of my several adventures, yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the Governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his Highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the Governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the Governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon

grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his Highness the Governor ordered me to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.

I made my humble acknowledgements to his Highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great, at the head of his army just after the battle of Arbela; which upon a motion of the Governor's finger immediately appeared in a large field under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour that he was not poisoned, but died of a fever by excessive drinking.

Next I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.

I saw Caesar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one

large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a latter age in counterview in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other a knot of pedlars, pickpockets, highway-men, and bullies.

The Governor at my request gave the sign for Caesar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other, and Caesar freely confessed to me that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal by many degrees to the glory of taking it away. I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself were perpetually together: a sextumvirate to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed my eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.—*Gulliver's Travels.*

A VOYAGE TO TRALDRAGDUBH OR TRIL-
DROGDRIE

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his Highness the Governor of Glubbudrieb, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On April 21, 1709, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a seaport town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots that I was a stranger and a great traveller, whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which by the force of much commerce is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen, and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise

my country, and call myself an Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the Flying Island (of which he had often heard), and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, from whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country. The officer said I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight. I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the King's charge. I was visited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man who came in the same ship to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The dispatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to Traldragdubh or Trildrogdrib, for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and at my

humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the King notice of my approach, and to desire that his Majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to *lick the dust before his footstool*. This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl on my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strowed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy, because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his Majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of. When the King hath a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands to have the floor strowed with a certain brown powder, of a deadly composition, which being licked up infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he hath of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would

imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution; which if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect a young lord of great hopes coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the King at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times on the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before, *Ickpling gloffthrobb squutserumm blihop mlashnalt zwinn tnodbalkguffh alhiophad gurdhubb asht*. This is the compliment established by the laws of the land for all persons admitted to the King's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: *May your Celestial Majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half*. To this the King returned some answer, which although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Fluft drin yalerick dwuldrom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies, *My tongue is in the mouth of my friend*, and by this expression was meant that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man

already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his Majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The King was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *Bliffmarklub*, or High Chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country out of perfect obedience to his Majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.—*Gulliver's Travels*.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670-1729

MIRABELL AND MRS. MILLAMANT

Mirabell. I would beg a little private audience too—You had the tyranny to deny me last night ; though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

Mrs. Millamant. You saw I was engaged.

Mirabell. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools ; things who visit you from their excessive idleness ; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society ? It is impossible they should admire you,

they are not capable : or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification ; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mrs. Millamant. I please myself—besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mirabell. Your health ! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools ?

Mrs. Millamant. Yes, the vapours ; fools are physic for it, next to *assa-fœtida*.

Mirabell. You are not in a course of fools ?

Mrs. Millamant. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me—I think I must resolve after all, not to have you—we shan't agree.

Mirabell. Not in our physic, it may be.

Mrs. Millamant. And yet our distemper in all likelihood will be the same ; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed ; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell—I'm resolved—I think—You may go—ha, ha, ha. What would you give, that you could help loving me ?

Mirabell. I would give something that you did not know, I could not help it.

Mrs. Millamant. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me ?

Mirabell. I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

Mrs. Millamant. Sententious Mirabell ! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Mirabell. You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mrs. Millamant. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a lovesick face. Ha, ha, ha—Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish—Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me woo me now—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;—I see they are walking away.—*The Way of the World.*

MRS. MILLAMANT'S CONDITIONS

Mirabell. Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

Mrs. Millamant. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be followed to the last moment, though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay and afterwards.

Mirabell. What, after the last?

Mrs. Millamant. O, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mirabell. But do not you know, that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both

the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure ?

Mrs. Millamant. It may be in things of common application ; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah ! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mirabell. Would you have 'em both before marriage ? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other 'till after grace ?

Mrs. Millamant. Ah, don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee ? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu ? Ay-h, adieu—my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, *ye douceurs, ye sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively, *Mirabell*, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

Mirabell. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mrs. Millamant. Ah ! Idle creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married ; positively I won't be called names.

Mirabell. Names !

Mrs. Millamant. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fidler and

Sir Francis: nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mirabell. Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Millamant. Trifles,—as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.—
The Way of the World.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE

1670-1733

THE NEWGATE AND TYBURN RABBLE ON
EXECUTION DAY

WHEN the day of execution is come, among extraordinary sinners and persons condemned for their crimes, who have but that morning to live, one would expect a deep sense of sorrow, with all the signs of a thorough contrition, and the utmost concern; that either silence or a sober sadness should prevail; and that all, who had any business there, should be grave and serious, and behave themselves, at least, with common decency and a deportment suitable to the occasion. But the very reverse is true. The horrid aspects of turnkeys and gaolers, in discontent and hurry; the sharp and dreadful looks of rogues, that beg in irons, but would rob you with greater satisfaction, if they could; the bellowsings of half a dozen names at a time, that are perpetually made in the inquiries after one another; the variety of strong voices, that are heard, of howling in one place, scolding and quarrelling in another, and loud laughter in a third; the substantial breakfasts that are made in the midst of all this; the seas of beer that are swilled; the never-ceasing outcries for more; and the bawling answers of the tapsters as continual; the quantity and variety of more intoxicating liquors, that are swallowed in every part of Newgate; the impudence and unseasonable jests of those who administer them; their black hands and nastiness

all over ; all these, joined together, are astonishing and terrible, without mentioning the oaths and imprecations, that from every corner are echoed about, for trifles ; or the little light and general squalor of the gaol itself, accompanied with the melancholy noise of fetters, differently sounding according to their weight. But what is most shocking to a thinking man, is the behaviour of the condemned, whom (for the greatest part) you'll find, either drinking madly, or uttering the vilest ribaldry, and jeering others, that are less impenitent ; whilst the ordinary bustles among them, and, shifting from one to another, distributes scraps of good counsel to unattentive hearers ; and near him the hangman, impatient to be gone, swears at their delays, and, as fast as he can, does his part, in preparing them for their journey.

At last, out they set ; and with them a torrent of mob bursts through the gate. Amongst the lower rank and working people, the idlest, and such as are most fond of making holidays, with prentices and journeymen to the meanest trades, are the most honourable part of these floating multitudes. All the rest are worse. The days being known beforehand, they are a summons to all thieves and pickpockets of both sexes to meet. Great mobs are a safeguard to one another, which makes these days Jubilees, on which old offenders, and all who dare not show their heads on any other, venture out of their holes ; and they resemble free marts, where there is an amnesty for all outlaws. All the way from Newgate to Tyburn is one continued fair, for whores and rogues of the meaner sort. Here the most abandoned rakehells may light on women as

shameless: here trollops, all in rags, may pick up sweethearts of the same politeness: and there are none so lewd, so vile, or so indigent, of either sex, but at the time and place aforesaid, they may find a paramour. Where the crowd is the least, which, among the itinerants, is nowhere very thin, the mob is the rudest; and here, jostling one another, and kicking dirt about, are the most innocent pastimes. Now you see a man without provocation push his companion in the kennel: and two minutes after, the sufferer trip up the other's heels, and the first aggressor lies rolling in the more solid mire: and he is the prettiest fellow among them, who is the least shocked at nastiness, and the most boisterous in his sports. No modern rabble can long subsist without their darling cordial, the grand preservative of sloth, Geneva, that infallible antidote against care and frugal reflection; which, being repeated, removes all pain of sober thought, and in a little time cures the tormenting sense of the most pressing necessities. The traders, who vent it among the mob on these occasions, are commonly the worst of both sexes, but most of them weather-beaten fellows, that have mis-spent their youth. Here stands an old sloven, in a wig actually putrified, squeezed up in a corner, and recommends a dram of it to the goers-by: there another, in rags, with several bottles in a basket, stirs about with it, where the throng is the thinnest, and tears his throat with crying his commodity; and further off you may see the head of a third, who has ventured in the middle of the current, and minds his business, as he is fluctuating in the irregular stream: whilst, higher up, an old decrepit woman

sits dreaming with it on a bulk ; and over against her, in a soldier's coat, her termagant daughter sells the sot's-comfort with great dispatch.—*Causes of the frequent Executions at Tyburn.*

SIR RICHARD STEELE

1672-1729

A RAMBLE FROM RICHMOND TO LONDON

Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi Laboris.—*TER. Heaut.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation : nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond ; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom

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I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms,

and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenchs and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of Blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence

where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue; and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long Acre towards St. James's; while he whipped up James Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St. Martin's Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport Street and Long Acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end: and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from

shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately: for at the corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extremely poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came

into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go upstairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you'. I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people,

who had dined with me at the fivepenny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates ; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, ' Past two o'clock '. This roused me from my seat ; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss, of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes ; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences ; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend ; will make every object a pleasing one ; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself.—*The Spectator*.

THE MOHOCK CLUB

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE materials you have collected towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect information of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock Club, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled "Emperor of the Mohocks"; and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraved upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others out and

carbonadoed.¹ To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'état*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers; by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women on their heads. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

'I must own, Sir, these are only broken, incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late established, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an observer of their actions; and whenever

¹ Slashed across for broiling on the coals.

such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless, scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not courage for half a score of fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers¹ of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth Speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour, was to be hanged.

‘I am, Sir,

‘Your most humble Servant,

‘PHILANTHROPOS.

‘March 10, 1712.’

The Spectator.

ON STORY TELLING

TOM LIZARD told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother

¹ Another class of scoundrels similar to the Mohocks.

Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his Inns-of-Court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough'. I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave, it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack'; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect

without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end ; but this is by no means a general rule ; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticized upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it ; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once ; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation : I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common,

are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates

of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common-field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; inasmuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode on him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath by this benefit enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of

telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' saith the son, 'let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but, father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that: but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, Sir Harry?' replies my lady. 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain everything but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift everything with the utmost

nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgement.—*The Guardian*.

THE STORY OF CLARINDA AND CHLOE

THAT which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence. It gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he, who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before; and all who are without any one of these qualities are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who taking me by the hand, said, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that article wherein

you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart, which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the play-house by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was;

burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms ; and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down ; and, grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, ' How happy am I', says he, ' in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it ! ' ' My dear, dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, ' this is not a time for art ; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved ; and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda ! After a short pause, ' Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, ' we are both mistaken ' ; and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, ' Cruel Philander ! why did you not leave me in the theatre ? ' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed ;

and, amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke: the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and, in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there must be a hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward? As for my part, I am so old-fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old;

Quae gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

That is, in other words, 'The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth make up their happiness in Elysium.'—*The Tatler*.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE AND UNNION

THE nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news, such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world ; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler, any farther than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if anything that is said, even of old Anchises or Aeneas, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which I know to be true : it is not only doing justice to the deceased merit of such persons as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her majesty's subjects. Take it as follows :

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel ; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance ; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole

months thus, one injuring, the other complaining ; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell ; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, ' Ah, Valentine ! can you leave me here ? ' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head : his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, ' Ah, Valentine ! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died ? I will not live after thee.' He was not, by any means, to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force ; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

It may be a question among men of noble sentiments, whether of these unfortunate persons had the greater soul ; he that was so generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not survive the man that died, in laying upon him such an obligation ?

When we see spirits like these in a people, to what heights may we not suppose their glory may rise ? but (as it is excellently observed by Sallust)

it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genius that lead them. On which occasion, he proceeds to say, that the Roman greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior policy, for in that the Carthaginians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the French were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he says, to introduce the characters of Caesar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a discourse for this place, if I attempted to show, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But, I believe, the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleasing reflection, to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious man, who, in the space of forty years, has passed through all the gradations of human life, until he has ascended to the character of a prince, and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat on one of the greatest thrones of Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfall had made one step into the world. But such elevations are the natural consequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. These arts, as they were the steps to his greatness, so they are the pillars of it now it is raised. To this, her glorious son, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, in whom she can boast, that she has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.—*The Teller.*

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

UNDER the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against

his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment, his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief, by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst, were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual

feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for the human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them: but at that time his spirits and life were so high, and he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable: for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was

himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was enured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him, that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island

came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example, that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or to use his own expression, 'I am now worth £800, but shall never be so happy, as when I was not worth a farthing.'—*The Englishman.*

ON SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S SERVANTS

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from

the parts of the house through which their master is passing ; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way ; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together ; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants ; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so readily back according to order : whether he passed by such a ground ; if the old man who rents it is in good health ; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family : his orders are received as favours rather than duties ; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever

been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of goodwill, in bestowing only trifles on his servants: a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and, for that reason, goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served

himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country ; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant ; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One night, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them ; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children ; and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure

I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything farther. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.—*The Spectator*.

ON THE PERVERSE WIDOW AND SIR ROGER'S DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love.

It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, 'It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.'

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

'I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy

of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the

county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion; occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasure of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

‘However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new

liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a dis-

course which, I verily believe, was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and on my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of her's turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other: and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said!—After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker; then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to

some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition ; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her ; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature ! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men.'—*The Spectator*.

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672-1719

SIR ROGER AND APPARITIONS

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms ; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rocks and crows that rest upon the tops of them, seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted ; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for

that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head ; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes, that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half-covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention ; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the association of ideas, has very curious remarks, to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind,

he produces the following instance. *The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.*

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I daresay the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a good deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noise had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or a daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open,

and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable. He was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion,

are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.—*The Spectator*.

SIR ROGER AND WITCHCRAFT

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound the most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when

I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world, as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions ; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is and has been such a thing as witchcraft ; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway.

In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red ;
Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands seem'd wither'd ;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold :
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any

mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. Nay (says Sir Roger) I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning.

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at

the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a pariah, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the meantime, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commences and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.—

The Spectator.

SIR ROGER'S LOVE-AFFAIR

I REMEMBER my friend Sir Roger, who I dare say never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding day she should have carried ~~in~~ her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and would have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, yet there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of *pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*.
—*The Spectator*.

SIR ROGER AND THE GIPSIES

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovering of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the *Justice of the peace* upon such

a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on those occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. 'If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge,' says Sir Roger, 'they are sure to have it; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them: if a man prosecutes them with severity, his henroost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would they

should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three of them that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was elder and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life; upon which the knight cried, 'Go, go, you are an idle baggage'; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried, 'Pish', and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought; the knight still repeated that she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. 'Ah master,' says the gipsy, 'that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you han't that simper about the mouth for nothing.' The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that

he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things ; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjuror, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket was picked ; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries in Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. 'As the Trekschuyt, or the hackney boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in ; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of these strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined

towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill of languages.' Here the printed story leaves off, but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations; nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.—*The Spectator*.

SIR ROGER GOES TO VAUXHALL GARDENS

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me, that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him: being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would

not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.

My old friend, after having seated himself and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger: 'There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect: but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the

same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, *That if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.*

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under the shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music

of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, 'She was a wanton baggage,' and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the *quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales, and fewer improper persons.—*The Spectator*.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamed a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming

into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after looking upon me a little while,

'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.'

Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday.

'Thursday?' says she, 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.'

I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation, and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself with some confusion as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow.

'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?'

'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.'

The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity, when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditional superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found by the lady's looks that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for us, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from

real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest ; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merrythought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers ; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room : but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was near her confinement, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches ; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in

the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endued with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything than can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to

my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.—*The Spectator.*

ON GRINNING

UPON the taking of Namur, amidst other public rejoicings made on that occasion, there was a gold ring given by a Whig justice of the peace to be grinned for. The first competitor that entered the lists, was a black swarthy Frenchman, who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like Milton's Death,

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face, that he showed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain, lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a further trial, they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted the table was a malcontent in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the justice, being apprised by one who stood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold

ring, and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refusing he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not, however, omit a ploughman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn-jaws, wrung his face into such an hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists that he had practised with verjuice for some days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, fell at length upon a cobbler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance; at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a bass-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously: but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country-wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins and the

applauses which he received on all sides that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobbler having made use of it as his wedding-ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the 'human face divine', and turning that part of us which has so great an image impressed upon it into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.—*The Spectator*.

ON THE CARE OF HEALTH

THE following letter will explain itself and needs no apology.

Sir,

'I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering

hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthysical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying out of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh anything as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

‘Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundredweight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual

employ^{ed} to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred-weight and half a pound; and if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half-pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

'I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep within a few grains, more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundredweight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my

body in its proper poise, so it is, that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige,

'Your humble Servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph written on the monument of a Valetudinarian; *Stavo ben; ma, per star meglio, sto qui*; which it is impossible to translate. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflexion made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, it is impossible we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that

I think it is one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to not only by common sense but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and, instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine, among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neigh-

bours: upon which (says the fable) ^{and} desired Jupiter to take the weather again in ^{his} his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.—*The Spectator*.

ON TRUE AND FALSE HUMOUR

Risù inepto res ineptior nulla est.—MART.

AMONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excell. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of absurd, inconsistent Idea's, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lye under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges it self in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other, and a certain Regularity of Thought that must

discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice? For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The Deceas'd Mr. *Shadwell*, who had him self a great deal of the Talent, which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour; and I question not but several *English* Readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd Chymical Titles, are rather the Offsprings of a Dislempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwile than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this Illustrious Family, and descended from Parents of such different Dispositions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave Looks and a solemn Habit,

sometimes airy in his Behaviour and satellick in his Dress: Infomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as secular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Constitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But since there are several Impostors abroad, who take upon them the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Persons may not be imposed upon by Counterfeits, I would desire my Readers, when they meet with any of these Pretenders, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE? if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his Company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, whilst every Body laughs that is about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every Body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he wou'd pass for the Offspring of Wit without MIRTH, or MIRTH without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends Originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called FRENZY, who Married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall

set down, with the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD.

NONSENSE.

FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.

FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.

GOOD SENSE.

WIT.—MIRTH.

HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, inasmuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but small Talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of Reason, he

pursues no Point either of Morality or Instruction, but is Ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having anything but Mock-Representations, his Ridicule is always Personal, and aimed at the Vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of False Humourists, but as one of my principal Designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which discovers it self in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such Compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only Exception which I shall make to the General Rule I have prescribed my self, of *attacking Multitudes*. Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a Natural State of War with the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way, this is but retaliating upon them and treating them as they treat others.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of March, are to be sold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate, Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.

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C.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

1678-1751

A KING AND HIS MINISTERS

HE must begin to govern as soon as he begins to reign. For the very first steps he makes in government will give the first impression, and as it were the presage of his reign; and may be of great importance in many other respects besides that of opinion and reputation. His first care will be, no doubt, to purge his court, and to call into the administration such men as he can assure himself will serve on the same principles on which he intends to govern.

As to the first point; if the precedent reign has been bad, we know how he will find the court composed. The men in power will be some of those adventurers, busy and bold, who thrust and crowd themselves early into the intrigue of party and the management of affairs of state, often without true ability, always without true ambition, or even the appearances of virtue: who mean nothing more than what is called making a fortune, the acquisi-

tion of wealth to satisfy avarice, and of titles and ribbons to satisfy vanity. Such as these are sure to be employed by a weak, or a wicked King: they impose on the first, and are chosen by the last. Nor is it marvellous that they are so, since every other want is supplied in them by the want of good principles and a good conscience; and since these defects become ministerial perfections in a reign when measures are pursued and designs carried on that every honest man will disapprove. All the prostitutes who set themselves to sale, all the locusts who devour the land, with crowds of spies, parasites, and sycophants, will surround the throne under the patronage of such ministers; and whole swarms of little, noisome, nameless insects will hum and buzz in every corner of the court. Such ministers will be cast off, and such abettors of a ministry will be chased away together, and at once, by a Patriot King.

Some of them perhaps will be abandoned by him; not to party-fury, but to national justice; not to sate private resentments, and to serve particular interests, but to make satisfaction for wrongs done to their country, and to stand as examples of terror to future administrations. Clemency makes, no doubt, an amiable part of the character I attempt to draw; but clemency, to be a virtue, must have its bounds, like other virtues: and surely these bounds are extended enough by a maxim I have read somewhere, that frailties and even vices may be passed over, but not enormous crimes; '*multa donanda ingeniis puto, sed donanda vitia, non portenta.*'

Among the bad company, with which such a court will abound, may be reckoned a sort of men

too low to be much regarded, and too high to be quite neglected. The lumber of every administration, the furniture of every court. These gilt carved things are seldom answerable for more than the men on a chess-board, who are moved about at will, and on whom the conduct of the game is not to be charged. Some of these every prince must have about him. The pageantry of a court requires that he should: and this pageantry, like many other despicable things, ought not to be laid aside. But as much sameness as there may appear in the characters of this sort of men there is one distinction that will be made, whenever a good prince succeeds to the throne after an iniquitous administration: the distinction I mean is, between those who have affected to dip themselves deeply in precedent iniquities, and those who have had the virtue to keep aloof from them, or the good luck not to be called to any share in them. And thus much for the first point, that of purging his court.

As to the second, that of calling to his administration such men as he can assure himself will serve on the same principles on which he intends to govern, there is no need to enlarge much upon it. A good prince will no more choose ill men, than a wise prince will choose fools. Deception in one case is indeed more easy than in the other; because a knave may be an artful hypocrite, whereas a silly fellow can never impose himself for a man of sense. And least of all, in a country like ours, can either of these deceptions happen, if any degree of the discernment of spirits be employed to choose. The reason is, because every man here, who stands forward enough in rank and reputation to be called to the councils of his king, must have given proofs

beforehand of his patriotism, as well as of his capacity, if he has either, sufficient to determine his general character.

There is, however, one distinction ~~may~~ be made as to the capacity of ministers, on which I will insist a little : because I think it very important at all times, particularly so at this time ; and because it escapes observation most commonly. The distinction I mean is that between a cunning man and a wise man : and this distinction is built on a manifest difference in nature, how imperceptible soever it may become to weak eyes, or to eyes that look at their object through the false medium of custom and habit. My Lord Bacon says, that cunning is left-handed or crooked wisdom. I would rather say, that it is a part, but the lowest part, of wisdom ; employed alone by some, because they have not the other parts to employ ; and by some, because it is as much as they want, within those bounds of action which they prescribe to themselves and sufficient to the ends that they propose. The difference seems to consist in degree, and application, rather than in kind. Wisdom is neither left-handed, nor crooked : but the heads of some men contain little, and the hearts of others employ it wrong. To use my Lord Bacon's own comparison, the cunning man knows how to pack the cards, the wise man how to play the game better : but it would be of no use to the first to pack the cards, if his knowledge stopped here, and he had no skill in the game ; nor to the second to play the game better, if he did not know how to pack the cards, that he might unpack them by new shuffling. Inferior wisdom or cunning may get the better of folly : but superior wisdom will get the better of

cunning. Wisdom and cunning have often the same object, but a wise man will have more and greater in view. The least will not fill his soul, nor ever be the principal there; but will be pursued in subserviency, in subordination at least, to the other. Wisdom and cunning may employ sometimes the same means too: but the wise man stoops to these means, and the other cannot rise above them. Simulation and dissimulation, for instance, are the chief arts of cunning: the first will be esteemed always by a wise man unworthy of him and will be therefore avoided by him, in every possible case; for, to resume my Lord Bacon's comparison, simulation is put on that we may look into the cards of another, whereas dissimulation intends nothing more than to hide our own. Simulation is a stiletto, not only an offensive, but an unlawful weapon; and the use of it may be rarely, very rarely, excused, but never justified. Dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armour: and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in the administration of public affairs without some degree of dissimulation, than it is to succeed in it without secrecy. Those two arts of cunning are like the alloy mingled with pure ore. A little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed, the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well

enough the purpose of those who are in themselves no farther. The cunning man is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any farther than his personal interests, and the support of his administration, require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time, by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see farther, because government has a farther concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgement he makes, on an entire not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.—*The Idea of a Patriot King.*

GEORGE BERKELEY

1684-1753

ON MATTER

BUT let us examine a little the received opinion.—It is said extension is a mode or accident of Matter, and that Matter is the *substratum* that supports it. Now I desire that you would explain what is meant by Matter's *supporting* extension. Say you, I have no idea of Matter and therefore cannot explain it. I answer, though you have no positive, yet, if you have any meaning at all, you must at least have a relative idea of Matter; though you know not what it is, yet you must be supposed to know what relation it bears to accidents and what is meant by its supporting them. It is evident 'support' cannot here be taken in its usual or literal sense—as when we say that pillars support a building; in what sense therefore must it be taken?

If we inquire into what the most accurate philosophers declare themselves to mean by *material substance*, we shall find them acknowledge they have no other meaning annexed to those sounds but the idea of *being in general*, together with the relative notion of *its supporting accidents*. The general idea of Being appeareth to me the most abstract and incomprehensible of all other; and as for its supporting accidents, this, as we have just now observed, cannot be understood in the common sense of those words; it must therefore be taken in some other sense, but what that is they do not explain. So that when I consider the two parts or branches which make the signification of

the words *material substance*, I am convinced there is no distinct meaning annexed to them. But why should we trouble ourselves any farther in discussing this *material substratum* or 'support' of figure, and motion, and other sensible qualities? Does it not suppose they have an existence without the mind? And is not this a direct repugnancy, and altogether inconceivable?

But though it were possible that solid, figured, moveable *substances* may exist without the mind, corresponding to the ideas we have of bodies, yet how is it possible for us to know this? Either we must know it by Sense or by Reason.—As for our senses, by them we have the knowledge only of our sensations, ideas, or those things that are immediately perceived by sense, call them what you will: but they do not inform us that things exist without the mind, or unperceived, like to those which are perceived. This the Materialists themselves acknowledge.—It remains therefore that if we have any knowledge at all of external things, it must be by Reason inferring their existence from what is immediately perceived by sense. But what reason can induce us to believe the existence of bodies without the mind, from what we perceive, since the very patrons of Matter themselves do not pretend there is any necessary connexion betwixt them and our ideas? I say it is granted on all hands—and what happens in dreams, frenzies, and the like, puts it beyond dispute—that it is possible we might be affected with all the ideas we have now, though no bodies existed without, resembling them. Hence, it is evident the supposition of external bodies is not necessary for the producing our ideas; since it is granted they are produced

sometimes, though it might possibly be produced always in the same order we see them in at present, without any concurrence.

But, though we might possibly have all our sensations without them, yet perhaps it may be thought easier to conceive and explain the manner of their production, by supposing external bodies in their likeness rather than otherwise; and so it might be at least probable there are such things as bodies that excite their ideas in our minds. But neither can this be said; for, though we give the materialists their external bodies, they by their own confession are never the nearer knowing how our ideas are produced; since they own themselves unable to comprehend in what manner body can act upon spirit, or how it is possible it should imprint any idea in the mind. Hence it is evident the production of ideas or sensations in our minds can be no reason why we should suppose Matter or corporeal substances, since that is acknowledged to remain equally inexplicable with or without this supposition. If, therefore, it were possible for bodies to exist without the mind, yet to hold they do so must needs be a very precarious opinion; since it is to suppose, without any reason at all, that God has created innumerable beings that are entirely useless, and serve to no manner of purpose.

In short, if there were external bodies, it is impossible we should ever come to know it; and if there were not, we might have the very same reasons to think there were that we have now. Suppose—what no one can deny possible—an intelligence without the help of external bodies, to be affected with the same train of sensations or

ideas that you are, imprinted in the senses, and with like vividness in his mind. I ask whether that intelligence hath not all the reason to believe the existence of corporeal substances, represented by his ideas, and exciting them in his mind, that you can possibly have for believing the same thing? Of this there can be no question; which one consideration is enough to make any reasonable person suspect the strength of whatever arguments he may think himself to have, for the existence of bodies without the mind.—*Principles of Human Knowledge.*

WILLIAM LAW

1686-1761

JULIA, THE NOVEL READER

JULIA has buried her husband, and married her daughters; since that she spends her time in reading. She is always reading foolish and unedifying books. She tells you, every time she sees you, that she is almost at the end of the silliest book that ever she read in her life; that the best of it is, it is very long, and serves to dispose of a good deal of her time. She tells you that all romances are sad stuff, yet is very impatient till she can get all that she can hear of. Histories of intrigue and scandal are the books that Julia thinks are always too short. If Julia was to drink drams in private, and had no enjoyment of herself without them, she would not tell you this, because she knows it would be plainly telling you that she was a poor disordered sot. See here therefore the weakness of Julia; she

would not be thought to be a reprobate, yet she lets you know that she lives upon folly, and scandal, and impurity, in her closet; that she cannot be in privacy without them; that they are the only support of her dull hours, and yet she does not perceive that this is as plainly telling you that she is in a miserable, disordered, reprobate state of mind.—*Christian Perfection.*

CLEMENS, FERVIDUS, AND EUGENIA, AND THEIR IMAGINARY PIETY

CLEMENS has his head full of imaginary piety. He is often proposing to himself what he would do if he had a great estate. He would outdo all charitable men that are gone before him; he would retire from the world; he would have no equipage; he would allow himself only necessaries, that widows and orphans, the sick and distressed, might find relief out of his estate. He tells you that all other ways of spending an estate is folly and madness.

Now Clemens has at present a moderate estate which he spends upon himself in the same vanities and indulgences as other people do; he might live upon one-third of his fortune, and make the rest the support of the poor, but he does nothing of all this that is in his power, but pleases himself with what he would do, if his power was greater. Come to thy senses, Clemens, do not talk what thou wouldst do, if thou wast an angel, but consider what thou canst do as thou art a man. Make the best use of thy present state; do now as thou thinkest thou wouldst do with a great estate;

be sparing, deny thyself, abstain from vanities, that the poor may be better maintained, and then thou art as charitable as thou canst, ^{or} ~~of~~ thy estate. Remember the poor widow's mite.

Fervidus is a regular man, and exact in the duties of religion, but then the greatness of his zeal to be doing things that he cannot makes him overlook those little ways of doing good, which are every day in his power. Fervidus is only sorry that he is not in holy orders, and that his life is not spent in a business the most desirable of all things in the world. He is often thinking what reformation he would make in the world, if he was a priest or a bishop; he would have devoted himself wholly to God and religion, and have had no other care but how to save souls. But do not believe yourself, Fervidus, for if you desired in earnest to be a clergyman, that you might devote yourself entirely to the salvation of others, why then are you not doing all you can in the state that you are now in? Would you take extraordinary care of a parish or a diocese? why then are you not as extraordinary in the care of your family? If you think the care of other people's salvation to be the happiest business in the world, why do you neglect the care of those who are fallen into your hands? Why do you show no concern for the souls of your servants? If they do their business for which you hired them, you never trouble your head about their Christianity. Nay, Fervidus, you are so far from labouring to make those that are about you truly devout and holy, that you almost put it out of their power to be so. You hire a coachman to carry you to church, and to sit in the street with your horses, whilst you are attending upon divine

service. I never ask him how he supplies the loss of his service, or what means he takes to preserve it, in a state of piety. You imagine that if you were a clergyman, you would be ready to lay down your life for your flock, yet you cannot lay aside a little state to promote the salvation of your servants. It is not desired of you, Fervidus, to die a martyr for your brethren; you are only required to go to church on foot, to spare some state and attendance, to bear sometimes with a little rain and dirt, rather than keep those souls which are as dear to God and Christ as yours is, from their full share in the common worship of Christians. Do but deny yourself such small matters as these, let us but see that you can take the least trouble, to make all your servants and dependants true servants of God, and then you shall be allowed to imagine what good you would have done, had you been devoted to the altar.

Eugenia is a good young woman, full of pious dispositions; she is intending, if ever she has a family, to be the best mistress of it that ever was; her house shall be a school of religion, and her children and servants shall be brought up in the strictest practice of piety; she will spend her time and live in a very different manner from the rest of the world. It may be so, Eugenia, the piety of your mind makes me think that you intend all this with sincerity. But you are not yet at the head of a family, and perhaps never may be. But, Eugenia, you have now one maid, and you do not know what religion she is of; she dresses you for the church, you ask her for what you want, and then leave her to have as little Christianity as she pleases. You turn her away, you hire another, she

comes, and goes no more instructor, confined in religion by living with you, than if you had lived with anybody else. And all this is to pass because your mind is taken up with other things, and you reserve yourself to make the whole family religious, if ever you come to be head of it. You need not stay, Eugenia, to be so extraordinary a person, the opportunity is now in your hands; you may now spend your time and live in as different a manner from the rest of the world, as ever you can in any other state. Your maid is your family at present; she is under your care; be now that religious governess that you intend to be; teach her the Catechism, hear her read, exhort her to pray, take her with you to church, persuade her to love the divine service as you love it, edify her with your conversation, fill her with your own notions of piety, and spare no pains to make her as holy and devout as yourself. When you do thus much good in your present state, then you are that extraordinary person that you intend to be, and till you thus live up to your present state, there is but little hopes that the altering of your state will alter your way of life.—*Christian Perfection.*

OCTAVIUS, HIS WINE AND HIS END

OCTAVIUS is a learned, ingenious man, well versed in most parts of literature, and no stranger to any kingdom in Europe. The other day, being just recovered from a lingering fever, he took upon him to talk thus to his friends:

My glass, says he, is almost run out; and your eyes see how many marks of age and death I bear about me: but I plainly feel myself sinking away

fasten on the by standers-by imagine. I fully believe in the year more will conclude my reckoning.

The attention of his friends was much raised by such a declaration, expecting to hear something truly excellent from so learned a man, who had but a year longer to live. When Octavius proceeded in this manner: For these reasons, says he, my friends, I have left off all taverns; the wine of those places is not good enough for me, in this decay of nature. I must now be nice in what I drink; I cannot pretend to do as I have done; and therefore am resolved to furnish my own cellar with a little of the very best, though it cost me ever so much.

I must also tell you, my friends, that age forces a man to be wise in many other respects, and makes us change many of our opinions and practices.

You know how much I have liked a large acquaintance; I now condemn it as an error. Three or four cheerful, diverting companions, is all that I now desire; because I find, that in my present infirmities, if I am left alone, or to grave company, I am not so easy to myself.

A few days after Octavius had made this declaration to his friends, he relapsed into his former illness, was committed to a nurse, who closed his eyes before his fresh parcel of wine came in.—*A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.*

MATILDA AND HER DAUGHTERS

MATILDA is a fine woman, of good breeding, great sense, and much religion. She has three daughters that are educated by herself. She will not trust them with any one else, or at any school, for fear

they should learn anything ill. She is the dancing-master all the time he is with her, because she will hear everything that is said to them. She has heard them read the Scriptures often, that they can repeat great part of it without a book : and there is scarce a good book of devotion, but you may find it in their closets.

Had Matilda lived in the first ages of Christianity, when it was practised in the fulness and plainness of its doctrines, she had in all probability been one of its greatest saints. But as she was born in corrupt times, where she wants examples of Christian perfection, and hardly ever saw a piety higher than her own ; so she has many defects, and communicates them all to her daughters.

Matilda never was meanly dressed in her life ; and nothing pleases her in dress, but that which is very rich and beautiful to the eye.

Her daughters see her great zeal for religion, but then they see an equal earnestness for all sorts of finery. They see she is not negligent of her devotion, but then they see her more careful to preserve her complexion, and to prevent those changes which time and age threaten her with.

They are afraid to meet her, if they have missed the church ; but then they are more afraid to see her, if they are not laced as strait as they can possibly be.

She often shows them her own picture, which was taken when their father fell in love with her. She tells them how distracted he was with passion at the first sight of her, and that she had never had so fine a complexion, but for the diligence of her good mother, who took exceeding care of it.

Matilda is so intent upon all the arts of improving

their dress, that she has some new fancy almost every day, and leaves no ornament untried, from the richest and to the poorest flower. She is so nice and exact in her judgement, so sensible of the smallest error, that the maid is often forced to dress and undress her daughters three or four times a day, before she can be satisfied with it.

As to the patching, she reserves that to herself, for, she says, if they are not stuck on with judgement, they are rather a prejudice than an advantage to the face.

The children see so plainly the temper of their mother, that they even affect to be more pleased with dress, and to be more fond of every little ornament than they really are, merely to gain her favour.

They saw their eldest sister once brought to her tears, and her perverseness severely reprimanded for presuming to say, that she thought it was better to cover the neck, than to go so far naked as the modern dress requires.

She stints them in their meals, and is very scrupulous of what they eat and drink, and tells them how many fine shapes she has seen spoiled in her time, for want of such care. If a pimple rises in their faces, she is in a great fright, and they themselves are as afraid to see her with it, as if they had committed some great sin.

Whenever they begin to look sanguine and healthful, she calls in the assistance of the doctor; and if physic, or issues, will keep the complexion from inclining to coarse or ruddy, she thinks them well employed.

By this means they are poor, pale, sickly, infirm creatures, vapoured through want of spirits, crying

at the smallest accidents, swooning at anything that frights them, and hardly bear the weight of their best clothes.

The eldest daughter lived as long as she could under this discipline, and died in her twentieth year of her age.

When her body was opened it appeared that her ribs had grown into her liver, and that her other entrails were much hurt by being crushed together with her stays, which her mother had ordered to be twitched so strait, that it often brought tears into her eyes whilst the maid was dressing her.

Her youngest daughter is run away with a gamester, a man of great beauty, who in dressing and dancing has no superior.

Matilda says, she should die with grief at this accident, but that her conscience tells her, she has contributed nothing to it herself. She appeals to their closets, to their books of devotion, to testify what care she has taken to establish her children in a life of solid piety and devotion.—*A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.*

ALEXANDER POPE

1688-1744

SHAKESPEARE

It is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest

and must be subject for criticism, and to afford the most conspicuous, as well as most conspicuous instances of beauties and faults of all sorts. But it far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded through Ægyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of Nature; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His characters are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets

have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image. A picture like a mock-rainbow is but the representation of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The power over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised, the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the great, than of the ridiculous in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the

cooines. At selection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His sentiments are not only in general the most elegant and judicious upon every subject; he has a talent very peculiar, something between inspiration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philosopher and even the man of the world, may be born, as well as the poet.

It must be owned that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry of all other is more particularly levelled to please the populace, and its success more immediately depending upon the common suffrage. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespeare having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to

procure a subsistence, directed his taste, and savours solely to hit the taste and humour of the audience that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore before the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only but almost all the old Comedies have their scene among tradesmen and mechanics: and even their Historical Plays strictly follow the common old stories or vulgar traditions of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to surprise and cause admiration, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to please, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our author's wit buoys up, and is born above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a Romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue. And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced

to prefix to the first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors the grex, chorus, &c. to remove the prejudice, and inform the judgment of his hearers. In our authors had no thoughts of writing after the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only Histories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the people; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the Ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his Prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact

time when every piece was composed, whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cause (and no less than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a player, and forming himself upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the History of *Henry the 6th*, which was first published under the Title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the 5th*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from

no better ground. This too might be thought a praise; and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfestations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c., if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.—*From the Preface to The Works of Shakespeare, 1725.*

LOVERS KILLED BY LIGHTNING

1718.

MADAM,—I have been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that it was to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first.

having now some hopes of seeing you : if you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily give you for not acquainting me soon enough. I have met you there. I am very certain I cannot be polite unless I travel with you : and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company. You have no way of making me amends but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your Sonnets, your Remarks, your Oriental Learning ; but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence, (that is, truth,) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body ; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident it is the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget whom I am talking to ; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the Prophet, that you have none ; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul ; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it ;—I mean your heart ;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts ; which

(together, with the fine eyes and other agreeable
equivalents) worth all the souls on this side
the world; and if I must be content with seeing
your body, God send it to come quickly :
I honour it more than the diamond casket that
held Homer's Iliads ; for in the very twinkle of
one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very
dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning,
than all the souls that ever were casually put into
women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an
accident that happened just under my eyes, and
has made a great impression upon me. I have just
passed part of this summer at an old romantic
seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.
It overlooks a common field, where, under the
shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as
ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading
beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will)
was John Hewet ; of the other, Sarah Drew.
John was a well-set man about five and twenty,
Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for
several months borne the labour of the day in the
same field with Sarah ; when she milked, it was his
morning and evening charge to bring the cows to
her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the
scandal, of the whole neighbourhood ; for all they
aimed at was the blameless possession of each other
in marriage. It was but this very morning that he
had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but
till the next week that they were to wait to be
happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of
their work, they were talking of their wedding
clothes ; and John was now matching several kinds
of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion,

to make her a present of knots for While they were thus employed (it was the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to ^{for} shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, ^{driven} and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair,—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful Fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

That by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
 No faithful could expire;
 Virtue alone Heav'n saw well pleas'd
 And sh'd them in celestial fire.
 Live and fear no sudden fate:
 Where God calls Virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
 Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument, unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one cannot but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman* and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of *Odaliche*. Dear Madam, I am for ever

Your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. J. . . . Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half of your letters are lost.
—*Letters.*

DESCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT ENGLISH COUNTRY SEAT

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that—in a poetical fit—you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient pent-house. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tall windows of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes and a matchlock musket or two, which they were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames with ushers, servers, and seneschals; and yet it was but 'tother night that an owl flew in hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors. These are carefully set at the further corner; for

the windows being everywhere built, make it so convenient a place to dry poppers and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and the other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large quantity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these had not quitted it we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are

now to remove to another: they have scarcely a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had seen half what I have described, but for an old, tarched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogs-heads of strong beer; then, stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'This', says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of: he has two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer, they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to show us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone-steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family reported that they saw a lady in a fardingle through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description

was, a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall; nay, perhaps, some part of it before time takes your hands. Indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant; and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof.—*Letters.*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

1689–1761

THE DEATH OF CLARISSA

Mr. Belford to Robert Lovelace, Esq.

Thursday night.

I MAY as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in a basin, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears, although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, 'O Mr. Belford,' cried she, with folded hands, 'The dear lady'—A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swoln with weeping (though used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my

approach pronounced my name, 'Mr. Belford,' said she, with a faint inward smile, but very distinct nevertheless—'Now how! [in broken periods she spoke]—I bless him for his mercies to his poor creature—will all be over—A few—a very few moments—will end this strife—And I shall be happy!'

'Comfort here, sir,'—turning her head to the Colonel—'comfort my cousin—See!—the blameable kindness—He would not wish me to be happy—so soon!'

Here she stopped, for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him. Then resuming, 'My dearest cousin,' said she, 'be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may seem to labour—But that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God, I have had time for that—The rest is worse to beholders, than to me!—I am all blessed hope—Hope itself!'

She *looked* what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, 'Once more, my dear cousin,' said she, but still in broken accents, 'commend me most dutifully to my father and mother'—There she stopped. And then proceeding, 'To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles, and tell them I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—Even for their displeasure, I bless them—Most happy has been to me my punishment *here*!—Happy indeed!'

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, 'O death!' said she, '*where is thy sting!*' (The words I remember to have heard

in the service read over my uncle and poor Belton. After a pause, '*It is good for me that I was so*—all! Words of Scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow. 'O dear, dear gentlemen,' said she, 'you know not what *fortresses*, what *assurances*—' And there she again stopped and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me, 'Do you, sir, tell your friend that I forgive him! and I pray to God to forgive him!' Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes as if praying that He would. 'Let him know how happily I die:—And that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour.'

She was again silent for a few moments; and then resuming, 'My sight fails me! Your voices only——' (for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own); and the voice of grief is alike in all. 'Is not this Mr. Morden's hand?' pressing one of his with that he had just let go. 'Which is Mr. Belford's?' holding out the other. I gave her mine. 'God Almighty bless you both,' said she, 'and make you both—in your last hour—for you *must* come to this—happy as I am.'

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and after a few minutes, 'And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—Nearer—still nearer'—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips. 'God protect you, dear, dear sir—And once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy Norton—She will be one day, I fear not, though

now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in *her*—Tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments! *Pray* God to give them happiness *here* for many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and a heavenly crown *hereafter*; and such assurances of it as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.'

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—'And you, Mr. Belford,' pressing my hand, 'may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors.—You see, in me, how All ends—May *you* be——' . . . And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present, not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly. 'Bless—bless—bless—you All—And—now—And now'—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time)—'Come—O come—Blessed Lord—Jesus!'

And with these words, the last but half-pro-

O Love, my Love!—But I can write no more!—
Clarissa Harlowe.

Trent, December 18, N.S.

I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it; signifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my Chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two Chevaliers came exactly at their time. They were attended by Monsieur Margate (the Colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given

orders over-night, and now repeated in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them : and that each of us should look upon him as to any needful help or retreat, as the want of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind I ever beheld in men, stripped to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgement several passes. My Chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side. But, before my Chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder, and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the Colonel said, 'Sir, I believe you have enough.'

My Chevalier swore by G—d, he was not hurt : 'twas a pin's point, and so made another pass at his antagonist ; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear Chevalier into the body, who immediately fell, saying, 'The luck is yours, sir,—O my beloved Clarissa ! Now art thou——' Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French, 'Ah ! Monsieur, you are a dead man !—Call to God for mercy !'

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen, and they to the surgeons ; who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to

the blood; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, & his own wound bled much. But my dear Chevalier fainted away two or three times, and lost blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my Chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The Colonel, against the surgeon's advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons, desiring me to make a present to the footman; and to accept of the remainder as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him, that my Chevalier could not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace said, 'You have well revenged the dear creature.'

'I have, sir,' said Mr. Morden: 'and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel.'

'There is a fate in it!' replied my Chevalier—'A cursed fate!—Or this could not have been!—But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour.'

'Sir,' said the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand), 'snatch

these few fleeting moments, and comfort yourself to God.'

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with the chevalier ; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh ; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage ; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up ; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair ; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night : but suffered much, as well from his impatience and disappointment, as from his wounds ; for he seemed very unwilling to die.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours ; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, 'Take her away ! take her away !' but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that *Clarissa*, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound), calling her Sweet Excellence ! Divine Creature ! Fair Sufferer !—And once he said, 'Look down, blessed spirit, look down !'—And there stopped ;—his lips, however, moving.

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure ; which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

'*Blessed,*' said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven, for his dying eyes were lifted up.—A strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more—But recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands)

pronounced the word '*Blessed*': Then, in a seeming ejacula-
 tion, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood. At last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

And then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired; at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: a nation with reason respected in every Austrian Government—for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the Sacraments in the Catholic way. May his soul be happy, I pray God!

I have had some trouble also on account of the manner of his death, from the Magistracy here; who have taken the requisite informations in the affair. And it has cost some money. Of which, and of the dear Chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next.—*Clarissa Harlowe*.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

1690 ?-1762

HER VISIT TO CERTAIN EASTERN LADIES.

To the Countess of [Mar.]

Adrianople, April 18, o.s. [1717].

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another oppor-

tunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to writing, though perhaps my pen may lie upon my hands this two months. I confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognita*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpreters. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me that she was no longer of an age to spend

either with labour or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment in praying to God. There was no affectation in her speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous in this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I do not think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks, which the first week pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of it and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom. I am very much inclined to believe an Indian, that had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is

a high mark of respect; two she kneeling
censed my hair, clothes, and handkerchiefs. After
 this ceremony, she commanded her women to play
 and dance, which they did with guitars in
 their hands; and she excused to their want
 of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish
 them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my
 leave. I was conducted back in the same manner
 I entered, and would have gone straight to my
 own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly
 solicited me to visit the *kuyâya's* lady, saying, he
 was the second officer in the empire, and ought
 indeed to be looked upon as the first, the Grand
 Vizier having only the name, while he exercised
 the authority. I had found so little diversion
 in this *harem*, that I had no mind to go into
 another. But her importunity prevailed with
 me, and I am extremely glad that I was so
 complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air
 than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house
 confessed the difference between an old devotee
 and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and
 magnificent. I was met at the door by two black
 eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery
 between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with
 their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their
 feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded
 with silver. I was sorry that decency did not
 permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But
 that thought was lost upon my entrance into
 a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with
 gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown
 up, and the trees planted near them gave an agree-

able to see the light which hindered the sun from being trouble. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twined round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased the white marble fountain playing sweet water into the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *küyâ's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima* (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black,

with all the soft languishment of the every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I was favoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly regular, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *castán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in

rapture, ^{that} they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine ^{that} they should not be allowed to do so. I rather ^{think} it a virtue to be able to admire without ^a mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have ^{been} spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise certain ideas. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of something not to be spoken of. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets,

and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrow-bone, and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoupes* of silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *guzél sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreter. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure.—*Letters.*

JOSEPH BUTLER

1692-1752

UPON HUMAN NATURE

THE inquiries which have been made by men of leisure, after some general rule, the conformity to, or disagreement from which, should denominate our actions good or evil, are in many respects of great service. Yet let any plain honest man, before he engages in any course of action, ask himself, Is this I am going about right, or is it wrong? Is it good, or is it evil? I do not in the least doubt, but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue, by almost any fair man in almost any circumstance.

Neither do there appear any cases which look like exceptions to this; but those of superstition, and of partiality to ourselves. Superstition may perhaps be somewhat of an exception: but partiality to ourselves is not; this being itself dishonesty. For a man to judge that to be the equitable, the moderate, the right part for him to act, which he would see to be hard, unjust, oppressive in another; this is plain vice, and can proceed only from great unfairness of mind.

But allowing that mankind hath the rule of right within himself, yet it may be asked, 'What obligations are we under to attend to and follow it?' I answer: it has been proved that man by his nature is a law to himself, without the particular distinct consideration of the positive sanctions of that law; the rewards and punishments which we feel, and those which from the light of reason we have ground to believe are

annexed to it. The question then carries its own answer along with it. Your obligation to obey this law, is its being the law of your nature. That your conscience approves of and attests to such a course of action, is itself alone an obligation. Conscience does not only offer itself to show us the way we should walk in, but it likewise carries its own authority with it, that it is our natural guide; the guide assigned us by the Author of our nature: it therefore belongs to our condition of being, it is our duty to walk in that path, and follow this guide, without looking about to see whether we may not possibly forsake them with impunity.

However, let us hear what is to be said against obeying this law of our nature. And the sum is no more than this: 'Why should we be concerned about anything out of and beyond ourselves? If we do find within ourselves regards to others, and restraints of we know not how many different kinds; yet these being embarrassments, and hindering us from going the nearest way to our own good, why should we not endeavour to suppress and get over them?'

Thus people go on with words, which, when applied to human nature, and the condition in which it is placed in this world, have really no meaning. For does not all this kind of talk go upon supposition, that our happiness in this world consists in somewhat quite distinct from regards to others; and that it is the privilege of vice to be without restraint or confinement? Whereas, on the contrary, the enjoyments, in a manner all the common enjoyments of life, even the pleasures of vice, depend upon these regards of one kind or another to our fellow-creatures. Throw off all

regard to others, and we should be quite indifferent to injury and to honour; there could be no such thing at all as ambition; and scarce any such thing as covetousness; for we should likewise be equally indifferent to the disgrace of poverty, the several neglects and kinds of contempt which accompany this state; and to the reputation of riches, the regard and respect they usually procure. Neither is restraint by any means peculiar to one course of life: but our very nature, exclusive of conscience and our condition, lays us under an absolute necessity of it. We cannot gain any end whatever without being confined to the proper means, which is often the most painful and uneasy confinement. And in numberless instances a present appetite cannot be gratified without such apparent and immediate ruin and misery, that the most dissolute man in the world chooses to forgo the pleasure, rather than endure the pain.

Is the meaning then, to indulge those regards to our fellow-creatures, and submit to those restraints, which upon the whole are attended with more satisfaction than uneasiness, and get over only those which bring more uneasiness and inconvenience than satisfaction? 'Doubtless this was our meaning.' You have changed sides then. Keep to this; be consistent with yourselves; and you and the men of virtue are *in general* perfectly agreed.

But let us take care and avoid mistakes. Let it not be taken for granted that the temper of envy, rage, resentment, yields greater delight than meekness, forgiveness, compassion, and goodwill: especially when it is acknowledged that rage, envy, resentment, are in themselves mere misery; and the satisfaction arising from the indulgence

of them is little more than relief from the misery ; whereas the temper of compassion and benevolence is itself delightful ; and the indulgence of it, by doing good, affords new positive delight and enjoyment. Let it not be taken for granted, that the satisfaction arising from the reputation of riches and power, however obtained, and from the respect paid to them, is greater than the satisfaction arising from the reputation of justice, honesty, charity, and the esteem which is universally acknowledged to be their due. And if it be doubtful which of these satisfactions is the greatest, as there are persons who think neither of them very considerable, yet there can be no doubt concerning ambition and covetousness, virtue and a good mind, considered in themselves, and as leading to different courses of life ; there can, I say, be no doubt, which temper and which course is attended with most peace and tranquillity of mind, which with most perplexity, vexation, and inconvenience. And both the virtues and vices which have been now mentioned, do in a manner equally imply in them regards of one kind or another to our fellow-creatures.

And with respect to restraint and confinement : whoever will consider the restraints from fear and shame, the dissimulation, mean arts of concealment, servile compliances, one or other of which belong to almost every course of vice, will soon be convinced that the man of virtue is by no means upon a disadvantage in this respect. How many instances are there in which men feel and own and cry aloud under the chains of vice with which they are enthralled, and which yet they will not shake off ? How many instances, in which

persons manifestly go through more pains and self-denial to gratify a vicious passion, than would have been necessary to the conquest of it? To this is to be added, that when virtue is become habitual, when the temper of it is acquired, what was before confinement ceases to be so, by becoming choice and delight. Whatever restraint and guard upon ourselves may be needful to unlearn any unnatural distortion or odd gesture; yet, in all propriety of speech, natural behaviour must be the most easy and unrestrained. It is manifest that, in the common course of life, there is seldom any inconsistency between our duty and what is *called* interest: it is much seldomer that there is an inconsistency between duty and what is really our present interest; meaning by interest, happiness and satisfaction.

Self-love then, though confined to the interest of the present world, does in general perfectly coincide with virtue; and leads us to one and the same course of life. But, whatever exceptions there are to this, which are much fewer than they are commonly thought, all shall be set right at the final distribution of things. It is a manifest absurdity to suppose evil prevailing finally over good, under the conduct and administration of a perfect Mind.

The whole argument, which I have been now insisting upon, may be thus summed up, and given you in one view. The nature of man is adapted to some course of action or other. Upon comparing some actions with this nature, they appear suitable and correspondent to it: from comparison of other actions with the same nature, there arises to our view some unsuitableness or disproportion.

The correspondence of actions to the nature of the agent renders them natural: their disproportion to it, unnatural. That an action is correspondent to the nature of the agent, does not arise from its being agreeable to the principle which happens to be the strongest: for it may be so, and yet be quite disproportionate to the nature of the agent. The correspondence therefore, or disproportion, arises from somewhat else. This can be nothing but a difference in nature and kind, altogether distinct from strength, between the inward principles. Some then are in nature and kind superior to others. And the correspondence arises from the action being conformable to the higher principle; and the unsuitableness from its being contrary to it. Reasonable self-love and conscience are the chief or superior principles in the nature of man: because an action may be suitable to this nature, though all other principles be violated; but becomes unsuitable, if either of those are. Conscience and self-love, if we understand our true happiness, always lead us the same way. Duty and interest are perfectly coincident; for the most part in this world, but entirely and in every instance if we take in the future, and the whole; this being implied in the notion of a good and perfect administration of things. Thus they who have been so wise in their generation as to regard only their own supposed interest, at the expense and to the injury of others, shall at last find, that he who has given up all the advantages of the present world, rather than violate his conscience and the relations of life, has infinitely better provided for himself, and secured his own interest and happiness.—*Sermons.*

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

1694-1773

THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD, EARL OF SCARBOROUGH

IN drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biassed my judgement, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and when he was cheerful, the most engaging countenance imaginable; and when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address of a man of quality, politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but, if I may be allowed the expression, he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action.

He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expenses he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniencies.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of Secretary of State; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention; a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable, patriot; a sincere lover and a zealous asserter of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of

his country. But he would not quarrel with the Crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative ; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty ; nor with any one, for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nihil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*, I sincerely think, I had almost said I know, one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion ; and as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation, nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says ;

When I confess, there is one who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'rough name ?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit ; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought

of him as they did. For surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies, for I protest I never knew one, they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good nature and good manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.—*Miscellanies.*

AFFECTATION

Most people complain of fortune, few of nature ; and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of such and such, is the common expostulation with fortune : but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of such and such others, is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

The truth is, that nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit, natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially, if I may use that pedantic word, many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Caesars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility ; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even ; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of nature, how few listen to her voice ! how few follow her as a guide ! In vain she points

out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion, assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones; for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, 'that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not'. Affectation is the only source, and, at the same time, the only justifiable object, of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry; which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it. Even some people's vices are not their own, but affected and adopted, though at the same time unenjoyed, in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of what he called a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy

of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the libertine *destroyed*. A discreet friend of his who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the libertine *destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the libertine, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that for my own part I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that our people should have no vices but *their own*.

The blockhead who affects wisdom, because nature has given him dullness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon everything, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all. . . .

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape

or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De La Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusively of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of WISDOM was neither regretted nor remembered; FOLLY supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.—*Miscellanies*.

JOHN WESLEY

1703-1791

A TRAVELLING ADVENTURE

Wed. [Dec.] 23 [1736]. Mr. Delamotte and I, with a guide, set out to walk to the Cowpen. When we had walked two or three hours our guide told us plainly, 'he did not know where we were'. However, believing it could not be far off, we thought it best to go on. In an hour or two we came to a cypress swamp, which lay directly across our way; there was not time to walk back to Savannah before night; so we walked through it,

the water being about breast high. By that time we had gone a mile beyond it, we were out of all path; and it being now past sunset, we sat down, intending to make a fire and to stay there till morning, but finding our tinder wet, we were at a stand. I advised to walk on still; but my companions, being faint and weary, were for lying down, which we accordingly did about six o'clock; the ground was as wet as our clothes, which (it being a sharp frost) were soon froze together; however, I slept till six in the morning. There fell a heavy dew in the night which covered us over as white as snow. Within an hour after sunrise, we came to a plantation, and in the evening, without any hurt, to Savannah.

Tues. 23. We set out by land with a better guide for Frederica. On Wednesday evening we came to Fort Argyle on the back of the river Ogeechee. The next afternoon we crossed Coconoochy river in a small canoe, our horses swimming by the side of it. We made a fire on the bank, and notwithstanding the rain, slept quietly till the morning.—*Journal.*

MACHIAVELLI

Jan. [1737]. In my passage home having procured a celebrated book, the Works of Nicholas Machiavel, I set myself carefully to read and consider it. I began with a prejudice in his favour; having been informed he had often been misunderstood and greatly misrepresented. I weighed the sentiments that were less common; transcribed the passages wherein they were contained; compared one passage with another, and endeavoured

to form a cool, impartial judgement. And my cool judgement is, that if all the other doctrines of devils which have been committed to writing since letters were in the world, were collected together in one volume, it would fall short of this; and that should a Prince form himself by this book, so calmly recommending hypocrisy, treachery, lying, robbery, oppression, adultery, whoredom, and murder of all kinds, Domitian or Nero would be an angel of light compared to that man.—*Journal*.

PREACHING TO A CONGREGATION OF THIRTY THOUSAND

Sun. 23 [Aug. 1773]. In St. Agnes Church, a town, at eight; about one, at Redruth; and at five, in the Amphitheatre at Gwenap. The people both filled it, and covered the ground round about to a considerable distance. So that, supposing the space to be fourscore yards square, and to contain five persons in a square yard, there must be above two and thirty thousand people; the largest assembly I ever preached to. Yet I found, upon inquiry, all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation! Perhaps the first time that a man of seventy had been heard by thirty thousand persons at once!—*Journal*.

PREACHING ON SLAVERY: REMARKABLE INCIDENT

Mon. 3 [Mar. 1788]. I went on to Bristol, and having two or three quiet days, finished my sermon upon Conscience.

On Tuesday I gave notice of my design to preach

on Thursday evening, upon what is now the general topic, Slavery. In consequence of this, on Thursday, the house, from end to end, was filled with high and low, rich and poor. I preached on that ancient prophecy, 'God shall enlarge Japhet. And He shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant.' About the middle of the discourse, while there was on every side attention as night, a vehement noise arose, none could tell why, and shot like lightning through the whole congregation. The terror and confusion were inexpressible. You might have imagined it was a city taken by storm. The people rushed upon each other with the utmost violence, the benches were broke in pieces; and nine-tenths of the congregation appeared to be struck with the same panic. In about six minutes the storm ceased, almost as suddenly as it rose. And all being calm, I went on without the least interruption.

It was the strangest incident of the kind I ever remember; and believe none can account for it, without supposing some preternatural influence. Satan fought lest his kingdom should be delivered up. We set Friday apart as a day of fasting and prayer, that God would remember those poor outcasts of men, and (what seems impossible with men, considering the wealth and power of their oppressors) make a way for them to escape, and break their chains in sunder.—*Journal.*

HENRY FIELDING

1707-1754

MOLLY SEAGRIM AT CHURCH. A BATTLE IN
THE HOMERIC STYLE

MOLLY was charmed with the first opportunity she ever had of showing her beauty to advantage ; for though she could very well bear to contemplate herself in the glass, even when dressed in rags ; and though she had in that dress conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of some others ; yet she thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conquests.

Molly, therefore, having dressed herself out in this sack, with a new laced cap, and some other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church with her fan in her hand the very next Sunday. The great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themselves. These noble qualities flourish as notably in a country church and churchyard as in the drawing room, or in the closet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the vestry, which would hardly disgrace the conclave. Here is a ministry, and here is an opposition. Here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to those which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here less practised in the highest feminine arts than their fair superiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes. Here are dressing and ogling, falsehood, envy, malice, scandal ; in short, every thing which is common to the most splendid assembly, or politest circle. Let those of high life, therefore, no longer

despise the ignorance of their inferiors; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had seated herself some time, before she was known by her neighbours. And then a whisper ran through the whole congregation, 'Who is she?' But when she was discovered, such sneering, giggling, tittering, and laughing, ensued among the women, that Mr. Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority to preserve any decency among them.

Mr. Western had an estate in this parish; and as his house stood at little greater distance from this church than from his own, he very often came to Divine Service here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be present at this time.

Sophia was much pleased with the beauty of the girl, whom she pitied for her simplicity, in having dressed herself in that manner, as she saw the envy which it had occasioned among her equals. She no sooner came home, than she sent for the game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; saying, she would provide for her in the family, and might possibly place the girl about her own person, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor Seagrim was thunderstruck at this; for he was no stranger to the fault in the shape of his daughter. He answered, in a stammering voice, 'That he was afraid Molly would be too awkward to wait on her ladyship, as she had never been at service.' 'No matter for that,' says Sophia; 'she will soon improve. I am pleased with the girl, and am resolved to try her.'

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whose prudent counsel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma ; but when he came thither, he found his house in some confusion. So great envy had this sack occasioned, that when Mr. Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burst into an uproar ; and, having vented itself at first in opprobrious words, laughs, hisses, and gestures, betook itself at last to certain missile weapons ; which though, from their plastic nature, they threatened neither the loss of life or of limb, were however sufficiently dreadful to a well-dressed lady. Molly had too much spirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—But hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a superior power to our assistance.

Ye Muses, then, whoever ye are, who love to sing battles, and principally thou, who whilom didst recount the slaughter in those fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy friend Butler, assist me on this great occasion. All things are not in the power of all.

As a vast herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a distance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow ; so roared forth the Somersetshire mob an hallaloo, made up of almost as many squalls, screams, and other different sounds, as there were persons, or indeed passions, among them : some were inspired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun ; but chiefly Envy, the sister of Satan, and his constant companion, rushed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women ;

who no sooner came up to Molly than they pelted her with dirt and rubbish.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handsome retreat, faced about ; and laying hold of ragged Bess, who advanced in the front of the enemy, she at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number) seeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave ; for the church-yard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly pursued her victory, and catching up a skull which lay on the side of the grave, discharged it with such fury, that having hit a tailor on the head, the two skulls sent equally forth a hollow sound at their meeting, and the tailor took presently measure of his length on the ground, where the skulls lay side by side, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either side, overthrew the carcass of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O Muse, the names of those who fell on this fatal day. First Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleasant banks of sweetly winding Stour had nourished, where he first learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs he cheered the rural nymphs and swains, when upon the green they interweaved the sprightly dance ; while he himself stood fiddling and jumping to his own music. How little now avails his fiddle ! He thumps the verdant floor with his carcass. Next old Echepole, the sowgelder, received a blow in his

forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a swinging fat fellow, and fell with almost as much noise as a house. His tobacco-box dropped at the same time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful spoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a tombstone, which catching hold of her ungartered stocking, inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the superiority to her head. Betty Pippin with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, oh perverse fate! she salutes the earth, and he the sky. Tom Freckle, the smith's son, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattens; nay, the very patten with which he was knocked down, was his own workmanship. Had he been at that time singing psalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miss Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddish, himself a farmer; Nan Slouch, Esther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Misses Potter, whose father keeps the sign of the Red Lion; Betty Chambermaid, Jack Ostler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the strenuous arm of Molly reached all these; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing she had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the same side, especially as it was the right side, hastily turned about: for now Goody Brown—whom Zekiel Brown caressed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the parish besides; so famous was she in the fields of Venus, nor indeed less in those of Mars. The trophies of both these, her husband always

bore about on his head and face ; for if ever human head did by its horns display the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did ; nor did his well-scratched face less denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the shameful flight of her party. She stopped short, and, calling aloud to all who fled, spoke as follows : ' Ye Somersetshire men, or rather ye Somersetshire women, are ye not ashamed, thus to fly from a single woman ? But if no other will oppose her, I myself and Joan Top here will have the honour of the victory.' Having thus said, she flew at Molly Seagrim, and easily wrenched the thigh bone from her hand, at the same time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly, with her left hand, she attacked her so furiously in the face with the right, that the blood soon began to trickle from her nose. Molly was not idle this while. She soon removed the clout from the head of Goody Brown, and then fastening on her hair with one hand, with the other she caused another bloody stream to issue forth from the nostrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had borne off sufficient spoils of hair from the head of her antagonist, the next rage was against the garments. In this attack they exerted so much violence, that in a very few minutes they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women, that the seat of fisticuff-war is not the same with them as among men ; but though they may seem a little to deviate from their sex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have observed they never so far forget, as to assail the bosoms of each other ; where a few

blows would be fatal to most of them. This I know, some derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the nose, as to the part whence blood may most easily be drawn; but this seems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured supposition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breasts, her bosom (if it may be so called), as well in colour as in many other properties exactly resembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a considerable while, without doing her any great damage.

Molly, beside her present unhappy condition, was differently formed in those parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this instant put an immediate end to the bloody scene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, Master Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horses, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind (not idly, but for a reason which we shall unfold as soon as we have leisure), desired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at first purposed. This motion being complied with, brought them of necessity back again to the church-yard.

Master Blifil, who rode first, seeing such a mob assembled, and two women in the posture in which we left the combatants, stopped his horse to inquire what was the matter. A country fellow, scratching his head, answered him: 'I don't know, measter, un't I; an't please your honour, here hath been

a vight, I think, between Goody Brown and Moll Seagrim.'

'Who, who?' cries Tom; but without waiting for an answer, having discovered the features of his Molly through all the discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his horse loose, and, leaping over the wall, ran to her. She now first bursting into tears, told him how barbarously she had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the sex of Goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it, in his rage; for, in reality, she had no feminine appearance, but a petticoat, which he might not observe, he gave her a lash or two with his horse-whip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accused by Molly, he dealt his blows so profusely on all sides, that unless I would again invoke the Muse (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweated), it would be impossible for me to recount the horsewhipping of that day.

Having scoured the whole coast of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don Quixote, or any knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition which must give both me and my reader pain, was it to be described here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breast, tore his hair, stamped on the ground, and vowed the utmost vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the servant to ride as fast as possible for a side-saddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her safe home.---*Tom Jones.*

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY

In the first row, then, of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder-treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something', said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the Ghost.' To which Partridge replied with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr.

Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing, for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.'

'Why, who', cried Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?'

'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Aye, aye; *go along with you!* Aye, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness! Whatever happens it is good enough for you. *Follow you?*—I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil,—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. *No farther!* No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him!' And during the whole speech of the Ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.'

‘Nay, sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘if you are not afraid of the devil, I can’t help it; but to be sure it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither, for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.’

‘And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘that he was really frightened?’

‘Nay, sir,’ said Partridge, ‘did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father’s spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case—But hush! O la! What noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are.’ Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, ‘Aye, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?’

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King’s countenance. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King’s face, that he had ever committed a murder?’ He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than ‘that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.’

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this ; and now, when the Ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, ' There, sir, now ; what say you now ? Is he frightened now, or no ? As much frightened as you think me ; and to be sure nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me ! What's become of the spirit ? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.'

' Indeed, you saw right,' answered Jones.

' Well, well,' cries Partridge, ' I know it is only a play ; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so : for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there—aye, no wonder you are in such a passion ; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Aye, go about your business ; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him ; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, ' If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched ; though he is', said he, ' a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away ; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.'

'No wonder then', cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Aye, aye, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch any thing belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the Ghost I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, which of the players he had liked best?

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The King, without doubt.'

'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.'

'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother,

where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'—*Tom Jones.*

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN PARSON ADAMS AND PARSON TRULLIBER

PARSON ADAMS came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stripped into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six days might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height, when he lay on his back

as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad ; to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak to him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake ; for she had told her husband, 'She believed there was a man come for some of his hogs.' This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams, than, not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, 'He was come in very good time ; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon ;' and added, 'they were all pure and fat, and upwards of 20 score apiece.' Adams answered, 'He believed he did not know him.' 'Yes, yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have seen you often at fair ; why we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you. Yes, yes,' cries he, 'I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a fitch of such bacon as is now in the sty.' Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hogs-sty, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there, than he cried out, 'Do but handle them ; step in, friend ; art welcome to handle them, whether thou dost buy or no.' At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the

pig-sty, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and, laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into laughter, and, entering the sty, said to Adams, with some contempt, 'Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, *Nihil habeo cum porcis*: 'I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, 'He was sorry for the mistake; but that he must blame his wife;' adding, 'she was a fool, and always committed blunders.' He then desired him to walk in and clean himself; that he would only fasten up the sty and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great-coat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face; but her husband bid her be quiet, like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, 'I fancy, sir, you

already perceive me to be a clergyman.' 'Ay, ay,' cries Trulliber, grinning, 'I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to caale it a whole one.' Adams answered, 'It was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile.' Mrs. Trulliber, returning with the drink, told her husband, 'She fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit.' Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and asked her, 'If parsons used to travel without horses?' adding, 'He supposed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on.' 'Yes, sir, yes,' says Adams, 'I have a horse, but I have left him behind me.' 'I am glad to hear you have one,' says Trulliber; 'for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly, nor suiting the dignity of the cloth.' Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown), not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table, and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, 'I don't know, friend, how you come to caale on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may.' Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together; Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber ate heartily, but scarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed, she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had

exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better; partly by her love for *this*; partly by her fear of *that*; partly by her religion; partly by the respect he paid himself; and partly by that which he received from the parish. She had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband, as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord, but) master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, 'I caal'd vurst,' swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which he said, 'No, sir, no; I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had caal'd vurst; but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house, when I caale vurst.'

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: 'I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure; we stopped at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure.' 'Though I am but a curate,' says Trulliber, 'I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or

perhaps the rector of the next parish too ; I believe I could buy them both.' 'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stripped of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which peradventure I shall return to you ; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords.'

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my Lord—or Sir—or Esq.—with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain, should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice, and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it ; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged, on the supposition of waiting. In short, suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose anything equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence ; sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife ; then

casting them on the ground, then lifting them to heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents : ' Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another. I thank God, if I am not so warm as some, I am content ; that is a blessing greater than riches ; and he to whom that is given, need ask no more. To be content with a little, is greater than to possess the world, which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure ! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the Scriptures ? there is the treasure of a Christian.' At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes ; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, ' Brother,' says he, ' heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you ! I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you ; and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit ; but my friends, I fancy, by this time wonder at my stay ; so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, ' Thou dost not intend to rob me ?' At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, ' O dear, sir ! for heaven's sake don't rob my master, we are but poor people.' ' Get up for a fool, as thou art, and go about thy business,' said Trulliber, ' dost think the man will venture his life ? he is a beggar, and no robber.' ' Very true, indeed,' answered Adams. ' I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man was here,' cries Trulliber, ' I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed ! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there (pointing to his wife) ; but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stripped

over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner.' 'I forgive your suspicions,' says Adams; 'but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress.' 'Dost preach to me?' replied Trulliber: 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?' 'Ifacks, a good story,' cries Mrs. Trulliber, 'to preach to my master.' 'Silence, woman,' cries Trulliber. 'I would have thee know, friend' (addressing himself to Adams), 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.' 'Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity,' cries the wife.—'Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's rate! hold thy nonsense,' answered Trulliber; and then turning to Adams, he told him, 'He would give him nothing.' 'I am sorry,' answered Adams, 'that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works.' 'Fellow,' cries Trulliber, 'dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors: I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the Scriptures.' 'Name not the Scriptures,' says Adams. 'How! not name the Scriptures! Do you disbelieve the Scriptures?' cries Trulliber. 'No; but you do,' answered Adams, 'if I may reason from your practice; for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more

express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever, therefore, is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian.' 'I would not advise thee,' says Trulliber, 'to say that I am no Christian; I won't take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself' (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had, in his youth, been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county). His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but show himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.—*Joseph Andrews*.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT

It is observable that Nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and, as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets, so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning, as it were, and crying—

—Venienti occurrere morbo.

Thus Astyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a

vine, whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our great man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for though she had never heard even the name of either of these gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priäpus* instead of *Priäpus*; and her husband swore that, though he might possibly have named Mercury to her (for he had heard of such a heathen god), he never in his life could have anywise put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for everything she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, everything closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be

perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in a house of an orbicular or round form in Covent Garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptised by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save that, as the letters *th* are the most difficult of pronounciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young Master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he, by a sugar-plum, be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to anything, which made many say he was certainly born to be a great man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with the deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed Wild was consulted, and, though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty, some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting Master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty,

he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school-learning that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and, acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations, perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences, which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world : but though Master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his schoolfellows, being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exertitions of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i.e. *A step towards Parnassus* ; on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i.e. *A step towards the gallows*.

But, though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to him ; nor was he in the least backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh *Iliad* where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a

mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of priggism.¹ He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives in the same book of the rich booty which he bore off (i.e. stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the end of every repetition he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said *it was a glorious booty*.

When the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Aeneid he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe: one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain said, *He could have taught him a better way*.

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late King of Sweden he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by Alexander; but*, added, *perhaps he did not want them*.

Happy had it been for him if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish, was, that he would sometimes, from a humility in his nature too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons. Thus the *Spanish Rogue* was

¹ This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

his favourite book, and the *Cheats of Scapin* his favourite play.

The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here, all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.—*Jonathan Wild*,

THE RESCUE OF A KITTEN

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way, a kitten, one of the four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water; an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the captain's extreme tenderness, than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for, if puss had had nine thousand, instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stripped himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment, in a few

minutes, returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader: the kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy, as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to show he could bear it like one; and having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two-thirds of their time.

But, as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it, without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain; but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind; a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.—*A Voyage to Lisbon.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709-1784

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

‘Οσσαν ἐπ’ Οὐλύμπῳ μέμασαν θέμεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ Ὀσσῳ
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἃν οὐρανὸς ἄμβανός εἴη.—HOM.

The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies :
Heav’d on *Olympus* tottering *Ossa* stood ;
On *Ossa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood.—POPE.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope ; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm’s thread ; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory

of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect: or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories, has been immemorably observed. The wisdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation: why else were the Muses stationed on Olympus or Parnassus by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain? or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras, ἀέμων πνεύματι τὴν ἡχὴν προσκύνει, 'when the wind blows, worship its echo'. This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly

obliterated in the age of Augustus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the Pythagorean precept.

*Quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantem—
Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
Securum somnos imbre iuvante sequi !*

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing show'rs !

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of Lucretius, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him.

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae.*

—'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd :
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.—DRYDEN.

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time ; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet ; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established.

Causa latet ; res est notissima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

ADDISON.

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious inquirer. Some

have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented ; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements ; and some, yet more visionary, tell us, that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret ; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the

production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dullness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favourable to his intellects,

according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth story, is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must acuate our languor by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding, till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue block-

heads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried ; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Arctæus was rational in no other place but his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the centre, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower, might compose tables of interest at a certain depth ; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate, in some lines of his *Georgic* : so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret ; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

HYPERTATUS.—*The Rambler.*

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

IN a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended the more difficult it is to find anything to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surcoat and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all

the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes, and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to show that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. 'I remember,' says he, 'it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house, as it might

be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the Duke, and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the Duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.'

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark 'the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor innkeepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.'

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper; and having perused it awhile with deep pensiveness, 'It is impossible,' says he, 'for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty

thousand pounds in order to a purchase : they have now risen unexpectedly ; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.'

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that ' he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks ; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation ; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country.'

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration ; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other : yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company ; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest ; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims ; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superci-

liousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is the clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event showed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.—*The Adventurer*.

DICK MINIM THE CRITIC

CRITICISM is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may, by mere labour, be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert

such judgement as he has upon the works of others ; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are passing through the world in obscurity, when I inform them how easily distinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty, they must be long courted, and at last are not always gained ; but Criticism is a goddess easy of access, and forward of advance, who will meet the slow, and encourage the timorous ; the want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit she recompenses with malignity.

This profession has one recommendation peculiar to itself, that it gives vent to malignity without real mischief. No genius was ever blasted by the breath of critics. The poison which, if confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty hisses, and malice is set at ease with very little danger to merit. The Critic is the only man whose triumph is without another's pain, and whose greatness does not rise upon another's ruin.

To a study at once so easy and so reputable, so malicious and so harmless, it cannot be necessary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation ; it is sufficient, since all would be critics if they could, to show by one eminent example that all can be critics if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common course of puerile studies, in which he was no great proficient, was put an apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large fortune in the stocks. Dick had for six months before used the company of the lower

players, of whom he had learned to scorn a trade, and, being now at liberty to follow his genius, he resolved to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented the coffee-houses near the theatres, where he listened very diligently, day after day, to those who talked of language and sentiments, and unities and catastrophes, till, by slow degrees, he began to think that he understood something of the stage, and hoped in time to talk himself.

But he did not trust so much to natural sagacity as wholly to neglect the help of books. When the theatres were shut, he retired to Richmond with a few select writers whose opinions he impressed upon his memory by unwearied diligence ; and, when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell, in very proper phrases, that the chief business of art is to copy nature ; that a perfect writer is not to be expected, because genius decays as judgement increases ; that the great art is the art of blotting ; and that, according to the rule of Horace, every piece should be kept nine years.

Of the great authors he now began to display the characters, laying down as a universal position, that all had beauties and defects. His opinion was, that Shakespeare, committing himself wholly to the impulse of nature, wanted that correctness which learning would have given him ; and that Jonson, trusting to learning, did not sufficiently cast his eye on nature. He blamed the stanzas of Spenser, and could not bear the hexameters of Sidney. Denham and Waller he held the first reformers of English numbers ; and thought that if Waller could have obtained the strength of Denham, or Denham the sweetness of Waller, there had been nothing want-

ing to complete a poet. He often expressed his commiseration of Dryden's poverty, and his indignation at the age which suffered him to write for bread; he repeated with rapture the first lines of *All for Love*, but wondered at the corruption of taste which could bear anything so unnatural as rhyming tragedies. In Otway he found uncommon powers of moving the passions, but was disgusted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conspirator his hero; and never concluded his disquisition, without remarking how happily the sound of the clock is made to alarm the audience. Southern would have been his favourite, but that he mixes comic with tragic scenes, intercepts the natural course of the passions, and fills the mind with a wild confusion of mirth and melancholy. The versification of Rowe he thought too melodious for the stage, and too little varied in different passions. He made it the great fault of Congreve, that all his persons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He considered *Cato* rather as a poem than a play, and allowed Addison to be the complete master of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critic. He thought the chief merit of Prior was in his easy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his *Solomon* had many noble sentiments elegantly expressed. In Swift he discovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an easiness which all would hope and few would attain. Pope he was inclined to degrade from a poet to a versifier, and thought his numbers rather luscious than sweet. He often lamented the neglect of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and wished to see the stage under better regulations.

These assertions passed commonly uncontradicted ; and if now and then an opponent started up, he was quickly repressed by the suffrages of the company, and Minim went away from every dispute with elation of heart and increase of confidence.

He now grew conscious of his abilities, and began to talk of the present state of dramatic poetry ; wondered what had become of the comic genius which supplied our ancestors with wit and pleasantry, and why no writer could be found that durst now venture beyond a farce. He saw no reason for thinking that the vein of humour was exhausted, since we live in a country where liberty suffers every character to spread itself to its utmost bulk, and which therefore produces more originals than all the rest of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded business to be the soul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern stage.

He was now an acknowledged critic, and had his own seat in a coffee-house, and headed a party in the pit. Minim has more vanity than ill-nature, and seldom desires to do much mischief ; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that sits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour, by clapping when an actor exclaims, ' Ye gods ! ' or laments the misery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearsals ; and many of his friends are of opinion, that our present poets are indebted to him for their happiest thoughts ; by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in *Barbarossa*, and by his persuasion the author of *Cleone* concluded his play without a couplet ; for what can be more absurd, said Minim, than that part of a play should be rhymed, and

part written in blank verse ? and by what acquisition of faculties is the speaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the conclusion of an act ?

He is the great investigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds 'the sound an echo to the sense'. He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of versification, and wonders at the supineness with which their works have been hitherto perused, so that no man has found the sound of a drum in this distich :

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;

and that the wonderful lines upon honour and a bubble have hitherto passed without notice :

Honour is like the glassy bubble,
Which cost philosophers such trouble ;
Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.

In these verses, says Minim, we have two striking accommodations of the sound to the sense. It is impossible to utter the first two lines emphatically without an act like that which they describe; *bubble* and *trouble* causing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of *blowing bubbles*. But the greatest excellence is in the third line, which is *crack'd* in the middle to express a crack, and then shivers into monosyllables. Yet has this diamond lain neglected with common stones, and among the innumerable admirers of Hudibras, the observation of this superlative passage has been reserved for the sagacity of Minim.—*The Idler*.

DICK MINIM AGAIN

Mr. MINIM had now advanced himself to the zenith of critical reputation ; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him : when he entered his coffee-house, he was surrounded by circles of candidates, who passed their novitiate of literature under his tuition : his opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide ; and no composition was supposed to pass in safety to posterity, till it had been secured by Minim's approbation.

Minim professes great admiration of the wisdom and munificence by which the academies of the continent were raised ; and often wishes for some standard of taste, for some tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an academy of criticism, where every work of imagination may be read before it is printed, and which shall authoritatively direct the theatres what pieces to receive or reject, to exclude or to revive.

Such an institution would, in Dick's opinion, spread the fame of English literature over Europe, and make London the metropolis of elegance and politeness, the place to which the learned and ingenious of all countries would repair for instruction and improvement, and where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was not conformed to the nicest rules, and finished with the highest elegance.

Till some happy conjunction of the planets shall dispose our princes or ministers to make themselves immortal by such an academy, Minim contents himself to preside four nights in a week in a critical

society selected by himself, where he is heard without contradiction, and whence his judgement is disseminated through 'the great vulgar and the small'.

When he is placed in the chair of criticism, he declares loudly for the noble simplicity of our ancestors, in opposition to the petty refinements and ornamental luxuriance. Sometimes he is sunk in despair, and perceives false delicacy daily gaining ground, and sometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true sublime. He then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another; tells how unjustly and unnaturally sense is sacrificed to sound; how often the best thoughts are mangled by the necessity of confining or extending them to the dimensions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, shaken off the shackles which had encumbered it so long. Yet he allows that rhyme may sometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauses judiciously diversified.

From blank verse he makes an easy transition to Milton, whom he produces as an example of the slow advance of lasting reputation. Milton is the only writer in whose books Minim can read for ever without weariness. What cause it is that exempts this pleasure from satiety he has long and diligently inquired, and believes it to consist in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly thought rugged and unmusical, he conceives to have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the rest, or to express things by

a proper cadence : for he scarcely finds a verse that has not this favourite beauty ; he declares that he could shiver in a hot-house when he reads that

the ground

Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire ;
and that, when Milton bewails his blindness, the verse,

So thick a drop serene has quenched these orbs,
has, he knows not how, something that strikes him with an obscure sensation like that which he fancies would be felt from the sound of darkness.

Minim is not so confident of his rules of judgement as not very eagerly to catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly so prudent as to spare those whom he cannot resist, unless, as will sometimes happen, he finds the public combined against them. But a fresh pretender to fame he is strongly inclined to censure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the success of a composition, he entrenches himself in general terms : there are some new thoughts and beautiful passages, but there is likewise much which he would have advised the author to expunge. He has several favourite epithets, of which he never settled the meaning, but which are very commodiously applied to books which he has not read, or cannot understand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *stiff*, and another *flimsy* ; sometimes he discovers delicacy of style, and sometimes meets with *strange expressions*.

He is never so great, or so happy, as when a youth of promising parts is brought to receive his directions for the prosecution of his studies. He then puts on a very serious air ; he advises the

pupil to read none but the best authors, and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to study his beauties, but avoid his faults; and, when he sits down to write, to consider how his favourite author would think at the present time on the present occasion. He exhorts him to catch those moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted, but to take care lest imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of success; yet enjoins him, with great earnestness, not to read more than he can digest, and not to confuse his mind by pursuing studies of contrary tendencies. He tells him, that every man has his genius, and that Cicero could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, resolves to follow his genius, and to think how Milton would have thought: and Minion feasts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.—*The Idler*.

LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your

address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; —that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it: till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

DAVID HUME

1711-1776

MASSACRE OF THE JEWS AT THE CORONATION OF RICHARD I (1189)

THE king, impelled more by the love of military glory than by superstition, acted, from the beginning of his reign, as if the sole purpose of his government had been the relief of the Holy Land, and the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens. This zeal against infidels, being communicated to his subjects, broke out in London on the day of his coronation, and made them find a Crusade less dangerous, and attended with more immediate profit. The prejudices of the age had made the lending of money on interest pass by the insidious name of usury : yet the necessity of the practice had still continued it, and the greater part of that kind of dealing fell everywhere into the hands of the Jews ; who, being already infamous on account of their religion, had no honour to lose, and were apt to exercise a profession, odious in itself,

by every kind of rigour, and even sometimes by rapine and extortion. The industry and frugality of this people had put them in possession of all the ready money, which the idleness and profusion common to the English with other European nations, enabled them to lend at exorbitant and unequal interest. The monkish writers represent it as a great stain on the wise and equitable government of Henry, that he had carefully protected this infidel race from all injuries and insults; but the zeal of Richard afforded the populace a pretence for venting their animosity against them. The king had issued an edict prohibiting their appearance at his coronation; but some of them bringing him large presents from their nation, presumed, in confidence of that merit, to approach the hall in which he dined. Being discovered, they were exposed to the insults of the bystanders; they took to flight; the people pursued them; the rumour was spread, that the king had issued orders to massacre all the Jews; a command so agreeable was executed in an instant on such as fell into the hands of the populace; those who had kept at home were exposed to equal danger; the people, moved by rapacity and zeal, broke into their houses, which they plundered, after having murdered the owners; where the Jews barricaded their doors, and defended themselves with vigour, the rabble set fire to the houses, and made way through the flames to exercise their pillage and violence; the usual licentiousness of London, which the sovereign power with difficulty restrained, broke out with fury, and continued these outrages; the houses of the rich citizens, though Christians, were next attacked and plundered; and weariness and

satiety at last put an end to the disorder. Yet, when the king impowered Glanville, the justiciary, to inquire into the authors of these crimes, the guilt was found to involve so many of the most considerable citizens, that it was deemed more prudent to drop the prosecution; and very few suffered the punishment due to this enormity. But the disorder stopped not at London. The inhabitants of the other cities of England, hearing of this slaughter of the Jews imitated the example. In York five hundred of that nation who had retired into the castle for safety, and found themselves unable to defend the place, murdered their own wives and children, threw the dead bodies over the walls upon the populace, and then setting fire to the houses, perished in the flames. The gentry of the neighbourhood, who were all indebted to the Jews, ran to the cathedral, where their bonds were kept, and made a solemn bonfire of the papers before the altar. The compiler of the *Annals of Waverley*, in relating these events, blesses the Almighty for delivering over this impious race to destruction.—*The History of England.*

PIRACY DURING THE REIGN OF EDWARD I

THE violence, robberies, and disorders, to which that age was so subject, were not confined to the licentious barons and their retainers at land. The sea was equally infested with piracy. The feeble execution of the laws had given licence to all orders of men; and a general appetite for rapine and revenge, supported by a false point of honour, had also infested the merchants and mariners; and it

pushed them, on any provocation, to seek redress by immediate retaliation upon the aggressors. A Norman and an English vessel met off the coast near Bayonne; and both of them having occasion for water, they sent their boats to land, and the several crews came at the same time to the same spring. There ensued a quarrel for the preference. A Norman, drawing his dagger, attempted to stab an Englishman; who, grappling with him, threw his adversary on the ground; and the Norman, as was pretended, falling on his own dagger, was slain. This scuffle between two seamen about water soon kindled a bloody war between the two nations, and involved a great part of Europe in the quarrel. The mariners of the Norman ship carried their complaints to the French king: Philip, without inquiring into the fact, without demanding redress, bade them take revenge, and trouble him no more about the matter. The Normans, who had been more regular than usual in applying to the crown, needed but this hint to proceed to immediate violence. They seized an English ship in the Channel; and hanging, along with some dogs, several of the crew on the yard arm, in presence of their companions, dismissed the vessel; and bade the mariners inform their countrymen, that vengeance was now taken for the blood of the Norman killed at Bayonne. This injury, accompanied with so general and deliberate an insult, was resented by the mariners of the Cinque Ports, who, without carrying any complaint to the king, or waiting for redress, retaliated, by committing like barbarities on all French vessels without distinction. The French, provoked by their losses, preyed on the ships of all Edward's subjects whether

English or Gascon. The sea became a scene of piracy between the nations. The sovereigns, without either seconding or repressing the violence of their subjects, seemed to remain indifferent spectators. The English made private associations with the Irish and Dutch seamen; the French with the Flemish and Genoese. And the animosities of the people on both sides became every day more violent and barbarous. A fleet of two hundred Norman vessels set sail to the south for wine and other commodities; and in their passage seized all the English ships which they met with, hanged the seamen, and seized the goods. The inhabitants of the English sea-ports, informed of this incident, fitted out a fleet of sixty sail, stronger and better manned than the others, and awaited the enemy on their return. After an obstinate battle, they put them to rout, and sunk, destroyed, or took the greater part of them. No quarter was given; and it is pretended that the loss of the French amounted to fifteen thousand men: which is accounted for by this circumstance, that the Norman fleet was employed in transporting a considerable body of soldiers from the south.—*The History of England.*

ANNIHILATION OF THE ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

WHILE these abominable scenes passed in England, the theatre of France was stained with a wickedness equally barbarous and still more public and deliberate. The order of knights templars had arisen during the first fervour of the Crusades; and uniting the two qualities, the most popular in that

age, devotion and valour, and exercising both in the most popular of all enterprises, the defence of the Holy Land, they had made rapid advances in credit and authority, and had acquired from the piety of the faithful, ample possessions in every country of Europe, especially in France. Their great riches, joined to the course of time, had by degrees, relaxed the severity of these virtues ; and the templars had in a great measure lost that popularity which first raised them to honour and distinction. Acquainted from experience with the fatigues and dangers of those fruitless expeditions to the east, they rather chose to enjoy in ease their opulent revenues in Europe. And being all men of birth, educated, according to the custom of that age, without any tincture of letters, they scorned the ignoble occupations of a monastic life, and passed their time wholly in the fashionable amusements of hunting, gallantry, and the pleasures of the table. Their rival order, that of St. John of Jerusalem, whose poverty had as yet preserved them from like corruptions, still distinguished themselves by their enterprises against the infidels, and succeeded to all the popularity, which was lost by the indolence and luxury of the templars. But though these reasons had weakened the foundations of this order, once so celebrated and revered, the immediate cause of their destruction proceeded from the cruel and vindictive spirit of Philip the Fair, who having entertained a private disgust against some eminent templars, determined to gratify at once his avidity and revenge, by involving the whole order in an undistinguished ruin. On no better information than that of two knights, condemned by their superiors to perpetual imprisonment for their

vices and profligacy, he ordered on one day all the templars in France to be committed to prison, and imputed to them such enormous and absurd crimes, as are sufficient of themselves to destroy all the credit of the accusation. Besides their being universally charged with murder, robbery, and vices the most shocking to nature, every one it was pretended, whom they received into their order, was obliged to renounce his Saviour, to spit upon the cross, and to join to this impiety the superstition of worshipping a gilded head, which was secretly kept in one of their houses at Marseilles. They also initiated, it was said, every candidate by such infamous rites, as could serve to no other purpose than to degrade the order in his eyes, and destroy for ever the authority of all his superiors over him. Above a hundred of these unhappy gentlemen were put to the question, in order to extort from them a confession of their guilt. The more obstinate perished in the hands of their tormentors : several, to procure immediate ease in the violence of their agonies, acknowledged whatever was required of them : forged confessions were imputed to others : and Philip, as if their guilt were now certain, proceeded to a confiscation of all their treasures. But no sooner were the templars relieved from their tortures, than, preferring the most cruel execution to a life with infamy, they disavowed their confessions, exclaimed against the forgeries, justified the innocence of their order, and appealed to all the gallant actions performed by them in ancient or later times as a full apology for their conduct. The tyrant, enraged at this disappointment, and thinking himself now engaged in honour to proceed to extremities, ordered fifty-four of them

whom he branded as relapsed heretics, to perish by the punishment of fire in his capital. Great numbers expired after a like manner in other parts of the kingdom. And when he found that the perseverance of these unhappy victims in justifying to the last their innocence had made deep impression on the spectators, he endeavoured to overcome the constancy of the templars by new inhumanities. The grand master of the order, John de Molay, and another great officer, brother to the sovereign of Dauphiny, were conducted to a scaffold, erected before the church of Notre Dame, at Paris; a full pardon was offered them on the one hand; the fire, destined for their execution, was shown them on the other. These gallant nobles still persisted in the protestations of their own innocence and that of their order; and were instantly hurried into the flames by the executioner.

In all this barbarous injustice, Clement V who was the creature of Philip, and then resided in France, fully concurred; and without examining a witness, or making any inquiry into the truth of facts, he summarily, by the plenitude of his apostolic power, abolished the whole order. The templars all over Europe were thrown into prison; their conduct underwent a strict scrutiny; the power of their enemies still pursued and oppressed them; but nowhere, except in France, were the smallest traces of their guilt pretended to be found. England sent an ample testimony of their piety and morals; but as the order was now annihilated, the knights were distributed into several convents, and their possessions were, by command of the Pope, transferred to the order of St. John.—*The History of England.*

OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY

THERE is nothing which I would recommend more earnestly to my female readers than the study of history, as an occupation, of all others, the best suited both to their sex and education, much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement, and more entertaining than those serious compositions, which are usually to be found in their closets. Among other important truths, which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose. That our sex, as well as theirs, are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine, and that Love is not the only passion which governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition, vanity, and a thousand other passions. Whether they be the false representations of mankind in those two particulars, which endear novels and romances so much to the fair sex, I know not; but must confess, that I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matter of fact, and such an appetite for falsehood. I remember I was once desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement to the country; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage, which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her. I therefore sent her Plutarch's Lives, assuring her, at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, till she came to the lives of Alexander and

Caesar, whose names she had heard of by accident, and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

I may, indeed, be told, that the fair sex have no such aversion to history as I have represented, provided it be *secret* history, and contain some memorable transaction proper to excite their curiosity. But as I do not find that truth, which is the basis of history, is at all regarded in these anecdotes, I cannot admit of this as a proof of their passion for that study. However this may be, I see not why the same curiosity might not receive a more proper direction, and lead them to desire accounts of those who lived in past ages, as well as of their contemporaries. What is it to Cleora, whether Fulvia entertains a secret commerce of love with Philander or not? Has she not equal reason to be pleased, when she is informed (what is whispered about among historians) that Cato's sister had an intrigue with Caesar, and palmed her son, Marcus Brutus, upon her husband for his own, though in reality he was her gallant's? And are not the loves of Messalina or Julia as proper subjects of discourse as any intrigue that this city has produced of late years?

But I know not whence it comes that I have been thus seduced into a kind of raillery against the ladies; unless, perhaps, it proceed from the same cause, which makes the person, who is the favourite of the company, be often the object of their good-natured jests and pleasantries. We are pleased to address ourselves after any manner to one who is agreeable to us, and at the same time presume, that nothing will be taken amiss by a person, who is secure of the good opinion and affections of every one present. I shall now proceed to handle my

subject more seriously, and shall point out the many advantages, which flow from the study of history, and show how well suited it is to every one, but particularly to those who are debarred the severer studies, by the tenderness of their complexion, and the weakness of their education. The advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds, as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

✓ In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences ; to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and everything which is ornamental to human life, advancing towards its perfection ? To remark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires ; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin ? In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises which, during their lifetime, so much perplexed the judgement of the beholders. What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting ? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it ? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention ? How perverse must that taste be which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures ! ✓

✓ But history is a most improving part of know-

ledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurnished, it is impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection. ✓

✓I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respects, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century. ✓

✓There is also an advantage in that experience, which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least from the most delicate sentiments of

virtue. And to tell the truth, I know not any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colours; but as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers are apt to bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgements of particular persons. Machiavel himself discovers a true sentiment of virtue in his history of Florence. When he talks as a politician, in his general reasonings, he considers poisoning, assassination, and perjury, as lawful arts of power; but when he speaks as an historian, in his particular narrations, he shows so keen an indignation against vice, and so warm an approbation of virtue in many passages, that I could not forbear applying to him that remark of Horace, that if you chase away Nature, though with ever so great indignity, she will always return upon you. Nor is this combination of historians in favour of virtue, at all difficult to be accounted for. When a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt to consider the characters of men, as they have relation to his interest, than as they stand in themselves; and has his judgement warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a philosopher contemplates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects leaves the

mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, and he scarce feels the difference between vice and virtue. History keeps in a just medium between these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events, to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise : and, at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgement.

Verae voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Eliciuntur.

LUCRET.

Essays.

LAURENCE STERNE

1713-1769

UNCLE TOBY AND CORPORAL TRIM

WHEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his Hobby-Horse grows headstrong,—farewell cool reason and fair discretion !

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate ; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.—The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution ;—and so, without consulting farther with any soul living,

—which, by the by, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—So leaving a banknote upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c., and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other,—my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden demigration was as follows :

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c., about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers ;—and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself,—he rung his bell for his man Trim ;—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, Trim,—Canst not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of

this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?—Yes, an' please your Honour, replied Trim, making a bow; but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where,—as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company,—his real name was James Butler,—but having got the nickname of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge.—For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years' occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c., exclusive and besides what he gained Hobby-Horsically, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby Horsical per se*;—had become no mean proficient

in the science ; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character,—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk ; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so ; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble ; —the eternal interlardings of 'your Honour', with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution, that though you might have been incommoded, —you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him, —or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with 'em. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man ;—and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—but as a humble friend,—he could not bear to stop his mouth.—Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—speak,—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why then, replied Trim, (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country-lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division,—I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings, —I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble

submission to your Honour's better judgement,—that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but a poor contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with: As summer is coming on, continued Trim, your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle),—of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleased to sit down before,—and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind—I dare say thou wouldst, Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle.—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town of the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp.—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby:—And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods,—and as your Honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.—The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.—I know they are, Trim, in some

respects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head ;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St. Nicolas's gate) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service ;—but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on ;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty,—or of anger,—it was a blush of joy ;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.—Trim ! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more. Your Honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,—but good air, and good exercise, and good health,—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)—I like thy project

mightily.—And if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand,—Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more ;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper,—to no purpose :—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him ;—so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre ; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for ;—so that as Trim uttered the words ' A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with ',—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy ;—which was the physical cause of making him change

colour, or at least of heightening his blush, to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private ; —I say in private ;—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thick-set flowering shrubs :—so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure pre-conceived in my uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought ! however thick it was planted about,—or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known !

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working-up of this drama.—At present the scene must drop,—and change for the parlour fire-side.
—*Tristram Shandy.*

ON SLEEP

I WISH I could write a chapter upon sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one, for the other has been shut these twenty years, of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject !

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to

write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes ! there is something lively in the very idea of 'em—and trust me, when I get amongst 'em—You gentry with great beards—look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I shall have 'em all to myself—'tis a maiden subject—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep—I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine sayings in the first place—and in the next, I cannot for my soul set a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the prisoner—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary, and the broken-hearted ; nor could I set out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us—that this is the chiefest (I know pleasures worth ten of it) ; or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that whichever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her—no desire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet secession.

'God's blessing,' said Sancho Pança, 'be upon the man who first invented this self-same thing

called sleep—it covers a man all over like a cloak.' Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the dissertations squeezed out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way—(I quote by memory).

The world enjoys other pleasures, says he, as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by.—We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.—For this end I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it.—And yet I see few, says he again, who live with less sleep, when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation—I evade of late all violent exercises—I am never weary with walking—but from my youth I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife—This last word may stagger the faith of the world—but remember, 'La Vraisemblance (as Bayle says in the affair of Liceti) n'est pas toujours du Côté de la Verité.' And so much for sleep.—*Tristram Shandy*.

THE LIVE DONKEY

—'TWAS by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me ; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him : on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part ; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him ; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this : for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c., for pretty near the same reason ; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent : nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue—

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty ! said I,—seeing it was imprac-

licable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out ?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver :

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well ! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack ! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour,—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung

rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he looked up pensive in my face—‘Don’t thrash me with it—but if you will, you may’—If I do, said I, I’ll be d—d.

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andouilletts’—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil’s cropper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier which had started out from the contexture of the ass’s pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket, as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the Out upon it! in my opinion, should have come in here—but this I leave to be settled by

THE

REVIEWERS

OF

MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.—*Tristram Shandy*.

THE DEAD DONKEY

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.—I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but ’twas to

his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much ; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his : but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time,—then laid them down,—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it ; held it some time in his hand,—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle,—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made,—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready ; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia ; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Everyone seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

—It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany ; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he

stopped to pay Nature her tribute,—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody, who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him;—and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean Mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had neither scarce ate or drank till they met.

—Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him,—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself.—Did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass,—'twould be something.—*A Sentimental Journey.*

THE MONTREUIL BEGGARS

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for at the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, 'Let them go to the Devil!'—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserales, and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—They will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, showing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him : it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined. The poor little fellow pressed it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez-en—prenez*, said he, looking another way : so they each took a pinch.—Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself ; so I put a couple of sous into it,—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it.—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first,—’twas doing him an honour,—the other was only doing him a charity ;—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here ! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaigned and worn out to death in the service,—here’s a couple of sous for thee.—*Vive le Roi !* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left : so I gave one, simply *pour l’amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged.—The poor woman had a dislocated hip ; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et très charitable Monsieur.—There’s no opposing this, said I.

Milord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money ;—so I gave *my last sous for it*. But, in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believe, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself ; he stood by the chaise,

a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days.

—Good God ! said I—and I have not one single sous left to give him.—But you have a thousand ! cried all the powers of Nature, stirring within me ; —so I gave him—no matter what,—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little, then ; so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse*.—*Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing,—he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away ;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.—*A Sentimental Journey.*

THE CAPTIVE STARLING

—And as for the Bastile ! the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower ; —and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty ! for they are in it twice a year,—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks ; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account ; and

remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil ! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened : reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—’Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised,—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse,—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose ’tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained ‘it could not get out.’—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over ; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.—‘I can’t get out—I can’t get out,’ said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird : and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity.—‘I can’t get out,’ said the starling.—God help thee ! said I, but I’ll let thee out, cost what it will ; so I turned about the cage to get the door : it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—‘No,’ said the starling; ‘I can’t get out—I can’t get out,’ said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—’Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room;

I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near to me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children—

But here my heart began to bleed;—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there:—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down,—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his

body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—I started up from my chair, and, calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

I'll go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed ; but not willing he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heartache—I told him I would go to bed by myself—and bid him go do the same.

I got into my *remise* the hour I proposed : La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr. . . . was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom ; who not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet—and, by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling, and as he had little to do better the five months his master stayed there, he taught it, in his mother's tongue, the four simple words—(and

no more)—to which I owed myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy, the lad had given it to the master of the hotel. But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him :—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes ; and, telling the story of him to Lord A——, Lord A. begged the bird of me ; in a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B. ; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C. ; and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling :—Lord D. gave him to Lord E., and so on, half round the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners.—But as all these wanted to *get in*, and my bird wanted to *get out*, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him ; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him,—I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird,—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms.—And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare.—*A Sentimental Journey.*

THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

JOURNAL FROM KESWICK TO KENDAL

October 8th. Left Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; wind east and afterwards north-east; about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called Castle Rigg, and the sun breaking out discovered the most beautiful view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountain, all in their glory! had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, but good country road through sound, but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad daylight. This is the case about Causeway-foot, and among Naddle-fells to Lancowaite. The vale you go in has little breadth, the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's-water (called also Thirlmeer, or Wiborn-water) and soon descending on its margin. The lake from its depth looks black (though really as clear as glass), and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it: it is narrow and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, with not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not above half the

height of Helvellyn can be seen. (To be continued, but now we have not franks.)

Passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Past a beck near Dunmailraise and entered Westmoreland a second time, now begin to see Helm-crag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasmere-water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences: some of them rocks, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaming gentleman's house, or garden walls break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.

The road winds here over Grasmere-hill, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight yet it

is continued along behind them, and contracting itself to a river communicates with Ridale-water, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty ; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends : on the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills, and just to the left of our way stands Ridale-hall, the family seat of Sir Mic. Fleming, but now a farm-house, a large old-fashioned fabric surrounded with wood, &c., not much too good for its present destination. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him, I tremble for it when he returns. Near the house rises a huge crag called Ridale-head, which is said to command a full view of Wynander-mere, and I doubt it not, for within a mile that great lake is visible even from the road. As to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

Came to Ambleside eighteen miles from Keswick, meaning to lie there, but on looking into the best bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Wynander-mere in despair, and resolved I would go on to Kendal directly, fourteen miles farther ; the road in general fine turnpike but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger. Unexpectedly was well rewarded for my determination. The afternoon was fine, and the road for full five miles runs along the side of Wynander-mere, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other : it is ten miles in length and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river, but no flat marshy grounds, no osier beds, or patches of scrubby plantation on its banks : at the head

two valleys open among the mountains, one, that by which we came down, the other Langsledale [Langdale] in which Wrynose and Hard-knot, two great mountains, rise above the rest. From thence the falls visibly sink and soften along its sides. Sometimes they run into it (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion, oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interspersed and round eminences on the border covered with trees: towards the south it seems to break into larger bays with several islands and a wider cultivation: the way rises continually till at a place called Orresthead it turns to south-east losing sight of the water. Passed by Ing's chapel and Stavely, but I can say no farther for the dusk of the evening coming on I entered Kendal almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tender grounds spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries (like Scotland) in front of it. It was indeed an old ill-contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people, so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.—*Journal in the Lakes.*

THOMAS GRAY TO THE REV. NORTON
NICHOLLS

Pembroke Hall. August 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then written to you, only to beg you would take care

of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling ! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday ; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it yourself. Pray tell me how your own health is. I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself for a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent not disagreeably ; the country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitful, and (from the rainy season) had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure, which commonly one only sees for the first fortnight of the spring. In the west part of it from every eminence the eye catches some long winding reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their navigation ; in the east, the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed ; but no matter ; you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I went to Margate for a day ; one would think it was Bartholomew Fair that had *flown* down from Smithfield to Kent in the London machine, like my Lady Stuffdamask : (to be sure you

have read the New Bath Guide, the most fashionable of books) so then I did *not* go to Kingsgate, because it belonged to my Lord Holland; but to Ramsgate I did, and so to Sandwich, and Deal, and Dover, and Folkestone, and Hythe, all along the coast, very delightful. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by anything but men and women and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate and all alone, even Mr. Brown is gone; and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; I do not mean children. You, I hope, are better off, riding and walking with Mr. Aislaby, singing duets with my cousin Fanny, improving with Mr. Weddell, conversing with Mr. Harry Duncomb. I must not wish for you here; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement. Do you remember how we are to go into Wales next year? well! Adieu, I am sincerely yours.

T.G.

P.S. Pray how does poor Temple find himself in his new situation? Is Lord Lisburne as good as his letters were? What is come of the father and brother? Have you seen Mason?